THE GOLDEN STRAND

AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO

by Oren Arnold

$5.95

In the early years of the century, at a Bohemian restaurant in downtown Chicago, Paul Harris and Silvester Schiele first began to talk about Harris' idea for a new kind of businessman's club — a unique organization which over the years would bring together dedicated people to help promote the general welfare of the city.

In 1905 the world's first service club was established — the Rotary Club of Chicago. Today, sixty-one years later, there exists a worldwide network of 12,000 Rotary clubs in more than 120 countries. Even more significant, the rise of Chicago Rotary served as a model to 4,000 other service clubs with a membership of 4,000,000 members in the United States.

This dramatic account chronicles for the first time the origins of Rotary and the service club idea—the philosophy of idealism and the creed that motivates a devoted legion of business and professional men in the spirit of selfless giving. In lively and popular fashion, Oren Arnold unfolds the story of the men and events in the growth of "Old Number

(continued on back flap)

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BY OREN ARNOLD

Illustrated

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Acknowledgments

The original research for this narrative study of the first Rotary Club—and the world's first service club—was begun in 1923 by a group of the club's founding and early members. But their work was not completed. Since then, and particularly since 1958, dozens of men have contributed their time and talents to further research, looking toward the day of publication. All have asked to remain nameless, but six men deserve special mention.

Emerson Gause has been a member of "Old Number One" since 1921, has served in executive positions with Rotary International, and has been managing editor and editor of *The Rotarian* magazine. Early in 1959 he began the exhaustive historical research necessary to smooth the way for the finished manuscript.

The five members of the club's History Committee carried the project through: John B. Hayford (chairman), Elmer Erickson, Alfred J. Barboro, Henry Happ, Jr., and G. Frederick Liechty. The first two men served as members of the committee from its formation in 1958; the others replaced men who served for short periods.

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The Golden Strand

One

THE GOLDEN HOUR

Precisely at 12:00 noon last Tuesday John Joseph Manley's secretary opened the door of his private office, stood there a second, then glanced significantly at her watch.

"Ah yes, Marie." He smiled his thanks.

He grabbed hat and coat and slipped through a side door, hurried down the elevator and to the sidewalk where he signaled a taxi. He might have walked, but time was a factor; the president of Consolidated Distributors, Inc., was always short of time, he found. He entered the Sherman House at 12:07, beaming at friends. Several greeted him.

"Hiya, John!" one boomed. "How goes it, boy?"

"Boy" was a term of affection; John Joseph was fifty-three but he responded heartily, shaking a hand here, gripping an arm there, striding fast with the other men to the Grand Ballroom.

At the doorway he picked up a large badge with his name on it, chatted a moment with the club secretary, then found himself carried on into the big buff-colored room by the arrival of many colleagues. The subdued roar of their voices was a familiar, pleasing obbligato to the tinkling from an unseen piano. Smiling, he gave more hearty greetings, chose one of the many round tables holding eight luncheon settings, and was about to sit down when—

BONG! The bell tone was startling; the club president had hit his gong. John glanced up. Several dignitaries were at the head table on the side of the room. He knew some of them and grinned cordially at one. Then he bowed in reverence; Fred Prentice was starting the invocation.

Fred gave no perfunctory mumble-mumble-mumble-amen sort of petition, but prayed earnestly, poetically, briefly, and John was proud. Next moment Steve Mehagian was up there, leading them in the National Anthem, after which all the men were scraping back their chairs, and here was John's favorite waiter, Roscoe, already plopping down a plate of fruit salad. He liked the man because his perpetual smile seemed to say, "I love everybody."

"Roscoe, fellow," John greeted.

"Mr. Manley, sir. You all right, I hope? Mrs. Manley too?"

"Never better. And thank you for asking."

Roscoe had already moved on, serving deftly, swiftly. John plunged a fork into his food. Soon young Wally Corbin at his right was saying that the stock market had done thus and so this morning, and John was interested. He made mental note of what Wally, an investment counselor, told him, then turned to ask Mac Lester if those last carload shipments had gone through all right.

"If ever there's any hitch, Mac, you just call me personally," John said. "When Consolidated doesn't give top-flight service, I want to correct it instantly."

There was more shop talk and banter such as American men know and enjoy. It was much too short an interval, for John had barely finished his dessert when the club president was on his feet again—

"Old Number One is happy to welcome all visiting Rotarians and guests who are with us today. Will the visiting Rotarians please stand. . . . There are too many of you for individual intro-

ductions but we have chosen one who will represent you all, and his name is—"

Several men had passed anniversaries this week, so everybody sang *Happy Birthday;* then the president started routine "announcements and introductions." John missed hearing the speaker's name so he read it in the printed program and learned that he was a university president. John settled down to listen.

The address was excellent. John became so intent on it that he slipped out a notebook and jotted down several salient points:

> Most Americans simply do not know what tyranny is. In that lies our greatest danger.
>
> If your absence from Rotary doesn't make any difference, your presence doesn't either.
>
> Concerning citizenship—after apathy comes bondage.

At 1:48 P.M. John found himself in line shaking hands with the speaker. He was in such a glow from the speech that he barely heard the hubbub of goodbyes while going downstairs and onto the sidewalk again. He started off briskly, meditating on what the speaker had said, and was still intent on it when he strode into his own office building.

"Marie," he rumbled to his secretary, "you should have *heard* him, you should have been there!"

"Yes, sir." Marie was very efficient.

"He said things that—well, he said—well it's what I have been trying to tell you all the time, trying to put across to our own organization, especially our salesmen who contact the public. I tell you, Marie, this country has got to face up to reality!" He glared at her as if she were personally and solely responsible for the country's shortcomings.

"Yes sir," she agreed, nodding. "You are entirely right, Mr. Manley. And while it's fresh on your mind—you have some notes on it, probably? You usually do—why don't you just sit there

quietly and tape your own thoughts on the matter, expanding the speaker's remarks. Then I can transcribe it, and you can work out a fine letter to everybody in the Consolidated organization."

"Good idea, Marie. Skip out now, and don't let anybody in here for the next hour."

* * *

What you have just read is a true story. The names mentioned are typical of those in this club, and the men might be considered prototypes of American service club personnel. John Manley, especially, is representative of his kind and reflects the personalities of some 4,000,000 members of service clubs across the continent and around the world.

By inference, you might correctly place the setting of this typical meeting in any of 12,000 cities and towns. Actually, the above events took place—almost literally in exact detail—in the all-American city of Chicago, Illinois, on a day late in 1965. Change the names as you will. Languages differ, songs differ, faces and names differ—but service attitudes, aims, and ideals do not. This is one of the most heartening facts of the twentieth century.

Now, what we did *not* learn from John Manley's typical meeting was the extent of the service program itself.

No committee reports were made, you'll recall. They seldom are in open meeting. This is because they can be too time-consuming, too specialized, even boring in necessary detail. These reports are made to the governing bodies of each club, the directors, in many regular and special sessions, then sent in printed form to the membership at large; we, the guest observers, rarely see them. The general public, the average citizens of American and of foreign lands, has no real knowledge of the extent of that service. We have not been adequately informed.

Truth is, the John Joseph Manleys of the world are constantly and earnestly working to activate the teachings of our separate creeds and thereby to enhance civilization everywhere.

John Joseph Manley, as portrayed here, is a Rotarian.

More specifically, he is an active member of the Rotary Club of Chicago. This is a unique honor. It means that he belongs to the very first unit started by any service organization in modern times. It was developed after young American business and professional men tightened down the inspiration for it back in the century's first years.

The Chicago Rotarians today do not make a "thing" of this. There is no overweening pride, no overt boasting. But the fact of their inheritance is accepted as both an honor and a responsibility. They know that on them has fallen the mantle of leadership; they set the pace. Want it or not, they are looked to for guidance by thousands of other clubs around the globe.

That leadership has been accepted with grace and strength. The club membership is close to 760 business and professional men. Many are "names"—individuals of prominence on the local and national scene, men with creative instincts and the drive to follow through on them. Not all are completely humble, yet each has had to show a receptivity to new ideas and ideals. This requirement has given the club powerful prestige.

Precisely what is it that has motivated John Joseph Manley and all good Rotarians and other service club men around the world? He obviously is a very busy citizen—what man isn't nowadays? How can he afford to give two hours a week to Rotary?

Remembering that he is the prototype of service club men everywhere, and surely the spokesman for Rotary, let John himself answer.

"Afford it?" He may roar at you, for he is a forceful man, and articulate. "Let me tell you a thing, mister—I can't afford *not* to belong. Many of the men who are influential in serving and

running America are service club men. Presidents, senators, congressmen, governors, mayors—wherever leaders are, you'll see service club buttons worn. And you know why?"

He may lean over here to jab you on the chest with a strong forefinger, by way of emphasis. "Because they know that the service club movement changed Live-and-Let-Live to Live-and-HELP-Live!

"You can't associate with men of high aims and ideals, week in and week out, over tables rich with food and fellowship, without acquiring their attitudes and sharing your own. Thus we strengthen one another while building a massive social force. That meeting each Tuesday is the golden hour which has come to shine through all my life."

He speaks for almost 600,000 Rotarians. Not all are as fluent as he, but all sense the motivation, all instinctively respond to the bright hope, the yearning.

A few outsiders sneer at service club members, saying they lack sophistication. The accusation is valid, if by sophistication you mean witty repartée or character assassination over cocktail glasses. The John Joseph Manleys of the earth never did show it, never did suffer from such immaturity and self-delusion. Properly defined today, sophistication means a cultivated participation in the life of this fascinating era. It also means recognizing and showing one indispensable emotion—tenderness. On that basis, the Manleys are the most sophisticated men on earth.

The service club time—the gathering at noon or at night, or sometimes even at breakfast, for a common but selfless purpose—is indeed a golden hour in the hearts of those 600,000. Such clubs everywhere are proceeding on the basis of first things first. They are simply organizing the good intentions of good men and directing their energy and enthusiasm into the business stream of nations. Thus the movement becomes simply an extension of the humanitarian ideal; service clubs are not competing with the churches but are broadening their scope. Look about

you. You'll find Rotarians and other service club fellows heading up the Red Cross, the March of Dimes, the Community Fund, the drive for a new hospital, for a civic auditorium, a new church, a better school, slum clearance, a happier farm-city relationship, youth guidance, a charity clinic—for anything good. They serve anonymously, without fee; trained leaders, cooperating.

With such a background, then, the Rotary Club of Chicago must truly have come from an inspired source. The founder should be honored.

The truth is, he rode no white charger, he carried no flaming sword. He was, rather, a very average young man, much too busy to take on outside obligations, much too harassed by the demands of earning a living. They say he was good-hearted but prone to procrastinate. However, he had one saving grace—he recognized his own shortcomings.

He knew there is no greater fallacy than to think you will surely do at some future time the better things you are capable of doing now but neglect to do; he knew that good intentions long deferred lose their vitality. So, when he caught the gleam, he got going. He called a few of The Boys together and laid his basic plan before them. Because enthusiasm is contagious, they went along. And so, in Chicago and around the world one day every week now, comes the golden hour, the Rotary luncheon meeting.

That young man was Paul P. Harris. He upgraded our spiritual quotient so wonderfully that we must probe into his life in some detail, then follow through on the whole broad scope of his achievement.

Two

THE ADVENTURER

At the wonderful, exciting age of three, Paul Harris was taken from his home. It was the moment when any lad moves from infancy into boyhood, but he was unaware that his father, George H. Harris, had suffered severe financial reverses, so that the family had to be divided. He knew only that he and his brother Cecil, aged five, were sent to Wallingford, Vermont, to "stay a while" with grandparents.

Paul didn't mind. In fact he welcomed the opportunity to visit Grandma and Grandpa—as what happy child doesn't? And this was in a beautiful green valley where, surely, adventures lay awaiting him. The year was 1871, and his arrival was memorable.

"On the delicate film of my consciousness," he himself wrote many years later, "the scene was etched so deeply that it cannot be dimmed while life lasts. The tall man who was my grandfather took my clenched fist in his warm strong hand and we walked up the street. It was a solemn procession, and the solemnity was emphasized by the awesome stillness and darkness of the summer night.

"As we approached the side veranda of a comfortable-looking home, a door opened and a dark-eyed, elderly lady stepped out, holding a kerosene lamp that glowed in gentle welcome. Later I learned that she weighed precisely 89 pounds; and through

experience, that fine goods often come wrapped in small packages. She was assuredly fine goods. She was my grandmother.

"She fed Cecil and me generous slices of homemade bread, a pitcher of sweet fresh milk, a heaping dish of blueberries. She smiled at the eager way I ate, and a silent something passed between us. I knew then and there that grandmother and I would forever after be very close."

Grandmother became mother as well, for Paul the baby, Paul the junior, Paul the changeling, Paul the adolescent, Paul the vibrant young man.

During those growing years adventures stacked up. With a red-haired friend he soon dared to climb nearby Bear Mountain. On another day a snowstorm trapped and almost killed them. Hiking, running, exploring, and learning filled the colorful years, while he learned the eternal verities from two elderly people of old New England stock. There, if he had but known it, was the very essence of Americanism. There he learned a matchless something called self-reliance. There he discovered that people in general are divided into two classes, the lifters and the leaners. Grandfather and Grandmother Harris never did anything but lift. Inevitably, Paul grew up with that indoctrination.

In due time he was sent to Black River Academy at Ludlow —and the juices in him had begun to flow so forcefully that the Academy president neglected to invite him back! Young boys *do* find freedom hard to handle on occasions. But that next winter he went to Vermont Academy at Saxton River, and officials there talked forcefully to him. Stripling Paul got the message; he behaved himself, so that by Autumn, 1886, he was admitted to the University of Vermont at Burlington. But—

"In my freshman year," the older Paul wrote later, "I ably assisted in the organization of an underground society for the subjugation of unruly freshmen."

He meant that he was the talented leader of a gang of young men whose clandestine operations gave new life to the uni-

versity. (But note his ability to organize. It was prophetic.) We can be sure the girls there beheld Paul with admiration, and the other boys watched him with awe. President Buckham of the university was not awed. "Harris," that dignified administrator ordered, "go home. You are expelled."

Young Harris was immature yet, to be sure, but carried an inner treasury, a reserve of energy and daring and know-how, not to mention a magnificent portion of charm. This latter he used on grandmother—not that she needed it, to be forgiving—and she in turn kept a sterner grandfather at bay. Wherefore, grandfather hired a private tutor, glared at Paul, and in effect said, "Grandson, this is the end of monkeyshines. You understand?"

Paul understood; and mentally he grew. He took the tutoring, so that in the fall of 1888 he passed the examinations that got him into Princeton University. Maturity had set in now, and Princeton proved to be wonderful. But his year there was sadly scarred: grandfather died.

Paul did not return to Princeton. He began a year's employment at the Sheldon Marble Company in West Rutland, after which his wise grandmother decided he should go west to study law. She sent him to the University of Iowa. He also "read law" in attorneys' offices and generally applied himself as a young collegian should. In June, 1891, he got his degree.

But energies had yet to be expended before he could "settle down." He chose to expend them through travel. Also, a commencement speaker—talking perhaps too flippantly—had said that "it might be a wise plan for each graduate of law school to go to some small town and make a fool of himself for five years, after which he could go to the city of his choice to begin his practice."

The thought made sense to imaginative young Paul Harris; or at any rate it stimulated his love of adventure. Eventually, he decided, the city for his practice would be big Chicago. Mean-

while, the figurative small town for his apprenticeship might as well be the whole world.

At this point we behold him with astonishment. How he did get around! Remember, in the 1890's he couldn't buy himself a cheap automobile and zoom across the continent in it; pavement itself was a rarity; most "highways" were still rutted roads. But Paul, forgetting about the practice of law for a while, turned up as reporter on a newspaper in San Francisco, mecca of all adventurers who traveled west. Then, before he could have done more than unpack a suitcase, he was off to Denver. He scouted the picturesque Rocky Mountains in short order, grabbed another train (sleeping uncomfortably in chair cars to save money), and whizzed back to Washington, D.C. In both cities he worked as newspaper man again. That was an era when newspaper work was suffused with glamor, and Paul did much to enhance the legend—a brilliant young devil-may-care explorer on the American scene.

He built his personal legend still more by tasting many jobs. The record shows that he was a teacher in a business college for a short while—dull work for one of his type—then became an actor in a traveling stock company. This must have been a fine outlet; he had the instincts of a showman. But stock companies can live starkly, so Paul went to the most glamorous, most publicized of all American occupations; he joined the heroes worshipped by every American lad since the nation began—the cowboys. But realities vanquished glamor, and Paul then became —of all unlikely things—a sedate and lonely night clerk in a hotel!

Where was he now, having hopped west and east, north and south? He clerked at the St. James in Jacksonville, Florida, "best tourist hotel in the city." But not for long. One night George W. Clark came into the lobby, looking prosperous and important. Clark owned a big marble and granite business. Paul the clerk, brash from newspaper experience anyway, introduced him-

self and talked his way out of the clerk's job into a better one as traveling salesman. He traveled Florida selling Clark's stone. But—heigh ho—meanwhile he was reading Dickens and Scott, great English writers of adventure yarns. So what did our restless young vagabond do?

He sailed on the *SS Baltimore,* a cattle boat bound for England.

For fourteen days his privation and suffering were acute; only a person who has been an Ordinary Seaman on a cattle boat can envision it. Liverpool softened, for the moment, memory of the hardships endured; he and a pal toured that old seaport city. Then Paul started homeward on the *SS Parkmore.* Once more he had something "less than luxury." He had neither mattresses nor blankets nor eating utensils. The food, called "scouse" and well known to all British seamen of the epoch, was mostly potato and water with occasional small bits of meat. His work was hard, his hours long, his recreation nonexistent.

Landing this time in Baltimore, Paul got right back on the sea as sub-foreman of a gang on the *SS Michigan,* bound for London. He had seen only Liverpool, but now good fortune welcomed him.

He toured Westminster Abbey, the houses of Parliament, the Tower of London. He set his watch by the throaty *bong-bong-bong* of Big Ben echoing over old streets and buildings. With a seaman pal he punted on the Thames, walked the ring at Picadilly Circus, bucked the crowds in Trafalgar Square in London, greatest city in the world.

A world's fair was on, so he sailed back to Philadelphia and took a train to see Chicago's Columbian Exposition. He had just money enough for train fare, one sandwich, and a ticket into the Exposition grounds. Penniless, he drifted to the Vermont Building, and there by sheer chance stood two affluent cousins.

Paul turned away, though his pockets were nearly empty. In all his travels, over years of wandering, he either paid his fare

or worked his way. He always carried baggage and made a point of staying well groomed. Sometimes he did borrow money, but he quickly paid it back. He accepted any kind of work, mental or physical, and conscientiously gave full measure of service. These details are significant in the light of his ultimate accomplishments.

After Chicago—where he might have become rooted, as he had planned—he moved to New Orleans on borrowed money, answered an advertisement, and went to work picking and packing oranges in Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, for shipping to Nicaragua.

But a great storm came, the blow and tidal wave of October 1, 1893, striking the Mississippi Delta with incredible fury. Paul the adventurer was blown out of a job, so he and a few fellow orange pickers rowed across the river to a bayou to dredge for oysters. The rising winds drove them to refuge in a dwelling. Water rose, winds roared, lives were endangered. That night Paul grabbed a drowning nine-year-old girl and waded shoulder deep to a building where some fifty people were huddled in terror around a lighted lantern. The horror lasted well past dawn. Animals, domestic and wild, including hundreds of deadly water moccasins, gathered on islands with the terrified people. Paul, the best educated man in his group, the most level-headed, and a natural leader, was able to keep them from panic.

That night of horror steadied Paul. He never forgot it; he wrote vividly of it years later. He gave new thought to "settling down." He went back to Florida to work again with the granite and marble firm, this time traveling the southern states. After a year, he had grown so in business stature that his boss sent him to Europe as purchasing agent. Thus again he visited Great Britain and saw most of the Continent, made many contacts, borrowed money from a new-found friend, and toured still more, seeing the storied places, sopping up "culture."

Back in Florida he helped his boss plan and develop a new

residential subdivision. That took six months. His boss had more ideas for him, but Paul had reached a climactic hour.

"It is time now," he said, "to carry out my original plan. I'm going to settle in Chicago."

"You're a go-getter, Paul," his boss argued. "You can make far more money here."

"I am an attorney," the young man replied. "I'm not going to Chicago expressly to make money; I'm going there for the purpose of making a life."

He did finish one more job for his old boss; he went to New York City for a while and was able to study that burgeoning town. But his vagabond days were coming to an end. He resigned his job and once more took a train westward. The five years he had allotted "to make a fool of himself" had come to an end. Whether he actually was foolish or not is open to argument, of course, but most men, even now, regard that time with frank envy.

"As Paul Harris stood on the station platform in Chicago and looked around," an earlier biographer has written, "it seemed that life had settled upon him in earnest. This was to be his permanent home, his five years of wandering had come to an end. We have his own words that at this moment he speculated somewhat on his future. Would he be able to achieve success? He wondered, worrying. The date was February 27, 1896."

He rented a desk and space in an obscure office building and soon obtained a license to practice law in Illinois. Unfortunately, he could find almost no law on which to practice; hanging out a shingle was one thing, getting clients to respond to it was another. Chicago at that time was in the midst of a business depression. But soon an epidemic of fraud blighted the city, and this in turn began to generate business for young lawyers. Paul managed to eat.

By 1898 he was well acquainted in Chicago, especially with

its night life, restaurants, and play spots. He also attended church—not just one church, but several, of different faiths, finding himself in harmony with them all. He organized a law firm, Harris and Dodds. He had haunted the city's courtrooms from the first, and now he had more than an observer's business there. He joined the Chicago Press Club, which, then as now, counted many celebrities in its membership. With his background of experiences he was always a fascinating conversationalist. He made friends easily, he commanded respect. In short, he was fast getting along.

It was during the summer of 1900 that the thought of a businessmen's club first struck him. He had enjoyed dinner with a lawyer friend and they had taken a walk in the cool of the evening. The other lawyer introduced him to many businessmen and merchants who seemed to regard him highly.

"It would be pleasant," Paul mused aloud there, "if men of this caliber could get together often. Say one man from each profession or business, meeting socially."

It was an idea, but a nebulous one; nothing came of it immediately. Paul always had many things on his mind. Chicago was expanding rapidly and he was expanding with it, spreading his contacts and his influence. And so the day came when he had a rather casual dinner date with a coal dealer friend named Silvester Schiele. They had decided to dine early in the evening because later they had an appointment to meet two other businessmen at an office in the Loop.

They chose to eat at Madame Galli's Restaurant because it was near the Loop, and the food was superb. Also it satisfied their desire for importance. For more than forty years, Madame Galli's had been a popular hangout for men of renown, patronized by such celebrities as Eugene Field, George Ade, W. C. Fields, Raymond Hitchcock, Tito Schipa, and lately an Italian singer with a golden voice, Enrico Caruso.

Thus Paul Harris and his friend were leisurely finishing another good meal there on the evening of February 23, 1905, when the conversation reverted to his earlier idea.

"I keep thinking about a businessmen's club," Paul said. "It would be a new kind, entirely different from the social organizations in Chicago."

"How different?" Mr. Schiele asked. "How do you mean?"

"Well, I'd want it to emphasize acquaintance and fellowship, right enough. But I think the members also could promote each other's businesses. That shouldn't be difficult.

"We might, for example, rule that no two members could have the same occupation. Within the club there'd be no competitors. But if any member wanted a product or a service, he'd have some obligation to deal with a man in his club. A sort of reciprocity routine, you see?"

Silvester Schiele liked the idea. They discussed it further. It seemed foolproof and promised big rewards. Schiele said he could see much new business coming to him through such a club.

Soon they left Madame Galli's, crossed the river, and went to the office of Gus Loehr in the nearby Unity Building, Room 711. Gus and Hiram Shorey awaited them. Shorey was a tailor, and Paul had mentioned his club idea to him a few days before. Shorey had liked it, too. Gus Loehr had been in on that rather casual first discussion. Gus himself occupied the desk chair that night. The others sat wherever they could.

Now, suddenly, Paul smiled at his friends and tightened things down. "Hiram," said he, "you are the tailor in our new club. I'm the attorney. Each member will have his own business, and we'll trade with one another. How about that!" He spoke with enthusiasm.

Interest mounted as the four friends talked. Harris knew a printer named Ruggles who would join. Loehr knew a life insurance man named J. S. Tunnison who would make a good pros-

pect. Schiele mentioned Arthur Irwin, who operated a laundry. Soon they had a tentative list of a dozen potential members. Each of the four men took three new names and agreed to call on them. The friends set up a second meeting date two weeks later, in Harris' office in the Wolff Building.

At that second meeting, March 9, 1905, the club theme and potential again were explored. Present were Paul Harris, Silvester Schiele, Gustavus Loehr, Hiram Shorey, Harry Ruggles, William Jenson, and A. L. White. It was decided that no one could become a member unless he was proprietor, partner, or corporate officer of his business. They also discussed future assemblies.

"Why not meet in each member's office in turn?" suggested Harris. "That way each of us will soon have an intimate knowledge of each other's business. A happy sort of rotary arrangement."

That too seemed like a capital idea and was adopted. Again the meeting adjourned on a note of optimism.

Two weeks later the group gathered by agreement in the office of Silvester Schiele, in his coalyard at Twelfth and State Streets. Those present included Harris, Schiele, Loehr, Shorey, Ruggles, Jenson, Charles Newton, and Arthur B. Irwin. At this third meeting, Harris suggested that it was high time to elect leaders. Naturally somebody thought of Paul, but he was an organizer. He said that out of courtesy to their host of the evening they should name Silvester Schiele president. Shorey was put up for the job of recording secretary, Jenson for corresponding secretary, and Ruggles for treasurer. All were elected by acclamation, and President Schiele gave a short speech of encouragement and good will.

It is interesting to speculate on how untrustworthy memory becomes, even within a generation. Twenty years after these meetings of 1905, the first "History of Rotary" Committee was trying to piece together the important events of the first few

years. The first committee had been appointed in 1924, and for the next six years many meetings were held in an effort to reconstruct the happenings of the first year, 1905. There was general agreement that the first three meetings took place as described and a majority agreed that the order of the next few was as follows:

The fourth was held at Hiram Shorey's tailor shop in the Loop.

The fifth took place in the real estate offices of Regelin, Jenson & Company, at 105 Washington Street.

The sixth get-together was at Ruggles' printing shop, then at 142 Monroe Street.

It had been A. L. White's turn to hold the sixth meeting at his piano and organ establishment, but as he said later in some personal notes turned over to the History Committee, "I knew that when it came my turn there would not be a 'corporal's guard' out to my office in Englewood." And therein lies the story of the first club meeting to be held in a hotel (which we will tell later).

Three

YOU SCRATCH MY BACK . . .

The new club was "a background thing" in the life of Paul Harris; he had many other interests. Hiking for instance, was an absorbing recreation. Love of the outdoors had started in boyhood days. He had roamed the hills around Wallingford, sharing their loneliness and dreaming. Such is the great reward of walks in the wilderness anywhere, any time. Now an energetic young lawyer in the urban wilderness, he continued to walk. His rambles led him all over the city and sometimes far into the suburbs. One jaunt shortly after the turn of the century took him to the southwestern section called Morgan Park, where Longwood Drive skirted a hill known as The Ridge. Houses on the west side of the drive were built on the crest.

He paused there, daydreaming a young man's fancies. This was a winter day on which snow had worked its magic. He watched boys and girls coasting down the hill, shouting and laughing. The picture was so true to the New England life of his own boyhood that nostalgia assailed him and he smiled in memory, reliving the good times of yesteryear. One little girl in red seemed too bold a target to ignore, so he hurled a poorly made snowball at her—and missed. Instantly she made a better ball and threw back. He let it strike him in the chest and feigned astonishment and chagrin while she and her companions shrieked in glee; a big-brother stranger having fun with the

crowd. Several started pelting him, so that he ran to safety, laughing and waving his good will.

From a distance he smiled benignly back at them, and at the picturebook landscape all around, a panorama right out of Currier & Ives. The moment stretched into minutes while sentiment welled within him.

"If ever I can have a home of my own," he promised himself then and there, "it shall be on top of this beautiful hill on Longwood Drive."

It was more than a youthful, misty dream; it was a resolution, and he dwelt on it as he resumed his walk.

This love of the outdoors prompted him to join the Prairie Club, a group of truly avid walkers. It had almost 2,000 members, mostly young men and women. Each weekend small groups would radiate to sections of the suburban area and beyond, climbing hills, fording streams, camping overnight, generally communing with Nature in a way the next generation—blessed with a horseless carriage—was destined to lose. One of these countryside excursions led his party through underbrush, and he came out of it with a slight rip in his jacket. He himself didn't notice it, but somebody else did.

"Oh, it's torn!" cried somebody sympathetically. "But I could easily repair it for you. My name's Jean Thomson."

He looked at her and promptly forgot all about the rip.

"I'm Paul Harris," said he. "I enjoy hiking. I think it's wonderful."

It had suddenly become more wonderful than ever. Jeannie, it developed, liked virtually everything else he liked, too, and if he'd drop by her place that night, then she, with her needle and thread—

It is pleasant to daydream your plans and hopes alone, but sharing them with a pretty listener is inspirational. Jeannie had come from Edinburgh, Scotland. Paul had traveled in Europe

and elsewhere. They had much to talk about. "So much," suggested Paul, smiling, "that we need a lifetime for it." She agreed, and they were married that summer, in July, 1910.

With a bride to feed and keep happy, attorney Harris rechanneled his energies. Just two years after he married Jeannie they were indeed living "on top of the hill on Longwood Drive." Hand in hand they christened the new home "Comely Bank"—her selection, after the street in Edinburgh where she had spent her girlhood. Happiness had spread its wings over a young man in a free land leading the good American life.

The happiness was reflected in his small law office. He sought no criminal cases, divorce actions, or similar trial work, but specialized in corporate, real estate, and probate law. He made extra efforts to keep the office atmosphere serene. He took on a partner, Fred Reinhardt, who stayed with him for twenty-eight years. Toward the end of that time the partner told a friend, "Never in all our association has there been a word spoken in anger by any one in our office family." Which is high testimonial to the character of all.

During that early period of his career, Paul felt an unadmitted pressure from the new club of business and professional friends that he had organized. "We police one another without realizing it," was the way he expressed it to Jean. Men want the approval of their associates. If one breaks over the line of proper conduct he immediately senses the danger of losing face, not to mention losing business.

We see evidence of this personal growth in his office policies, rapidly taking shape. For example, his kindliness impressed the young men who came to work for his firm direct from law school. He might have been a lofty, unapproachable, pompous "boss." He wasn't. Still young himself, he showed instant understanding of their needs. He was exacting, but he was patient. He told his neophytes that no person had the right to practice law unless

he was prepared to give conscientious preparation to whatever legal matter became his responsibility; he would not tolerate carelessness and neglect.

"The lawyer must always remember that he is an officer of the court in the administration of justice," he warned them, "just as the physician must remember he is a servant of all mankind, and the minister that his is a sacred trust."

He had occasion to talk with a young attorney who had been handling an intricate case for the firm for nearly three years. It had been settled in their favor. "You know, sir," the younger man told his boss, "I would have handled this case for nothing, if it had been necessary." Harris was impressed. Here was a man younger than he, in love with his work and imbued with the service ideal. Paul sensed the wonder of it.

America as a whole was just emerging from a hard pioneering era, settling her boundaries, resolving her civil and military problems. Her overall law had been mainly a law of force. By force she had killed slavery. By force she had spread to the Pacific. By force she had triumphed twice over England, once over Mexico, once over Spain, so that now her navies and armies made it clear that she was physically no longer an adolescent nation but a fully grown world power. As such, she could relax her muscles and take stock of her inner self.

Paul Harris was one of the leaders in that new spiritual inventory of the nation, and much of it began to be expressed through the rather strange, new, back-scratching "businessmen's club" that he had organized. He didn't realize it, but the Live-and-HELP-Live ideal was taking root.

During the decade following the club's launching in 1905, Paul became associated with several up-and-coming young men who had become members. Most of them were attracted at first by the stated policy of the trade exchange, doing business with one another. Some of them soon dropped out—perhaps they dis-

liked the selfishness inherent there but lacked the drive to try to correct it.

Some became associated with Paul in his law work. One became a standout. Late in April, 1919, this man was in a crowded office on the floor below Harris' suite, and he came upstairs to ask if by any chance there was any space to rent. Paul liked the young fellow's open countenance and friendliness, and so made space. Two years later the newcomer was a partner in the firm—Harris, Reinhardt, and Vanier. He was the man in the middle, Fred W. Reinhardt.

In 1929, when Paul suffered a heart attack in Michigan, it was his bosom friend Fred who took over both his business and personal affairs, and for eighteen years more, until Paul's death in 1947, the two were very close.

Paul joined the Chicago Bar Association in 1906 and forever after was active in its affairs. He served on its Judiciary and Public Relations Committees and as Chairman of its Ethics Committee, which corrected many questionable practices among Chicago lawyers. In 1932 he represented the Bar Association at the International Congress on Comparative Law at The Hague.

Meanwhile, his law firm's practice continued to grow, and new members were attracted to it from time to time. In 1916 the firm outgrew its offices in the Unity Building and moved to the First National Bank Building. As years passed, more honors came to Paul. His renown spread across America, then around the earth, for not only had he set high standards in the practice of law, he had launched a "movement" that was spreading world-wide. "He organized a strange kind of club," one commentator wrote in the *Houston Chronicle* in 1919, "from which men get nothing, but actually pay for the privilege of doing good."

Get nothing? Paul would have argued the point.

By that time, truly, the back-scratching policy of his club had

been dropped completely in favor of a much grander ideal. Men everywhere had responded to the new appeal it held, so that affiliated clubs were easy to organize, many of them in distant countries. Thus his fame spread. Orders were bestowed upon him by governments on every continent. He was further impressed by the fact that competitive club groups were forming. He had started his offhandedly, incidentally to his career work in booming, burgeoning Chicago; he had never dreamed it could flourish so.

Part of his personal growth was due to an interest in children. He and Jean were not blessed with children of their own, so they found vicarious pleasure and reward in working with others, especially young folk who were handicapped. Paul *tried* to do this anonymously, tried to keep out of the spotlight. He didn't succeed. In 1934, at a huge international convention in Detroit of his once "back-scratcher" club, sixteen Boy Scouts escorted him to the platform. There, Walter W. Head, president of the Boy Scouts of America, gave attorney Paul Harris the significant Silver Buffalo Award, saying, "No man has accomplished more distinguished service to boyhood than Paul Percy Harris. He has set a new standard in professional attitudes and ethics, which translates into selfless service for any one, however humble, who is in need. Truly, this is Christianity in action."

Attorney Harris was touched. In his own writings he has told of his feelings in the matter, and intimate details of his life are on file now. Among his heartfelt utterances, one published by the Chicago Bar Association is still valid as a shining goal for all business and professional men today:

"No prospect is more alluring than that held out by the exaltation of one's vocation as the most available and appropriate means of contributing to social needs."

Four

'ROUND AND 'ROUND

Paul Harris didn't know it, didn't even give the matter any thought in those early years of the century, but he was *not* the pioneer organizer of men's clubs.

The basic idea probably is as old as man himself. We can be pretty sure that Pithecanthropus Erectus and his prehistoric pals assembled in a cheerful cave to chew the fat literally and figuratively. We know that the polished Athenians had clubs. In the Sparta of Lycurgus' time, club tables sat fifteen each and all vacancies were filled by ballot. Cicero refers to the election of a club president.

In England, in 1659, a group was formed for the purpose of changing magistrates and legislators by rotation. Pepys and Milton were members of this *Rota Club*. Then in London, in 1669, the Civil Club was organized, and its rules stated that "only one person of the same trade or profession should be a member of the club," and that "members should give preference to one another in their respective callings"!

It is significant that another group, in another world, two and a half centuries later should have an almost identical idea. We might therefore argue that mankind, specifically businessmen, had made no ethical progress, but for one all-important fact—those young fellows in Chicago eventually sensed their own shallow idealism and set in to correct it.

The change was not instantaneous, not dramatic at all. Indeed,

the selfish feeling died hard, because Paul Harris' reciprocal trade policy was paying off. Ruggles the printer would buy his insurance from Tunnison the insurance agent, who in turn bought his stationery and forms from Ruggles. Both ordered coal from Schiele, who of course purchased insurance and printing from them, as did Harris, who already bought coal from Schiele, and who naturally enjoyed any legal business from all three, while all four of them sent their soiled shirts to Arthur Irwin's laundry, knowing that Irwin in turn would be obligated to trade with them, as all were to trade with Shorey the tailor, and so on *ad infinitum.* Thus they had a tight, self-centered, mutual-aid group; nothing illegal or even critically immoral about it, for that was the accepted pattern of the times in America's business world.

Their early dedication to that reciprocal trade policy is attested astoundingly in the club's checkup procedure. During the period 1907 to 1912, each member actually had to fill in and mail a weekly report to the club "statistician," who made semi-monthly reports to the club at large. Here's how the printed form card looked:

> IT IS VERY IMPORTANT that you return this postal at once as we have to guarantee a certain number at each dinner; also to ascertain the amount of business transacted between members. Kindly keep a record showing the names of members you have transacted business with so record can be verified.

Shall you attend the next ROTARY meeting (Yes———— (No———— No. of guests——

MEMBERS' REPORT

Since last meeting I have
(Received Business——Items from——No. of Members
(Influenced " ——Items from——No. of Members
(Given " ——Items from——No. of Members

Date ———— Signed ————

The "statistician" must have enjoyed a smug satisfaction when the report cards showed a lot of back-scratching. Conceivably, the leaders issued tacit reprimands when the reports were not good. The club wasn't to be taken lightly.

Meanwhile, however, it did indeed have a light side. Paul himself said from the beginning—"The fellowship can be profitable, and it should be fun."

Fun and profit; reason enough for an organization. "We'll not only trade with one another, we'll get together once a week and swap stories," the men agreed. They would not only vie with one another for laughs, they'd talk also of the town and the nation. Carpenters and bricklayers were nagging Chicago contractors for a Saturday half-holiday—and what was labor coming to? President Teddy Roosevelt was trying to bring about peace between Japan and Russia, but maybe he should mind his own business and not get us involved in foreign affairs, eh?

Undoubtedly, it was a pleasant club, and we can be sure that the members looked forward to attending its meetings. American men, business and professional men especially, are gregarious by instinct. In that era from "Oh Five to Oh Twelve"—they called the years so before the 'teens came along—"whiskey saloons" were a gathering place for men of a certain kind. Men of "respectability" did not often patronize them, and the gentleman in the new club would not have been seen in the sawdust-floored emporiums. Chicago did not, nor did any other American city, have anything like the ancient and more honorable English "pub," the drinking establishment where Englishmen of unimpeachable respectability gathered and still gather. Thus the meetings provided a welcome outlet; a chance to assemble and talk and sing and tell stories and enjoy fellowship. By "Oh Twelve" the founder knew he had originated a good thing.

The process of naming the group is fascinating in retrospect. It is said today that if two men get together they go to lunch; if three meet they form a corporation; if four gather they play golf; if five or more gather they organize a club, then quarrel

about naming it. It is probable that the "fine friendly fellows" gathered by Harris and Schiele did some cordial quarreling.

We know that they considered calling themselves The Booster Club. Booster? . . . Boost? . . . The dictionary said it meant to lift or push from below, to help forward. Not bad! Prominent in current American idiom, too; every city, every little town, college, and high school had "booster" organizations and were to have them for at least two decades more.

But some deeper understanding made Harris and Schiele discourage that name for their club. These men were not interested in boosting Chicago, they pointed out, not with this club at least; a special organization already had that duty, a sort of "chamber of commerce" outfit, Paul explained. Nor did these clubmen want to "boost" themselves in the public eye; they wanted only to earn more money by swapping trade, and have a little enjoyment at weekly meetings.

The Round Table Club, somebody suggested. Again, not bad; King Arthur's Round Table was famous and honorable, with men of importance in it. But that wasn't new enough, wasn't quite applicable to a lively city in a new nation. So the men felt.

Then Paul Harris himself, no doubt feeling obligated inasmuch as the club was his idea in the first place, spoke out: "Why not call it the Conspirators Club?"

Nobody said anything for a long while, they simply sat there giving thought to the matter. Finally one member asked, "Why 'Conspirators'? What are we conspiring about? That usually means some unlawful deed is in mind."

Paul hadn't thought of it that way, but he agreed that the connotation might be at least confusing. The suggestion was dropped.

The Chicago Fellowship, the Blue Boys, Chicago Circle, the Lake Club, the FFF Club (Food—Fun—Fellowship), Men with Friends, Friends in Business, Trade and Talk Club, Windy City Roundup—a dozen or more potential names were laid on the table at early meetings. None touched off a spark.

Finally somebody said, "See here, we are meeting in each other's offices on a sort of rotating arrangement. Why don't we call it the Rotary Club?"

Regrettably, no secretary made a record of just who said that; it is doubtful if anyone remembered even a year later; certainly no one knows now.

It was, actually, as uninspired a name as the others. Its literal definition says that rotary means *turning,* as a wheel on its axis; or having parts that rotate. What application could this possibly have for a men's social and business club, except the nebulous one of their changing place of meeting? Obviously they accepted it in an offhanded manner; it would serve as a handle, as a convenience for reference, and that's all they felt was needed. Perhaps later some member might come up with a bright idea, in which case they could always change the name.

From our long-range point of view it is still weak. It is even more meaningless now than it was in "Oh Five," because modern meetings are not held in rotation. On the other hand, a club's name is like a man's name—it is never *born* with distinction; any honor and glory must be acquired. This applies even to princes and kings. Genghis Khan would have been an anonymous barbarian, except that he stormed across Asia with an army. Napoleon was an unknown soldier until he forced himself high. Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, Edison, Einstein, Schweitzer—they were nobodies until they carved out destinies that made their names shine on through the ages.

So it was that "Rotary" redefined itself. It grew into a synonym for grandeur; not inherently, of itself; not mechanically or physically, as a monument or a skyscraper grows; but intangibly, spiritually, symbolically, as the ideals behind it grew. Few men in the Rotary membership, even today, appreciate that. Almost nobody in the membership of other service organizations, those which sprang up as cordial competitors and colleagues, appreciates it; they do not realize that early members of the Rotary Club of Chicago triggered the whole service club movement.

Naming the new club, then, was much like naming a new baby; seldom are all members of the family satisfied, but after a few weeks the name is accepted and the child grows up with it. So it was here. The Rotarians—*that* term was pleasing to them, because it was resonant and imposing—forgot all about selecting a "better" name later. Other interests absorbed them. Other members came in and did not challenge the validity of the name. America was booming. Chicago was booming, the Rotary Club was riding high.

As matters developed, the name turned out to have some distinct advantages, so much so that Emerson Gause, the historian of the club, says that "those who came up with the name 'Rotary' must have been guided by Divine Providence." He has pointed out that it was distinctive as a name for a club, and it proved difficult to translate satisfactorily into other languages. Consequently, as the Rotary movement expanded into other lands, the English name was adopted there and has achieved universal acceptance. This has added immensely to its luster. The name and the lapel pin, with the familiar name and emblem on it, are recognized around the globe, so that wearers feel a kinship no matter what their national, racial, or ethnic backgrounds.

Purpose and name, then, were the major considerations of Paul Harris and his colleagues in developing their club in 1905, that first year. The name came quickly—Rotary Club—and fretting about it abruptly ceased. The purpose—reciprocal trade, fellowship, fun—was more demanding. Harris, Schiele, *et al.*, often set their minds to it. They'd quietly plant a few jokes just to be sure some of the shyer fellows would take part, knowing that if a man didn't enjoy the meetings he wouldn't be a member for long. Harris was the guide, the background promoter; Schiele was the take-charge extrovert, the man who put the carefully planned agenda into "spontaneous" operation. Every club needs both, even today.

One other important detail remained for them to work out,

then they themselves felt they'd have an easy coast down a long and lovely hill. They had a purpose, they had a name; now they needed an emblem, a badge of membership. Other organizations had proud pins; plainly a Rotary emblem would create pride in the wearer and prestige for the club.

The emblem chosen was, of course, inevitable. A *Rotary* Club could not escape having a wheel. All the members nodded agreement at the first suggestion of this, and no debate was necessary. Harry Ruggles the printer was directed to do something about it forthwith, and let's get on with the next item of business, gentlemen.

Harry went back to his print shop that night and poked into his rack of stock engravings. This was in Oh Five, remember, and America must have had a million or more horse-drawn vehicles. Wagons-for-sale were advertised in every newspaper; the wagon wheel as a design was etched on the retina of every American eye. Harry Ruggles had a good assortment of "cuts."

He chose one that was quite plain. Just a bold circle with a hub and spokes; no ornaments, no flourishes. As a geometric design it even had a certain beauty. When Harry showed it to the boys the next week they nodded approval again. They weren't too much concerned; let Harry do it, he has the know-how. So, the earliest printed meeting notices of the new club bore an imprint of an ordinary wagon wheel, without comment.

Later that same year, 1906, the printed roster carried the wagon wheel emblem with the words "Rotary Club" above it, and at the bottom were new little marks, indicating that the wheel was revolving and raising some dust. This was a distinct advance. It is credited (in the detailed records) to Montague M. Bear, proprietor of an engraving firm then at 57 Washington Street. Someone had facetiously suggested that a wheel standing alone, motionless, might symbolize a club in the same condition. Monty Bear agreed and said he'd fix things up.

Early in 1910 the dust-kicking wagon wheel had been replaced

by a more graceful buggy wheel. It was still too plain, so Monty Bear was instructed to start thinking again. He came up with a pretty sketch of a wheel in blue water color on white. His wheel showed twelve slender spokes. On the lower vertical spoke was tied a knot of ribbon with forked streaming ends. On the left streamer was the word ROTARY, on the other, CLUB. The word CHICAGO appeared above the wheel. The whole device floated on banks of fluffy clouds.

The members could do no less than gasp in admiration—as most men do at any bit of art. Monty Bear was given a vote of thanks and ordered to start production. When the first national convention was held in Chicago in August, 1910 (Rotary had been expanding rapidly), this was the beautiful emblem that appeared on badges worn by the delegates. It had not been difficult to remove the word CHICAGO from above the wheel and add the letter s to the word CLUB, so that the ribbon streamers read ROTARY CLUBS. And the founding unit was honored by having its own emblem selected by the national organization.

Even so, Club Number One's pretty emblem endured only until 1915, when a wheel with cogs or teeth, but without spokes, made its appearance. The spokes were replaced by a large letter Y, symbolizing the two branches of the Chicago River. Without doubt, Harris, Schiele, and friends had developed a stronger city pride. By this time, too, the ribbon streamers had disappeared from both the club and the national emblems.

By 1920 the club had adopted still another design, the nearest approach so far to a mechanical gear wheel. It had twenty cogs and six spokes, with each alternate spoke a distinctive color so that the Y remained. A figure one was superimposed on the hub, identifying Chicago as the original club.

No further changes were made until 1926. By that time Rotary International had grown to such proportions that the new club

began using the official International emblem as its own. The men were agreeable to the change because, they said, "The emblem has gradually evolved into a gear wheel that can transmit *power,* typify *action,* and secure *results.* It will mesh with other wheels, thus symbolizing *cooperation.* These are the ideals for which the Rotary Club of Chicago now stands."

Five

THE SERVICE IDEAL

At what precise moment does the sun rise? When its topmost rim first peeks over the horizon, or when it all shows? And which horizon, the low-lying valley plain or the high ridge of the mountains? When does a rose bloom? As the bud first cracks for the bee to enter, or two days later, when the last petal spreads in full lavish flowering?

So it was with Paul Harris' "businessmen's social club." What is the official date for its beginning? He had the basic idea back in 1900. He did nothing about it until five years had passed. It was February 23 of "Oh Five' when he began tightening the matter down, in a meeting with Silvester Schiele and three others. All they did was talk—yet this was specific talk, about a potential new club. Within two weeks a second meeting was held, and again the session was exploratory, although by this time the now seven or eight friends considered themselves members of *something,* as yet unnamed and not clearly defined. Not until the third meeting, in Schiele's coalyard, did they actually complete a formal organization, with the election of officers. That was on March 23.

So, was Rotary actually born on February 23 or March 23, 1905?

There is no easy answer; rather, there is a confusion which will always distress the precise historians. For example, the first

printed stationery used by the club, and the rosters beginning in 1908, carried this line "Founded Thursday, February 25, 1904"! Earlier rosters carried no such statement.

But in 1908, also, a somewhat elaborate promotion booklet said that the club had been organized in February, 1905. Still other discrepancies have been found. Probably we can assume that all of them are due to imperfect memories, carelessness in preparing material for printers, typographical errors, and such. But there is at least convincing proof that the club was not organized in 1904.

The date was first examined with care in 1924 when research was begun by a committee on the "History of the Rotary Club of Chicago," and it could reach no unanimous decision. Intermittent studies made no progress either, but over the years the sentimentalists, with a liking for humble beginnings in the Lincoln tradition, were pointing to that first meeting in Gus Loehr's Loop office. They have a strong argument.

Truth is, the exact day doesn't matter; a sunrise or a rose at any moment of flowering is a miracle, and that's revelation enough. Moreover, the members at large now take a detached view of the quibbling. In recent years the Rotary Club of Chicago and Rotary International have tacitly settled on that date when the men first held earnest discussion—February 23, 1905—as the birthday of one of the most important ethical advances in this century: the founding of international service clubs. Let that end the matter for all time.

Paul Harris and his friends back there in the pioneering years were not concerned with dates. They didn't realize it, but their minds were evolving a long-range *purpose* for the club, an operational policy.

We have seen their first avid, almost boyish focusing on reciprocal trade. But we know also that each had a latent instinct for something better, some higher, more satisfying plan. Those earliest Rotarians were educated men. Without knowing it, they

needed a code of ethics; without admitting it, they wanted one. Reciprocal trade was not an ethical code, was not an excuse for being.

The shift in emphasis from busines reciprocity to the service ideal did not come about overnight—again, no positive date can be set for the flowering, although this change was truly the birth of the great movement. The shift resulted from a series of unrelated events from 1910 to 1915.

Many men had joined Rotary because they had been impressed by the opportunity afforded for fellowship and a brief escape from their daily routines. They were already successful in business, hence the lure of more trade from members was not especially attractive. By 1910 a considerable number had been members long enough to have developed close friendships. They could see how the exchange of business would naturally result from fellowship at the meetings. Among these were a few who accepted posts of leadership—in the Rotary Club of Chicago, in sister clubs that it had organized, and within the new "National Association." These men began to ask themselves and each other a trenchant question—*was there something more than mere trade and fellowship?*

One of those leaders, active in the Rotary Club of Chicago starting in 1908 was Arthur F. Sheldon, champion of a new science in salesmanship. Arthur had a creative bent. He was eternally unhappy with any status quo; what had been good enough for his father was *not* good enough for him. Thus he felt compelled to analyze Rotary's excuse for being.

Being a salesmanship expert, he was articulate, he was able to communicate. So he must have said things that stirred the consciences of his colleagues, subtly or otherwise. It is the American way to brainstorm a thing by being voluble about it. Talk, talk, talk eternally, challenge and defy, thrust and parry, riposte and attack again. Often men become vehement. A foreigner,

hearing them, predicts immediate violence, then is astounded at their sudden smiles and obvious amity when the meeting is adjourned. It was that way in Chicago.

Meanwhile, plans were under way for the first convention of the National Association of Rotary Clubs in 1910. This turned out to be a truly "big" affair (though modern Rotarians can smile in retrospect). No less than fourteen clubs were represented—Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Lincoln (Nebraska), Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York City, Portland (Oregon), St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle, and Tacoma. Arthur Sheldon had made contact with men in some of those clubs—notably Seattle and Minneapolis—men whose minds were as unfenced as his own.

They and their kind were none too happy, therefore, when the big convention made its first formal reference to business ethics. Five "Objects" were there set forth in the National Association's new constitution and by-laws. Significantly, Number 4 read: *To promote progressive and honorable business methods.* Number 5 was: *To advance the business interests of the individual members of the affiliating Rotary Clubs.*

Sheldon was not wholly opposed to those terms—he simply felt that they were insufficient, and he kept saying so. But Paul Harris himself was on the committee that formulated them, and Paul enjoyed powerful prestige. In addition, he had brought in Daniel L. Cady, a New York attorney and delegate to the convention, who was an orator of the William Jennings Bryan school. Cady spoke with eloquence—

> . . . the Rotary idea includes all that is meant by the new business conscience and progressive business methods. It brings together people who desire to deal honestly, and who would not otherwise meet. It is cooperation among gentlemen. It believes that if a transaction does not show a profit to both parties, it is immoral. Which hurts the more: to have your

> overcoat stolen, or to be swindled in the purchase of an overcoat? To have a few dollars filched from your cash drawer, or to learn that a U.S. Senator was elected by bribery?

Others supported with equal emphasis the exchange of business. Those early "report cards" used by the Rotary Club of Chicago were approved.

Then it was seriously proposed that a clearing house be set up whereby the exchange-of-business idea could be applied on a national scale. Rotarians in St. Louis with commercial interests in New York would give their business to New York Rotarians, out of loyalty, and so on around the country.

That proposal really caused Arthur Sheldon and his colleagues to protest. "It's a selfish scheme!" they shouted. And they made an impact. The scheme received only a lukewarm reception when laid before the delegates, even those favorable to business boosting; definitely, the Rotary conscience was stirring.

So it was, then, that the Rotary Club of Chicago, in the persons of above-average citizens, furnished not only the superstructure but also the spiritual undergirding for this growing organization. That fourth stated "Object" of the National Association—*To promote progressive and honorable business methods*—suddenly acquired a new interpretation. It no longer slid easily into Object Number 5—*To advance the business interests of the individual members.* Guided by Harris, Sheldon, and others close to them, members began to see a new meaning in the term "progressive and honorable." This came at a time, mind you, when in nearly every club, at every meeting, the "statisticians" were regaling members with glowing reports of business transactions. It marked the first definite shift in emphasis from selfish business boosting.

Paul Harris was, quite properly, the first president of that National Association. His next move was to appoint a committee to articulate Rotary's new idealism. He called it the Business

Methods Committee and, again quite properly, appointed Arthur F. Sheldon as its chairman.

Sheldon took his appointment seriously. He was, in the idiom of the period, a go-getter, meaning that he never entered anything halfheartedly; on his committee you had to stride fast or you'd be left behind. His type is still a cornerstone of American greatness.

The next year's national convention had been set for Portland, Oregon, and Arthur expected to spell out details of the new idealism there. Circumstances prevented his attendance—a heartbreak to him—but he sent his address in written form. Even by mail his enthusiasm had been contagious; delegates listened to the reading with eagerness.

He made no mention whatsoever of business boosting. Instead, the paper dealt with the mode and quality of *service*—a new concept.

Service? The very word caught some of the delegates up short. They thought it implied servility, meekness, or, at best, some vague aspect of church work. Rotary, now, was for fun, food, and fellowship, wasn't it? With business back-scratching as a sort of bonus? Of course. Look at the report cards! Thus did many Rotarians still feel, many even of the delegates to Portland. News of the change in policy made the previous year at Chicago simply hadn't yet penetrated all the minds. So the men leaned forward in their seats, listening avidly to the reading of Arthur Sheldon's 1911 address. These were some of the precepts that he laid before them:

> That the science of business is the science of service; he profits most who serves best.
>
> That the success of any institution is the sum of the successes of the people engaged in its service.
>
> That in the broad sense every one is a salesman; each has something to sell, whether it be service or goods.

> That success in life in its broad sense is a matter not of luck or chance, but is governed by laws of nature—mental, moral, physical, and spiritual.
>
> That to work in harmony with all of these laws would mean success of the highest order.
>
> That cosmic consciousness is a development of the universal sense, an appreciation of the solidarity of the race, the all-oneness of things, the reality of the brotherhood of man, on which plane man comes to see the reality of the fact that in business or anywhere else, he profits most who serves best.

It was a proclamation of almost classic beauty and strength. At the end of it, the crowd sat for a long moment in a silence charged with emotion, then broke into applause.

The ovation was still roaring when delegates became aware of a man standing up, waving both arms. He finally got attention and the hand-clapping subsided. He was James E. Pinkham of Seattle, chairman of the Resolutions Committee which had already produced a new "Rotary Platform."

"Mr. Chairman!" yelled Jim, "I move that *'He Profits Most Who Serves Best'* be made the concluding words of our Platform!"

Instantly the house burst into another roar of approval. No ballot was necessary; it had been settled by acclamation and was so ordered. A master salesman, 1,500 miles away in Chicago, had done his job well.

It would be unfair to say that the Chicago club deserves all the credit for this significant change of policy. Other Rotarians, notably in Seattle, had been thinking out loud along with Arthur Sheldon. During the period from 1909, when the Seattle Rotary Club was founded, to 1911, several men kept asking, "What is the real reason for Rotary's existence?" They spoke for still others across the nation. None felt quite satisfied with the business-boosting idea; all seemed to think that personal

business gain should be an incidental benefit, not a primary objective.

Nevertheless, those sensitive men did little or nothing but talk about it. A fellow in Seattle openly argued that the need was for an *expressed ideal,* but even he didn't phrase one; he merely said that somewhere in Rotary there must be something noble and fine. It was a force as yet undefined and only vaguely felt. A man in San Francisco called it the "secret ingredient." One in New York said it ought to be "a guide to live by." Another said "it has to come not from the pocketbook but from the heart."

In retrospect we can see that this was actually a manifestation of a growing national consciousness and conscience. The telegraph had been perfected, and more recently a greater miracle, the telephone, had spun its web of wires across our land. Train service had improved, the horseless carriage was no longer a mere plaything of the rich, mails were moving better, and two fascinating crackpots actually made a heavier-than-air contraption fly. America was mingling, mixing, communicating, swapping new ideas and new ideals; the twentieth was accelerating as no century had ever done before. In short, the time was ripe for that significant Rotary change.

By 1912 Rotary's national growth was accelerating. Club Number One was still figuratively at the helm. Paul Harris and friends had attracted distinguished men from Chicago's businesses and professions. These were not followers; if the club suffered, it was from having too many leaders! This individualism caused some personality clashes, but it also supplied a wealth of ideas and energies which Rotary needed during national expansion. New clubs in other cities attracted men of similar bent, yet they felt constrained to look to Chicago. Thus the letters flowed—"Is it your thinking that——?" "Does your Chicago club intend to——?" "Will it be in harmony with Rotary ideals if we——?" "May we venture to suggest that——?"

Leadership, then, became at once an honor and a responsibility. Paul Harris, Silvester Schiele, Arthur Sheldon, and others knew that and faced up to it. There is no detailed record of the guidance their Club Number One gave to the National Association those first years, but it was endless. By 1912 there were approximately thirty Rotary Clubs, and minutes of their convention in Duluth that year show significant new trends in thinking—*"Rotary Clubs must participate in public movements in their own distinctive way"* was one of them. Another said, *"If you increase a man's efficiency in his business, you thereby render him a more faithful civic servant."* Civic servant? Such a thought hadn't been in mind when Harris and Schiele met on that February night in Madame Galli's restaurant, or when they elected first officers a month later in Schiele's coalyard. But that was back in "Oh Five," and seven years had passed.

A fellow named Rob Roy Denny became a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago. He had previously lived in Seattle and had been the founder and first president of that city's club. He told about a speech he had heard in Seattle—"It was dynamic. It moved the hearers profoundly. They felt a joyful pride in Rotary because it gave them a new vision of values. They saw how their standards as businessmen would be reflected in their community, even in their nation. The speaker struck the fundamental conception which he believed had dwelt in Paul Harris' philosophic mind from the beginning. It was his privilege to help crystallize this great thought in clear and prophetic words."

Thus Chicago supplied a new kind of inward monitoring in the minds of Rotarians everywhere, opening new vistas, lending a new type of inspiration.

Keep in mind that for centuries the world in general, and lately the United States, had been rather tough. In Asia, Africa, Australia, Europe, civilized man had been largely physical from necessity; father was concerned primarily with shooting the wild beast for food, then shooting the man who would steal it. With

his club, his bow and arrow, his spear, then his gun, he prowled and killed in order to survive at all, and as gregarious instincts begat communities and tribes, he killed with organized strength. Up through medieval times, into the Renaissance, war and violence remained routine, inescapable. Jesus had spotlighted the Good Samaritan, but relatively few had grasped that new grandeur; we were still too busy racking infidels in Spain and beheading them in England. We were an introspective, self-centered, muscular, and fearful clan.

Came America, with its new dream. And overnight—as time is measured—individual dignity and freedom blossomed here. George Washington personified it. So did Abe Lincoln. After the Civil War we were still, from necessity, largely physical, keeping the long rifle loaded and at hand, hacking through our continental wilderness with ax and Bible. We still had to give more time to the ax than to the Book until the magnificent twentieth century dawned. Then, suddenly, conditions were ripe; we had reached the Pacific, we had settled our boundaries, we could unload the rifle and lay aside the blade. What besides violence and hard labor, we began asking, was there in life that might enrich it? Treasure was still eminently desirable. But what *kind* of treasure?

By 1905 a handful of Chicagoans had developed a nebulous idea, and by 1911 they had the answer in full: *He Profits Most Who Serves Best.*

Few people, even today, appreciate what a monumental turning point that was in our social history.

Six

SERVICE ABOVE SELF

He Profits Most Who Serves Best might be considered by Rotary's critics a smug, pontifical sort of proclamation. It was a mouthful of words that orators of the period began to use with full pomp and bombast. Oratory was in its heyday, then, and a big man with a resonant voice and controlled tremolo almost made himself president, despite his lack of capability for the job. High schools and colleges stressed debating societies, as logical follow-ups of "elocution" forced on reluctant juniors in grade school. In countless auditoriums and outdoor gatherings, *He Profits Most Who Serves Best* became the oratorical snapper, the tag line, the conclusion after which the speaker sat down to thunderous applause. For months even the Rotarians themselves felt that their new motto or slogan was little short of wonderful.

Then, inevitably, sharp minds in the Chicago membership and in other clubs began to analyze. Words are nothing, *per se;* they are valuable only as tools to convey an idea. Thus some unremembered iconoclast dared challenge the sacrosanct statement—"What does it mean, 'He profits most'? Why *profits?*"

Now that was something! The other men looked at him, perhaps even glared at him. But theirs too were unfenced minds. As they sat there in a stretch of silence they had to admit the question. . . . Profits? . . . What *did* it mean, here? These were not the type of men to let well enough alone. To forward-look-

ing persons nothing is ever well enough, the status quo is always obsolete, and we'll suffer if we haven't improved things by tomorrow. So, the fine motto began to be dissected.

Then it gradually dawned on Rotarians in Chicago and many other cities that nobody was doing anything about the motto except writing or mouthing it. We do tend to hypnotize ourselves into inaction simply by talking about action. A promising plan, a high-sounding phrase, impedes our efforts by salving our consciences. The fellows heard and re-heard the motto, were immensely gratified by it, but went on exactly as before. Until, again, some of the restless minds in Chicago and elsewhere began to stir up discontent.

"It says 'Who Serves Best,' " that rapid-fire salesman, Arthur Sheldon, needled his companions one night in an impromptu discussion. "Serves what? Who? When? How?"

Again they must have stared—glared—at him.

"All we have is the why," he persisted, "the profit. 'He Profits Most.' So we render service for profit, eh? We pound our chests and shout to the multitudes 'Look, look what we're doing! So now come and trade with us, who so deserve your admiration.' Like the famed Hypocrites who prayed loudly on the street corners, to be seen of men."

Somebody came back at him, "It's not the same thing at all. We're not being vain about it. Not seeking glory. Our service is—is—"

After a pause, Arthur hit again. "Is what? Exactly what service are we rendering?"

He had repeated the embarrassing question for which nobody had an answer. The slogan was without substance. Proclaiming it was like waving an American flag while dodging the draft.

That fact became clear, so once more the men quietly moved to elevate Rotary's ideal and operational plan. They had killed the back-scratching, and in doing so they had set a finer goal. Now all they had to do was start toward it.

Again, as in all reforms, the programming was not effected in one decisive vote. Go-getter salesmen are never patient, but their eagerness is usually tempered by men whose mental processes might be considered slower but are more thorough. President Harris had appointed Ernest Skeel, of Seattle, as Chairman of the Committee on Model Constitution and By-Laws and Revision of the National Constitution and By-Laws. There were three other members of the Committee, from three other cities—none from Chicago. The work of this committee was presented to and adopted by the 1912 convention in Duluth.

The "Model Constitution and By-Laws" contained five objects. Three of them dealt with (1) opportunities for increasing the efficiency of the individual member by the exchange of ideas and business methods; (2) emphasis on acquaintance and fellowship as an opportunity for service and an aid to success; (3) quickening the interest of each member in the public welfare and in cooperating with others in civic development.

Note the important phrases: "increasing the efficiency of the individual" . . . "opportunity for service" . . . "public welfare" . . . "cooperating with others" . . . "civic development." They served to focus attention. The motto, however pompous, had pointed Rotary faces toward the stars. These three items in the constitution began showing a way to get there. They amounted to proper propaganda. And they were effective; men do respond to words, slowly at first, maybe, but powerfully in the end. We may not even realize it at the time, may not know what influence a good sermon is having on us. But modern man knows that brainwashing, so-called, can be either the most dangerous or the most heartening force in an individual's life.

The Rotarians did no melodramatic about-face when they abandoned back-scratching. The new idealism evolved slowly, quietly, but forcefully. They did not abandon business entirely as a club interest. Indeed, the new "Objects" approved in 1912

have been carried on, with only slight polishing of phrases, to this day, and in 1966 reads in part substantially as follows:

> 1. To promote the recognition of the worthiness of all legitimate occupations, and to dignify each member's occupation as affording him an opportunity to serve society.
>
> 2. To encourage high ethical standards in business and professions.

We can be sure that our hypothetical 1966 Rotarian, John Joseph Manley, whom we met in Chapter One, is deeply conscious of those objects. Being first and always a hard-working businessman in a capitalistic country, he is after business day and night. But—unlike the prototypical businessman of 1900—he is also conscious of his obligations to the society around him. He accepts success not vaingloriously, but as a stewardship; as you receive, so must you give. "The finest words in the world are only vain sounds, if you cannot understand them," wrote Anatole France. Those early Rotarians had written better than they realized. Theirs were words which no businessman could fail to understand.

So, then, the incisive minds of Rotarians everywhere began to take their stated sentences apart. The motto was chopped and inspected. It was good, they decided, but too general; specifics were needed. Next they reanalyzed the constitution, the objects. By slow, sure degrees they were tightened, and by inescapable force etched on the minds of the members. A sort of good gang spirit was at work, one member recalled decades later. A gang of bad men lend one another courage to steal. A gang of God-fearing men lend one another courage to move in exactly the opposite direction. John Joseph Manley expressed it by saying, "You can't associate with men of high ideals without acquiring their attitudes. Meeting with them is the golden hour which shines all through my life." Those early Manleys—Harris,

Schiele, Loehr, Sheldon, *et al.*—were already discovering that truth.

A charming incident provided the change in their pompous motto. Very few of the 600,000 Rotarians today know about it, and almost none of the other 4,000,000 service club members around the world.

A national convention was on, in Portland. Quite naturally, and delightfully, the host club there arranged for all delegates to ride a big boat up the Columbia River, a thrill for any tourist then as now. The prospect was so enthralling that the astute national president arranged for a full day's session of the convention to be held on board. The men grinned in approval; if the speeches got boring (a habit convention orators often showed) they could always enjoy the panorama of scenery rolling by.

One speaker that day was B. Frank Collins, attorney and president of the Minneapolis club. His was a commanding personality, and he was going strong on that lovely August morning, holding his men in rapt attention, when he concluded thus:

> In the organization of a Rotary Club there is only one thing to do, and that is to start right. The men who come into Rotary for what they can get out of it for themselves are in the wrong class; that is not Rotary. The principle that has been adopted by the Minneapolis club and has been adhered to since its inception has been *Service, Not Self.*

There it was again! The service theme, proclaimed anew, and in brief wordage. Delegates caught the phrase instantly.

Actually (and for the permanent record) this speech had come within minutes of Arthur Sheldon's famous paper, in which "He Profits Most Who Serves Best" was first heard.

But the shorter version also stuck in Rotarian minds, and the clubs decided to hold onto *both* mottos.

Progress still wasn't ended, however. Rotary-conscious and

motto-conscious more than ever now, the men continued to study their guiding words. One influence here was the new expansion of advertising throughout America, and much of that was based on catch-phrase slogans of one sort or another—"His Master's Voice" . . . "99 44/100 Percent Pure" . . . "Eventually, Why Not Now?" . . . "Quenches Thirst"—these and dozens more cried for our awareness from every magazine page. Thus a sharp slogan was the thing to have if you were to be called modern in the realm of selling. And Rotary was quite determinedly selling itself to itself and to the world at large.

We don't know just who first got to fiddling around with that shorter motto on paper. Perhaps it was a group; a committee, no less; maybe self-appointed, impromptu. *Service,* comma, *Not Self.* Well, after all, fellows, *self* isn't wholly bad; a man has to have self-respect, for instance; he must protect himself. If his self isn't efficient, his service won't be, eh? So "Not Self" doesn't quite say what we mean. We want to keep self secondary, but we don't want to discard it entirely.

"Well, then," somebody almost surely put in, triumphantly, "how about making it 'Service *Above* Self'?"

"I like it!" another man exclaimed, probably effervescent Arthur Sheldon, the sales expert. "It's a good line, it says everything."

Obviously he was right, and the agreement was unanimous. And so in the ensuing months "Service Above Self" began to appear on many a Rotary letterhead, pamphlet, speech, and proclamation. Sometimes the motto was printed as "Service Above Self: He Profits Most Who Serves Best"—a combination.

In whatever form, it was satisfying, it endured. It pleased not only the Chicago members but all of Rotary for almost forty years, even though completely lacking "official" status!

Not until the Detroit convention of 1950 were the two phrases formally designated as Rotary mottos, to be used on literature and elsewhere at each individual's discretion.

Seven

BUILDING A CODE OF OPERATION

Evolution of its basic policies and purposes, and of its mottos, did not plunge the Rotary Club of Chicago immediately into broad humanitarian service.

Further long exploratory processes were necessary, extending over the years to 1966; indeed they will never be completed, for constant upgrading and adapting are necessary as conditions change. The Club—and following it, national Rotary—had simply established a firm foundation.

The steel framework of that structure soon began to take form in the development of a code of operation. Normally this is the type of thing to which careless, superficial minds pay only lip service. It's like the reading of the text at church—they doze through it or listen in a sort of mental coma, waiting for the fine anthem and the sermon that they expect to stir their hearts. For other men, that text is the strength of the whole service; and the code of operation is the steel of any club's being, without which it will warp and sag and sink and die. We do not often refer to such a code, rarely read it in full. But, as with most such printed guidance, we absorb enough for it to be our blueprint, and we know it is always there. "Operation" is simply

the part of a code which activates ethics, and these Chicago men were determined to be active.

Like the Club purposes and policies, the operational code of the Rotary Club of Chicago had to undergo long, slow evolution. At first it was a nebulous thing, an embryo in the minds of the more dedicated members. We can trace its conception and growth by studying the records of those first club sessions, even beginning that night in Madame Galli's restaurant. There was horseplay, to be sure; there were jokes, witticisms, and trivialities. But over it all, through it all, was the feeling of earnestness which the founders had injected. An astute man can make a serious point by telling a funny story—Abe Lincoln was a master at that.

We see little evidences of its progress as we read those minutes of meetings—"It was decided that any members failing to attend four successive meetings would forfeit their membership." Plainly, such a man should go. That dictum of loyalty was accepted and holds in Rotary to this day. It was voted into the operational code at that memorable meeting in Silvester Schiele's coalyard office, March 23, 1905.

Still pursuing the fascinating minutes of those early meetings—"Among the features then was the reading of papers," a historian tells us. "The first was by Silvester Schiele and it dealt with the coal industry. Not particularly his own business, *but the industry at large, and its relation to the welfare of our people.*" The italics are ours, to emphasize what obviously was stirring in Schiele's mind. Despite the stated, accepted back-scratching purpose of the club at that stage, the search for a better code was beginning. And we are told that Mr. Schiele's was followed on subsequent evenings by papers of similar nature from other members.

In the record we also see that Charlie Schneider was the first club florist, and from the time he came in until the membership

passed fifty he brought carnations to each meeting for all the members. A nice gesture, costing him money; an "advertisement" yes, but also an instinct for upgrading, for the grace notes.

Then, in 1906—just a year after the founding, mind you—a ban was placed on risqué stories at meetings. The drummer and the farmer's daughter? It had many versions, is known to have started soon after the Revolutionary War, and was much favored in the world of men, even though "sex" as a word was never uttered in public in sophisticated 1906. Careless men would imply naughtiness, listeners would infer more, and bold speakers would actually use earthy back-of-the-barn words that evoked guffaws. The mature club leaders decided that such talk was out of harmony with ideals of their new organization. Without their realizing it, their embryonic operational code was taking form.

In 1907 the men really came up with something. They gave formal, happy recognition to the fact that women have a place on earth. The females of our American population had already been leaning toward rebellion. For decades, all through the nineteenth century and into the twentieth, Father was boss. He made the decisions, he said what was what in virtually every aspect of life, while Mother, hidden in a senseless garment that brushed the dirt, kept her eyes meekly lowered. But lately she had begun lifting her eyes and seeing new vistas. She was fighting the saloon. She was daring to wear new skirts, all ankle high. She was even—heaven help us!—talking about demanding the right to vote. The papas of the period were appalled at such effrontery but could see nothing to do about it except smile gallantly and accept the inevitable. Thus the members of the new club in Chicago decided to have a Ladies' Night.

As the record says, they "did it up brown." Meaning that the males arranged for a grand tallyho ride, followed by an even grander dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel, on what was then the far South Side. The women loved it. Thus disarmed, they could only give their hearty approval of the new club that was claim-

ing their men one night a week. The men said it was a "beneficial" club anyway, destined to improve their businesses, hence their family incomes, and so the female endorsement was lifted into enthusiasm. In 1966 the Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago are powerful allies of their husbands' club efforts. Women have never had "official" place, since Rotary is for men; but back yonder they achieved high status, for they fluttered their way into the unwritten, evolving code, the pattern for programming and operation.

By the early months of 1906 the new club recognized that many otherwise eminently capable men are shy. There is no real reason for shyness, ever; but emotion does not harken to reason. President Harris, therefore, appointed Dr. Will R. Neff as "official club greeter." Doc was expected to display a big smile, extend a warm hand, and make each arriving member feel welcome and wanted. He did so with consummate grace. Was this in the operating code? Not in so many words, perhaps, but it constituted a vital part of it, nevertheless, for even in the 1960's Rotary stresses that same basic courtesy and recognition of members' needs. The hearty handshakes every Tuesday noon are a part of John Joseph Manley's "golden hour." It is significant, too, that the biggest evening meeting of that year 1906 was one held in honor of Dr. Neff.

Close on the heels of the greeting policy, that emphasis on friendliness, came a related idea from Silvester Schiele. It was downright startling at first; there was no known precedent for it in other types of organizations, none in any church for instance. But he argued that it would "help us all to get better acquainted," and he was right. So, the three-year-old club voted money to have a roster printed that would actually show a photograph of each member!

From our point of view that's mere routine. But think back half a century or more; photography was still in virtual infancy. A few geniuses had risked life and limb to record the Civil War

and subsequent events on fragile glass plates. A few others—always held in awe by the general public—had stuck their heads under a black cloth around a mysterious box, ordered you to stare fixedly at a hypothetical birdie, then eventually produced on tin a portrait of you that was a pure miracle of science. The "Kodak" (new word deliberately coined by a fellow named Eastman), for use by daring souls who could afford such frippery, was coming onto the American scene. But in general, photographs were rare; portraits of father were for reverent hanging in oval frames in the parlor, not for casual printing in rosters.

Schiele's idea, then, made itself a landmark in club progress. It also set a precedent; the Roster of the Rotary Club of Chicago, first service club in the world, in 1966 has close to 174 pages, showing seven to eight member portraits to the page. Virtually every other metropolitan service club in the world issues a similar roster now. It is held as indispensable in the building of that priceless fellowship which the pioneers envisioned.

It must be added, however, that Schiele did not sell his idea easily. Indeed it almost failed; of the club's then 236 members, only 65 dared have their portraits made! People regarded portraiture of anything except sweet children, wives, and horses as pure conceit. But Schiele persisted, and by 1912 most of the "mugs" were in the roster. And the club's operational code, its unspoken emphasis on closeknit friendship, had advanced another notch.

The next notch was made by an incident that can be regarded only as hilarious, although it too set a fine precedent. It seems that the club had a lumberman member—never mind his name—and one day in 1909 he had the floor as a speaker. So—he lifted his chin, his arms, his voice, and extolled the virtues of lumber as a building material!

It became an impassioned declamation. He referred poetically to the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks.

He painted word portraits of Nature providing man's best abode by the slow, wonderful process of creating a stately tree from a tiny seed, ready to give of itself in planks and timbers. He spoke of Abe Lincoln's having been born and reared in a *log* cabin. It was all so seemingly factual, so irrefutable, so moving, that at the end of it another member of the club arose and moved for a resolution. Unanimously the Rotarians voted "that it is better to build with lumber than with brick"!

Unfortunately, the embryonic Rotary Club of Chicago had no brick manufacturer in its membership. But next day the newspapers reported the action, and within twenty-four hours the sky had fallen on the Rotary Club. Every brick man in Chicago had sounded off, with vehemence.

"Bricks are made from God's own soil!" they shouted. "The very earth from which He took a pinch and created none other than man!"

Within a week the club had adopted a rule that "no resolution henceforth can be presented without having first been considered and acted upon by the Board of Directors." The episode made such an indelible impression that the rule holds to this day. A code of ethics was evolving from sheer necessity!

In the same period, the club made another grave but also comic error. This was toward the end of Harry Ruggles' administration as president. In October, 1909, he and his colleagues decided to inject some drama into elections.

The drama quickly became melo-. The nearly 300 members took to the idea willingly enough, and so two captains were appointed. By alternately "choosing sides" they divided the membership into a Red and a Blue team or "ticket." Each was to select its candidate for president, extol his virtues if any, and later let the mass vote decide. The Blues chose Chesley R. Perry, and the Reds selected A. M. Ramsay. So far so good.

Then suddenly, Perry and Ramsay acquired both halos and

horns—depending on which team you were on. The laws of slander could have been evoked. "Gentlemen, *gentlemen!*" President Ruggles pleaded, pounding his gavel.

"Please, *gentlemen!*" echoed that dignified attorney, Paul Harris.

The body politic didn't even hear them. Faces were aglow with excitement, and smiles seemed rapidly to be fading, replaced by looks of grim determination. Gentlemen? They were that, indeed. Yet man is a political animal, and animal nature seemed for a moment to have the upper hand. Then suddenly shame struck them—and they about-faced.

"Ches Perry is actually a wonderful man," declared a fellow on the opposite or Red team, standing on a chair to get attention. "We must not make fools of ourselves. I move we elect Ches by acclamation."

"Hold on there!" shouted a Blue spokesman instantly, and himself leaping to a chair. "Ches Perry is fine, sure. But we are not narrow-minded about it, we recognize the worth of Ramsay too. He is an outstanding member, and, Mr. President, I move you the election of Ramsay by acclamation!"

That started the verbal shooting all over, and President Ruggles was more dismayed than ever. He faced human nature in its most unpredictable, most exasperating form. All he could do was pound his gavel, get attention, and declare the meeting adjourned.

Soon thereafter the men met again, this time in Vogelsang's Restaurant, and with full if somewhat self-conscious dignity did their balloting. Later they held their annual dinner at the Chicago Press Club—another "prestige spot"—and the election results were announced. It had been a close race, but Ramsay was the victor. (Incidentally, it was Perry's first and only defeat for office. Thirty-four years later, in 1944, he was nominated for office as president of the club, and duly elected.)

That exciting experience began and ended the process of

"teaming" for elections. The Rotarians promptly worked out one more advance in their operational code by establishing a less flamboyant pattern of choosing officers.

It was in that same memorable year of 1909 that the new Rotary Club began to make itself known to Chicago at large. Due partly to the episode of the lumberman and the brick manufacturers, newspapers of the town decided they had better keep an eye on the new organization. After all, it seemed to attract an excellent membership, they reasoned; bright young business and professional men, headed by that rising attorney Paul Harris, who had himself once been a spunky journalist. For their part, the Rotarians reasoned that publicity was desirable. It built a sense of importance in the members themselves, by enabling the public to know about their selectivity and the club's activities. So the officers began to send meeting notices to the press, and these were printed. This reach for publicity thus was yet another notch in the operational code.

We see, for example, in the *Chicago Record-Herald* of February 11, 1910, this announcement:

> ROTARY CLUB SEASON OPENS
>
> The Rotary Club opened its season last night with a dinner and business session at the Richelieu Restaurant, 175 Jackson Boulevard. New officers, headed by President A. M. Ramsay, were installed. Harry N. Tolles lectured on "Science of Service."

Note that lecture topic. Even then *service* was coming to the forefront of club interest. But the members at large and the press itself hadn't recognized it, because look now at this report in the *Examiner:*

> The Rotary Club is an organization which has turned the ideas of other clubs around to the opposite in almost every respect. To begin with, it is a band of about 300 persons, no two of whom are engaged in the same business, and is organized for the purpose of promoting more business for the individual

> member and incidentally more sociability. The idea is that but one baker can belong to the club, and the other 299 who are not bakers, are supposed to endeavor to convince every man, woman and child in Chicago that this baker's bread is the best in Chicago. The baker on his part must convince the populace that the milk sold by another member is the best ever.

That summary, though astonishing to us in the 1960's, created no stir back there in 1910. For as we have seen, mutual back-scratching in business was accepted as right and proper.

In that same newspaper article is another hint of the club's developing code of operation. The reporter seems to have discovered it with distinct surprise:

> About 150 of these "rotarians," as President Ramsay termed his fellow-members, met last night for a "good time." It was a feast which would have brought delight to the heart of even the most radical prohibitionist, for the motto of "rotarianism," strange as it may seem, is that "business and alcohol don't mix."

Once again, without realizing it, the new club was injecting itself into the stream of American thinking, affecting our national mores and manners. Demon Rum was indeed a demon, to thousands of citizens. A notorious woman named Carrie Nation was making her impact, literally, with a hatchet that smashed bottles in saloons. Seven states were already in the Prohibition column, more were soon to join it, and in due time the Great Experiment was to be tried. There are those now who feel that the Experiment could have succeeded; should have. Thousands of them are Rotarians. But thousands also disagree. In any event, Chicago Rotarians still face up to it; they tacitly say, in great majority in the 1960's, that "business and alcohol don't mix," Rotary business especially.

Eventually, the matter of money became paramount in the life of the new Rotary Club. It was of course inevitable; nothing much succeeds in America, no kind of group effort, without some kind of financial backing. Little was said about it at first. If

services of one kind or another were needed, usually some member volunteered to contribute of his time, talents, and energies. Harry Ruggles, for example, donated the printing of the early meeting notices. Douglas Wray, president of a paper company, furnished the envelopes in which the notices were mailed. As late as 1918, when the club offices in the Sherman House were being decorated, the new lighting fixtures were installed free by Franz Brzeczkowski. Nominal fines for absence from meetings provided the club's only money income.

A. L. "Al" White, a manufacturer of folding organs used chiefly in schools, had followed Silvester Schiele as second president of the club, and he got into the financial picture. Even before his election he had suggested that the club should find a better place for its sessions than members' offices.

"We should meet regularly in a hotel," said Al.

Silvester answered, "There is no money in the treasury to pay for a public place. We have no fees or dues other than the small fines for non-attendance."

"I can get us a hotel room without cost," Al said, and President Schiele was pleased.

Al engaged the club room on the balcony of the old Palmer House. After their session there he asked Silvester what he thought of it.

"Great!" Silvester replied. "Do it again."

He did it again—this time they had dinner in the dining room of the Brevoort Hotel, and then adjourned to an upstairs room that contained two beds! This furniture inevitably stimulated some jokes. "Is this club going to sleep?" one member demanded. "I thought we were geared for action."

Schiele and White were following the original Rotary idea of meeting in different places in rotation, so they moved their next session to the Sherman House. A corner of the main dining-room was screened off and here was held the club's first dinner meeting.

The idea of meeting in different hotels was, in point of fact, carried on for several years, until Rotary finally emerged as the first of the "luncheon" clubs.

The Loop and outlying hotels and restaurants that entertained the Rotary Club during those first years read like a Chicago directory of "Where to Eat, Where to Sleep." Some have disappeared, making way for skyscraper office and apartment buildings. Here are some of them—

Brevoort Hotel
Chicago Beach Hotel
Columbia Yacht Club
Grand Pacific Hotel
Great Northern Hotel
Hyde Park Hotel
Lincoln Park Refectory
Madame Galli's
Metropole Hotel
Morrison Hotel
Mortimer's Restaurant
New Southern Hotel
Palmer House
Sherman House
Stratford Hotel
Union Restaurant
Virginia Hotel
Vogelsang's Restaurant

In almost every case, during those first few years, the men got the use of their hotel meeting rooms without charge. They had no important money in their treasury. After all, what did they need money for? They had no outside program then, remember; nothing much on which to spend money. Rotary was for fun, food, fellowship, and reciprocal business. The new pattern, the better plan, the vision of service and the code of ethics to guide it, was in the process of maturing. The grand days of Rotary were yet to come.

Eight

DOERS, NOT JOINERS

Before we can hope to understand fully the club's progress, we must know more of the men who were guiding it; their occupations, their inner feelings, their personalities. Then we can see not only the growth of the Rotary Club of Chicago but, reflected through it, the spiritual growth of all service clubs.

Our best avenue may be to study the reaching out for new members. We have already met some of the founders and come to respect their sincerity. We can be sure they were anxious to build their club rapidly. So why didn't they grab any material that was available? Then as now, most men are inherently "joiners" of almost anything that looks pleasant. The founders started in February, 1905; by Christmas of that year they could have had a thousand members. But sixty years later the Rotary Club of Chicago still has fewer than a thousand. Why?

It is a significant question. In the answer to it lies the fundamental strength of the movement. Probably they didn't phrase it even in their minds but, as already seen, *intuition told the founders they must be selective,* must choose not merely willing men but capable men.

The importance of that cannot be overemphasized. All men are created equal? The patriots who wrote it meant equal in human dignity, equal in right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They did not think that all men held equal capabili-

ties. Plainly there were geniuses even then; Ben Franklin, for instance, and Thomas Jefferson; and, yes, George Washington. And there were also morons, dullards, incompetents. Worst of all, then as now, our society was dominated by middle-grade minds; mediocrity is ever a curse, for it allows "good-enough" standards to dull any search for excellence. It was that way in 1775, in 1905, and in 1966. Happily, a few geniuses always recognize it, select men who aren't mentally trapped and who lead all of us with them toward better standards. Such has been the rise of American greatness.

By May, 1908, the club did have nearly 200 members, and a promotional circular of that date said frankly, "Here is a club, differing from any you have ever joined or heard of—one so unique, so unusual, that those on the outside want to get in and those on the inside are anxious to remain." That would seem to connote wide-open portals, would suggest that any personable fellow might approach the leaders and be admitted. Not so. Those few pioneer founders were careful, guided by a feeling from within.

This selectivity comes about in a peculiar and interesting way. We do not fully understand our mental processes, of course, but modern science holds that a great part of them are chemical and/or electrical; that we somehow unwittingly "tune in" each other when we are on the same hypothetical wave lengths, thus developing an affinity that can spell success in teaming. In the world of man, failure to develop that mutuality, that affinity, causes partnerships and corporations to fail. We see it in sports; the football coach knows that if his backfield has four boys who somehow "click" as friends, whose minds can anticipate each other's actions and reactions and are pointed toward quality performance, a championship is assured.

Undoubtedly, then, some sure instinct told the young lawyer that the coal man of his acquaintance held a touch of superior-

ity. We do not know how they first met; we do know that the friendship was immediate and mutual. Imagine it—a polished attorney, world traveler, cosmopolite in white collar and clean cuffs, teaming with a *coal* man!

Or consider the laundryman, Arthur Irwin; and Harry Ruggles, the printer. Even though they bossed their businesses, these men had to deal with realities as unvarnished as Silvester Schiele's coal. Those men were not lords of the manor, they were "in trade" and close to its hourly operation. In old England, whence our forebears came, they could not have associated with the elite on equal social status. Even in twentieth-century Chicago the upper crust lived in mansions crusted with ornamental gingerbread, rode the lakefront in fringed surreys pulled by horses with lifted heads and extended tails, and pretended that the tradesmen who made them comfortable did not exist. Their number was not great, but they felt their own importance. The club founders were astute enough to see them with gentle amusement and to realize that they were not, in point of fact, as important as they felt. Harris, Schiele, Shorey, and Loehr had found bedrock values on another level.

That they did so, and that they built their new group from this "lower" level, is probably the happiest fact in the history of the service club movement.

We must keep in mind that the Chicago of 1900-1910 was still a pioneer town. In seventy years it had grown from a settlement of log cabins to become "the world's youngest large city," so that it resembled a gawky adolescent in his first long pants, physically large but still childish in mentality and emotions. As late as 1850 the streets were abominably paved. Sidewalks, high above the mud level, were so uneven that citizens suffered endless accidents.

A speaker at a luncheon meeting of the Rotary Club of Chicago in July, 1927, said:

> Sidewalks were plain paths or wooden boards. A walk down south Clark Street, from Lake to Twelfth, was at least a 40 per cent climb, for every lot was a law unto itself as to sidewalk levels, and some were three feet above others. The same deplorable condition applied to Madison Street, from State to Halsted.

The speaker that noon, Elijah T. Harris, was one of their own members greatly revered and honored and about to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday. He was talking about conditions in 1866 when, as a boy of fourteen, he peddled the *Chicago Evening Journal.* He related:

> In 1880 I built a four-story and basement brick structure on the north side of west Monroe Street, between Jefferson and Des Plaines, and was twitted by my friends for going outside of Chicago to do business.

By the time of the Great Fire (1871) fortunes had been made in real estate speculation that excited wonder and amazement; Chicago was called "the great fairyland of fortune," so that vessels coming west were loaded with speculators, sharpers, and honest hopefuls as well. Vice and gambling were widespread and enjoyed political immunity. Graft permeated the city hall, streets lacked attention, garbage went uncollected. It was a wild, raw town. After the Columbian Exposition of 1893, which put a gloss on things, unemployment returned and graft was worse than ever.

A complete outsider, William T. Stead from London, turned the tide. He wrote a controversial book about "a city the like of which the world has never seen." It made Stead so famous that he called a mass meeting for reform and overflowed the Central Music Hall. In the midst of it a woman in the audience jumped up and shouted, "Give us a plan of action!" From that was born the Civic Federation of Chicago, first in a long series of efforts to clean up the town.

Against that bizarre background, and from that heterogeneous

population, destiny was to create a wholly new type of organization. Membership selection was indeed a precarious matter. Without realizing it, the Rotary Club founders were pioneers in a newly emerging twentieth-century America that was about to accelerate its industrial, financial, and spiritual growth as no other nation has done since time began.

Most of those picked for club membership were, at the moment, men of medium incomes. All had high business or professional potential, which is important. A few had already distinguished themselves in their vocations. Several were destined to become rich. But there was something more, remember—almost all were types who could live and grow outside themselves, individualists who could hold life's broader view. *These* were the men who would activate the service ideal.

Many of us today would laugh over some of the early classifications that appeared in the rosters of Club Number One from 1905 to 1915. Consider for instance the "Street Cleaner."

Young citizens of the 1960's can have no conception of the streets in Chicago and other cities back in the horse-and-buggy era. If they do think of the matter at all, it's likely to be with a smile of amusement. But conditions were not amusing. Our whole business and social structure depended on the finest animal man has ever known. The eternal *clop-clop-cloppity-clop* of his hoofs was dinned into our ears for centuries, often amounting to a roar because of his numbers. By mid-morning each day the droppings began in small measure to cushion that sound, but the stench more than offset the softening. Today's finicky noses would lift in horror. The streets, the buildings, the homes, the very urban air were constantly and irrevocably permeated with that ammonia-like odor, no matter how hard we tried to pretend it wasn't there. So the "Street Cleaner" in "Oh Five" was a man of importance and dignity, even as the city's "Sanitary Engineer" is today. Actually, for life, health, and

comfort his services were more vital than those of, say, the printer, the insurance man, or even the attorney.

Snobbery, then, had no place in the formation of the Rotary Club of Chicago. The snobs would have been incapable of activating the service idealism that was soon to show; honest, down-to-earth men, there as always in America, had to supply the strength.

Around 1910 the club's membership committee was divided into two subcommittees, one on "investigation" and one on "classification." Even they found it difficult to arrive at uniformity in selecting men. The edict from Rotary International that all classifications describe the *businesses,* rather than the men themselves—for example, baking, not baker—was not to appear until 1924, with the publication of the "Standard Outline of Classifications." There are still Rotarians who feel that the personal touch should prevail.

Those two subcommittees found it difficult to describe some who were wholly eligible for membership. In the 1960's business has electric cash registers; robots of almost human skill. In 1910 awkward contraptions called "cash carriers" cluttered the counters and ceiling of most up-to-date stores. The clerk would put your $10 bill in a basket and lift it on pulleys, as if he were drawing water from a well, until the basket rose above the level of the cashier upstairs at the back of the store. Gravity then sent the basket soaring along the ceiling—to the utter delight of all watching children—until it went *click-wham* into the catch gadget up there. It would swing back and forth for a minute or two (life was paced more slowly then, remember) until a woman ambled over to it, made your change, put it into the basket, tripped the trigger that reversed the gravity angle of the wires and sent the basket rolling merrily back across the ceiling to your station, thence down a rod to your clerk's counter. How utterly marvelous—what won't they think of next! Where-

fore, the "Manufacturer, Installer, and Maintainer of Cash Carriers" had to become a Rotary classification.

Similarly, "Manufacturer of Hair Goods and Wigs" was on the list. It disappeared later, then in the 1960's when fashion had made a complete cycle, reappeared, with that first word changed to "Manufacturing."

In 1906, less than a year after the Rotary Club of Chicago had been organized, three members were chosen to draft its first constitution and by-laws. Two were lawyers, Paul Harris and Max Wolff. The third was Charles A. Newton, the insurance man. They had to start from scratch because there was no precedent; theirs was an uncommon kind of club, nothing like it anywhere. They performed their duty well; the document they produced served, with very few changes, for more than two decades. It contained two important and basic provisions. One related to the "objects" of the club (promotion of members' business interests, promotion of good fellowship, and such). The second, relating to qualifications for membership, read:

> Persons who are engaged either as proprietor, partner, or corporate officer, in any legitimate business undertaking in the City of Chicago.

Five years later, on May 11, 1911, that was changed to read:

> *Any male person of good moral character and reputation* who is engaged as a proprietor, partner, corporate officer, manager or agent in any legitimate business or professional undertaking in the city of Chicago, shall be eligible to membership in this club.

Note the broadening there, especially the stress on spiritual excellence; a narrowing of potential quantity, but an upgrading of quality. The pioneers were building better than they knew. After more than half a century the principle they established and much of the actual text is universally mandatory for all clubs in admitting members.

Other precepts and requirements were set up by those pioneers. "Partners of members," they wrote, "shall become eligible, but the membership of any partner shall not endure longer than his partnership with such member." Another rule said that when a man changed to a new business he lost his membership unless his classification was open, and this rule also holds today.

Still other provisions, some very strange, helped give the new club a character totally unlike any other Chicago organization. For instance, these items from that first constitution and by-laws, dated 1906:

> Membership shall endure for one year . . .
>
> Old members may be re-elected at any regular meeting . . .
>
> New members may be elected at any regular meeting, a quorum being present, by the unanimous vote of the members in attendance . . .
>
> It shall be the duty of the Registrar to keep record of the membership and attendance . . . it shall be the duty of said Registrar to call the roll after the opening of each meeting. [Envision a calling of the roll of almost any big service club in the 1960's! For the Rotary Club of Chicago, most of its allocated two hours meeting time would be required.]
>
> Honorary members may be elected at any regular meeting . . . honorary memberships shall endure for a period of one year . . . they shall have the same rights and privileges as are enjoyed by regular members except that it shall not be deemed the duty of the regular members to promote the business interests of such honorary members.
>
> All principles, rules, by-laws and business transacted at meetings shall be kept strictly secret except that in soliciting applications to membership, it may be explained to the person whose application is being solicited, that mutual benefit is the chief desideratum.

This self-centered, withdrawn policy was encouraged by the pattern of thinking throughout America at that time, as we have seen. Secret mutual-aid organizations were very much in the ascendency, with Masonry in the forefront and Elks, Moose, Eagles, *et al.,* approaching their heyday. Most considered it mandatory to have earnest and often elaborately contrived initiation ceremonies behind closed doors.

Keep in mind that this was a ho-hum era when most lives were lacking in drama, excitement, and stimulation. In 1906 the theater was available, but once a month or so was considered ample attendance. The circus came once a year. Motion pictures were little more than a scientific novelty, unlikely ever to be anything more. Thomas Edison had "perfected" a little gadget that reproduced sounds, including the human voice, but he himself said it had no practical value, and very few people envisioned having one in the home. So we played parlor games, looked at lantern slides (which *were* wonderful), popped corn and roasted chestnuts, and occasionally read a book, then went to bed early. No wonder the fun of romantically mysterious rituals appealed to us.

Even so, open minds in the Rotary Club of Chicago began to challenge them. After all, they asked, what affairs have we that make secrecy advisable? There are no sacred rites, no degrees conferred. So why bother to lock doors and demand fancy handgrips?

Their reasoning held. The feeling now is unanimous that "open covenants openly arrived at" is a vital dictum for clubs as well as for nations. But if for a while the secrecy held its touch of glamor, we can be sure that the club founders took advantage of it to help build their membership. They doubtless sensed that the doers of earth, the happy ones, have always spent considerable time on the clouds of romance and always will. Their type responded.

Most of those provisions in the 1906 constitution and by-laws have become obsolete with the passing years. "Business transacted at meetings shall be kept strictly secret" lasted only a short time. By 1909 the offices of Registrar and Statistician had been combined, and by 1912 they had disappeared entirely. New-member proposals today are first cleared by an Industries Committee, then screened by an Admissions Committee.

Occasionally today clubs may hold "closed meetings" for the consideration of some purely internal problem, but even these are extremely rare. The wide practice of Rotarians' visiting other clubs each week would make closed sessions impractical. All business now is transacted in directors' meetings; if a club vote is required, a brief "business session" fulfils the purpose.

As we study the background and motivations, then, the prototype Rotarian of those formative years emerges as a rather wonderful fellow all the way.

He was sophisticated, if we define that to mean being alert, alive, informed, and genuine; he was naive only if we measure him by standards of our time. Physically, he is of much interest to us of the 1960's. He wore an incredibly uncomfortable thing around his neck, one to two inches and often even three inches high, doubled over and starched stiff as an iron stock. It was his badge of beauty, his proclamation of executive masculinity—remember the firm-chinned "collar ad man" on billboards?

He was the male counterpart of the Gibson girl, that haughty, high-coiffed, long-skirted beauty who adorned magazines. His coat was buttoned high and under it he wore a tight garment called a vest, with a chain draped across it from pocket to pocket and ending in a pen knife and a watch. His pants were comically pegged at the top and tight at the bottom. He cut quite a figure striding down Boul Mich or rounding any corner in the Loop. Chicago loved him. America loved him. Junior America envied him and swore to be like him when grown up. The day came when this fine prototype had to change his cos-

tume to a uniform and go Over There, but he returned blithe as ever, having outlawed war for all time.

He was ready to open the throttle of American industrial and sociological expansion, and he did so. One of his avenues was the rapidly growing Rotary Club of Chicago or, through its extension, similar clubs across the land. He didn't know it, but he was the American Man of the Century.

Nine

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Precisely what was it that attracted this American Man of the Century into Rotary? And, ultimately, into competitive and colleague service organizations? He so stimulated the movement that it quickly spread across America, then around the world. So he must have seen or sensed something beyond the back-slapping, back-scratching fellowship. What was it?

The club itself first sought an answer in 1934. At the suggestion of the Secretary, George L. Treadwell, it commissioned the distinguished Social Science Committee of the University of Chicago to investigate the history, achievements, and possibilities of the club. Its findings were published in a 293-page book titled *Rotary?,* with the question mark itself echoing our question.

It is seldom that any organization opens itself to searching analysis by others. But this book was comprehensive, impersonal, unbiased, and helpful. Bit by bit the answer to our question came through. It began in the very front of the book, with a quotation from Stephen Crane—

I SAW A MAN

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round he sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.

"It is futile," I said,
"You can never—"
"You lie!" he cried,
And ran on.

The Social Science Committee knew that in those words Crane had set up man's most significant line of demarcation—between the fearful and the confident, the weak and the strong. It guided Rotarians into the category of achievers.

The Committee also said, "Rotary arose in an era of unbridled, impersonal, and sometimes ruthless business competition which did not afford businessmen warm personal relationships, or give them the satisfaction of common activity." Quite naturally, then, the movement filled a crying need. The American Man of the Century sensed the upgrading potential in teaming with those of his own ideals, aspirations, and hopes.

"The 'typical' Rotarian in Chicago," said that 1934 book, "is found to be a native-born American businessman, married, the head of a family, moderately wealthy, politically conservative, and Republican in his party preference. The membership is found to be in no sense 'representative' of the population of Chicago, neither is it representative of the Chicago business community as a whole."

Again, then, the attraction was one of being set apart; men responding to the lure of unique association and encouragement. "Rotary does not compete for membership with other classification clubs," the book went on, "because it draws to itself the leading business executives of the entire city, while the other clubs appeal primarily to neighborhood business people.

"The service ideal, psychologically considered, is a reflection of the reaction of conscience against the unadulterated pursuit of profit."

That phrase "reaction of conscience" probably was the Social

Science Committee's best summation in answer to our question. American businessmen everywhere were undergoing a reaction of conscience. The more intelligent ones were ripe for membership in a new organization that sponsored it. Our American Man of the Century, knowing a good thing when it came along, felt honored when he was asked to join.

A still more thorough understanding of the attractions of Rotary perhaps can be found in a study of case histories. We have already heard that latter-day prototype, John Joseph Manley, open his heart in 1966. Now consider his counterpart of 1906, one Donald M. Carter. No fictional gentleman at all, Don was a patent attorney with offices in the Marquette Building.

One of Carter's more prosperous clients, Frederick H. Tweed, had joined the new Rotary Club of Chicago in December, 1905. Tweed was a manufacturer of glass signs, already one of the biggest in this field. He wanted to protect and market a newly invented valve device, so he sought out his patent attorney.

The date was sometime in April, 1906, and the incident went as follows: "I suggested to Carter that he should become a member of the Rotary Club," said Tweed, "as at that time they had no patent attorney."

Carter showed genuine surprise. "I'm flattered. And interested. I've heard of the Rotary Club, but I don't know much about it. What are its purposes?"

Tweed reached in his pocket and produced a copy of the new constitution and bylaws, the ink on which was barely dry. He read aloud the paragraph about "the promotion of good fellowship and other desiderata ordinarily incident to Social Clubs."

Carter laughed. "Desiderata! That's right out of a lawyer's dictionary." He took the little folder and studied it for what seemed to Tweed like a long time. Finally Carter spoke again, not smiling now.

"Fred, I'm not sure I want to become a member."

The other man showed his surprise. "Why not?"

"The way it looks, such a club has great possibilities only *if it could do something of benefit to people besides its own members.*"

He paused, as if to let that sink in, staring at the paper again. Fred's brow furrowed. It was new doctrine—although, as we have seen, it was generating in other brains as well.

Then Don added, "I believe your club should do some sort of civic service."

Another pause followed, then Fred nodded slowly. "You may have something there. Hadn't thought of it . . . Don, why don't you join the club, and perhaps we could amend the constitution to direct it in the way we think it should go."

It was a reasonable suggestion.

"I'd like that. Let me think it over."

A month later, Carter did join. Almost immediately he and Tweed huddled again on club direction, and Don came up with a potential "Third Object" for Rotary. His longhand version read:

> To advance the best interests of Chicago and spread the spirit of loyalty among its citizens.

They had it typed and Carter subsequently presented it to the club with a litle speech that became memorable. He said (quoting from a joint statement written about 1930, signed by both Tweed and Carter):

> An organization that is wholly selfish cannot last long. If we, as a Rotary Club, expect to survive and grow, we must do some things to justify our existence. We must perform a civic service of some kind. . . . This amendment to our Constitution is for the purpose of enlarging the objects of the Rotary Club of Chicago so that we can do civic service.

He was deeply earnest and made such impact that the amend-

ment was adopted. It appeared in the next edition of the constitution and by-laws published in 1907.

Thus it was that patent attorney Donald M. Carter provided one answer to our question of what attracted high quality Rotary members. The answer was—opportunity!

Opportunity for what?

For mental maturity, for spiritual growth!

This wonderful concept was taking root in several of the men's minds because the time in history was ripe for it. The Rotary Club of Chicago was a new vehicle for its expression, one that "good men with good intentions" could grasp.

There are persons who think of "opportunity" only as a word in a copybook maxim. Such have always cluttered the earth. Back in our wonderfully relaxed years from 1900 to 1912 they paid much lip service to the word, philosophizing about it while they fished or whittled or played croquet or lay supine in hammocks under the honeysuckle vine. But 5 per cent or so of a population aren't like that; 5 per cent of the people run the nation, run the world.

Those 5 per cent were alert to new opportunities arising in America, often right under their urban noses. It was so in Chicago. *These* were the Harrises, the Schieles, the Ruggleses, the Loehrs, the Carters. To men of their type, opportunity is not a preachment word from a minister or a school teacher; it is a trigger for action.

Don Carter's influence in injecting a civic-minded vitamin into the lifeblood of Club Number One did not end with the adoption of that Third Object. It went much further. When Club Number Two was organized—the Rotary Club of San Francisco —in the autumn of 1908, it adopted almost word for word the constitution and by-laws of the Rotary Club of Chicago, including that last Object which read "To advance the best interests of San Francisco, etc."

Such was also the case in the twenty or more additional clubs established during 1909 and 1910. Some went even further in stressing the civic motive. For example, Club Number Eight added, ". . . and for the further purpose of encouraging the business development of the City of Tacoma and to foster a spirit of civic pride and loyalty among its citizens." In the absence of a central body, there was no precedent to be followed by those early clubs other than the pioneering experience of the Rotary Club of Chicago. Don Carter had seen the opportunity and had grasped it.

Now, we must not confuse Donald Carter with Arthur Sheldon, the sales expert who *as a member* needled his friends into changing Rotary's direction, giving it a new motto that pointed outward rather than inward (Chapter Five). Their mental processes were similar but their points of view were not. Carter wasn't even a member when he saw that opportunity, but he was ready to seize it.

We must beware of thinking that all the men who joined the new Rotary Club of Chicago were eager for good works. We have already learned that some of the original 200 or so came in because they thought they'd get more personal fun and business. Sad truth is, enough of this type was so fixed in their selfish thinking that they almost wrecked the young club. Paul Harris himself could not control it. Revered though he is and should be, he probably would have seen his organization die before it was three years old if it hadn't been for the hardrock determination of friends such as Silvester Schiele, Harry Ruggles, Charlie Newton, and, later, Chesley Perry.

"It was comparable to a marriage," one old timer has emphasized. "The young family starts off in a certain direction, soon realizes its course isn't the proper one, then with considerable upheaval effects a change."

Modern America can only be grateful that opportunity for

change was there; change for something better. What if only 5 per cent of the membership could see it? They were enough.

It could be argued that great cities such as Chicago, San Francisco, and Tacoma naturally would have abundant opportunity for a club that rendered civic service; naturally would have enough 5-per-centers to grasp the famed forelock and make the most of it. But what about newer towns, lesser towns? For instance, could the precedent and influence of the Rotary Club of Chicago, in a city already moving toward its second million, be operative in a distant "hick farm village"? After all, America then was largely agricultural, rural; big cities were relatively few, and so perhaps Rotary's opportunity was limited.

Consider, therefore, yet another case history. In the far Southwest, on an arid desert rather than a moist lakeshore, a small group of people had settled in defiance of nature and were quietly carving a destiny for themselves. By 1914 their dusty community had 10,000 population, although practically all of them owed their living to farming. Would this false-front village continue to grow, did it have any sort of future, isolated as it was from what the effete East called civilization? Were these frontier folk educated, sophisticated, urbane, modern enough to have material for a club such as had sprung up in Chicago? In short, was Opportunity there?

In March, 1964, Rotary Club Number 100 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its charter night in that town!

As with the Rotary Club of Chicago (whose precepts guided it) hundreds of carefully selected leaders are in its membership, almost literally "the men who run the city," directing its financial, intellectual, and spiritual life with skill. Its offices in skyscraper Hotel Westward Ho are almost a counterpart of the offices of the Rotary Club of Chicago in the Sherman House. And the clubs' achievement records are comparable, each being distinguished in its own way.

The name of that erstwhile hick farm town? Phoenix, which had 600,000 people in 1964. But that 10,000 population in 1914 contained *its* 5 per cent who could see beyond the horizon, who opened the door for opportunity and accepted her priceless gift.

Thus it has been, and is, across the nation, then around the world.

Ten

MORE SPOKES FOR THE WHEEL

"Most of us want to love our fellow men," said a distinguished citizen in 1964. "Too often we seem unable to find a way to do it."

That pithy summation was by Herbert C. Angster, who joined the Rotary Club of Chicago in 1909 and was its president in 1914-1915. In his eighties he was still a mental giant, an erect and powerful gentleman strong of voice, probably the world's Number One exponent of Rotary idealism.

He was but echoing the warning from William Shakespeare, who told us, "They do not love who do not show their love."

We can happily say at this point, therefore, that the national expansion of Rotary was due to selfless individuals who grasped opportunity to show their love for mankind rather than just speak of it.

They were not sanctimonious do-gooder types, mind you; not aloof "reformers" gratifying their own vanities. They were imperfect, impulsive, insecure men. Yet in them was that elusive something, that sensitivity or spark which they themselves couldn't name but which is latent in every soul. Too often it simply dies, unused, unrecognized.

The embryo spawned in Madame Galli's restaurant grew faster than its father had dared hope. We remember he had only three friends with him at the first meeting. But each of the four knew of others who would be likely to join, and when the fellows met a month later in Schiele's coalyard, fifteen were present. The year was Oh Five, but by Oh Seven the club roster showed eighty members. Then before anybody envisioned it the total had passed two hundred.

That could have been a good stopping point. Two hundred were enough to insure having at least one from each major business and profession, so that the back-scratching group might have developed into a tight, complacent clique. We know why it didn't; we know that those Rotarians soon saw "a great wakening light."

"We've got a mighty good thing here," Arthur Sheldon doubtless told his fellow clubmen. "We can't keep this all to ourselves. How about organizing other Rotary Clubs for the same purpose as ours?"

"Right you are!" Don Carter probably spoke up in endorsement. "Civic betterment needn't be limited to Chicago."

We know, of course, that their feeling was virtually unanimous, and that "branch" Rotary Clubs were already forming. The impulse to organize seems to have reached first a group of San Francisco men, soon after Chicago got its club going, even though the Pacific metropolis was some 2,000 miles away. Idealism had leaped the plains, the Rockies, the deserts. "Show us how to start one here," the San Franciscans asked Manuel Muñoz after he had told them about Rotary in Chicago.

Muñoz, a Chicago salesman for the Sperry & Hutchinson Company, traveling to San Francisco, had been asked by President Paul Harris to spread the word about Rotary. By accident Muñoz had met the one man best qualified to carry the torch. He too was a lawyer, and his name was Homer W. Wood. He

not only became the founder-president of the Rotary Club of San Francisco (Number Two) but with indefatigable zeal helped establish other clubs on the Pacific Coast.

The news reaching Chicago was almost unbelievable—a new club beside the Golden Gate, then one across the bay in Oakland, another in Seattle, all springing up with Chicago guidance in just a few months. Next news said that men in Los Angeles—that brash, upsurging metropolis in Southern California—were ready to charter a Rotary Club. Charter? The formalities had been little more than nebulous, events had been moving too fast for the Chicago founders.

"It was as if an intangible product which you did not quite understand yourself had been appraised by others far beyond your own evaluation," says one elderly Rotarian. "That was the mystery which those Chicago pioneers couldn't quite fathom. But the vision of some began to take on a new dimension."

Despite its rich idealism, the expansion of Rotary was by no means smooth. Members in Chicago soon discovered that "human nature" was cropping up, often in less than admirable forms. For instance, before they quite realized it, Los Angeles had *two* Rotary Clubs, each with a membership ranging up to 150 men. One was the original Rotary Club of Los Angeles which had Chicago's blessing. And the other? A skilled promoter and organizer named Herbert C. Quick had found himself out of a job, so he was hired by two other promoters to sell memberships in a new "National Rotary Club"!

Consternation quickly developed in Chicago, of course. It grew worse when the Rotarians there learned that Quick's pay was a substantial portion of all dues collected from new members, that he was going right down the telephone directory with his suave solicitations, and that he had visions of establishing similar clubs on the West Coast, then expanding eastward to the Atlantic. Opportunity? We have spoken of it. Quick saw it in another light!

Quick's new National Rotary Club was incorporated, and each of its three directors owned twenty-five shares of stock, this "being all the shares of the subscribed capital stock of the company." Members here addressed themselves as "brothers"—which Quick encouraged. They also were adroitly relieved of added moneys "to pay expenses and keep the club clear of debt." All in all, this seemed like a new bonanza—for promoters. Which is not to say that Quick's endeavors were anything but legitimate, at least in the eyes of the law. Indeed, he was not alone in seeing opportunity; several men beheld the rise of Rotary and decided it could have profitable competition.

Many comparable growing pains were suffered by Rotary. The Chicago men watched the two clubs in Los Angeles with increasing anxiety, and it is said (though it is not on record) that many a "hot letter" was sent westward from the Windy City to the City of the Angels. About all that the letters could have expressed was indignation; there was no legal ground to stand on. But indignation alone can be a powerful force, and that from Chicago had its impact. At any rate an Angeleno named William R. Kilgore, member of that abortive National Rotary Club, unwittingly initiated action that changed the whole picture.

Bill Kilgore thought it would be amusing to introduce his newly installed club secretary, Hugo Burgwald, to the president of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, Roger Andrews. Almost certainly verbal fireworks would follow, Bill thought. So he did introduce them, late in 1912, then he and a coterie of friends stood back grinning, waiting for the first explosion.

To their chagrin, there were no fireworks.

Burgwald and Andrews immediately took to each other in that sudden, strange affinity of friendship that often occurs. Ignoring the would-be practical jokers, they talked earnestly and at length. Before they parted they had reached a significant agreement. Thus on November 1, 1912, the *Los Angeles Tribune* said—

> The two Rotary Clubs of this city are going to unite and form one large organization representing three hundred business firms, probably January 1. There are now in existence the National Rotary Club and the Rotary Club of Los Angeles. Both are flourishing. As their objects are precisely the same, the promotion of their own welfare and of the city in which they thrive, their members feel that they should unite. Thus the confusion arising from similar names will be avoided and expenses cut. Terms of consolidation have been arranged by a joint committee.

However much that accomplishment may have upset Quick, the "National" promoter, men in the Rotary Club of Chicago were pleased. One reason, as it developed later, was that they were to be faced with a problem of having—or not having—more than one Rotary Club within the corporate limits of Chicago.

Circumstances were such that the thought of "more clubs in Chicago" became a major issue in Club Number One; and ultimately received almost world-wide attention—because Chicago, being the Mother Club, was looked to by many as the pacemaker.

The original policy of Chicago Rotary, and that later adopted by Rotary International, was that there should be only one club in a city or town. But in the 1930's this policy was changed by Rotary International to permit more than one club in a city, provided the existing club voted approval, and provided the additional clubs were organized in distinct, well-defined business centers.

Where conditions apparently were favorable, some large cities throughout the world did establish additional Rotary Clubs within their city limits. However, many other cities preferred to adhere to the original concept of one club to a city and were against the idea of changing to a multiple club plan.

From the very beginning, and for what most members considered good and sufficient reasons in its particular case, the Rotary

Club of Chicago has stood firmly opposed to the establishment of more clubs within the city limits. Approval of "more clubs in Chicago" has been advocated several times since the early 1920's. Too often the subject has been injected into the Chicago situation by persons and clubs far outside the Chicago area.

On a number of occasions through the years, the Board of Directors of the club has considered, analyzed, and deliberated the subject of more clubs in Chicago. Three times the matter was submitted to the entire club membership, and each time the vote was overwhelmingly against additional clubs.

Before the last official vote of the entire membership in 1961 on this subject, members were invited to state the pros and cons of the question as they saw them, and at least four months were devoted to open discussions of all aspects of the subject. Extensive reports were compiled by those members who advocated more clubs in Chicago, and by those opposed. Everyone was given a chance to have his say—orally and in the club bulletin —the *Gyrator.*

At that time, one entire luncheon program was given over to discussing both sides of the issue. The arguments presented by both the pros and the cons were worded with great care and were ably delivered. Those who opposed "more clubs in Chicago" must have developed the most convincing arguments. Whereas, according to the club's by-laws, a two-thirds vote was required for approval—two-thirds voted a resounding "No!!"

Expansion elsewhere is another matter. The Rotary Club of Chicago has sponsored many clubs in neighboring towns, has furnished guidance in person and by mail to literally hundreds more near and far.

For example, Fred Tweed, who joined the Rotary Club of Chicago late in 1905 and whom we have already met, personally sparked the launching of Rotary in New York City. Paul Harris had set up the possibilities by corresponding with an attorney

friend there. Fred was sent to clinch the project because of the type of man he was. Of him, a friend in Chicago had already written—

> His manifest geniality impresses even the passing stranger. Men stop on the street, take a second look at him, smile broadly, and pass on. Waiters in restaurants, shopkeepers, and newsboys give him special attention and service. Wherever he goes he gets the best of everything. What does he give in return? Nothing that he is conscious of. He is just himself—genial, kindly old Freddie —and he looks the part. He never learned how to be a gentleman; he didn't need to, he was born that way.

With men of this type willing to give their time, money and talents to expansion, the Rotary Club of Chicago couldn't escape its destiny. Yet many of its members today scarcely realize that their club sits on a pedestal in the center of the service club world.

Full details of Rotary's expansion are on record in Chicago; across America first, in a rather startling staccato fashion, with no carefully organized regional planning or achievement. "The thing was like an explosion," one old-timer has said, "with live sparks falling at random in the many states." In almost every instance the fall was followed by ignition, and a new unit appeared. Many of them held and expressed the same opinion that New York lifted from Chicago's literature—"Rotary Club is one kind of thing and every other club is something else."

It was as early as the fall of 1908 that Paul Harris began to dream of a national organization. On October 2 he wrote to a friend in San Francisco, where Club Number Two had been established—

> It would be the writer's suggestion that the Rotary Club of San Francisco not only be affiliated with the parent body, but that it be the aim of all to work to the end that there may soon be a national body with legislative capacities of its own. . . . It will

> be my policy, after we receive information that you are really under way, to establish what might be called a Rotary Extension Committee to assist new chapters in every way practicable, in order that we may sometime become a really national Rotary. . . .

Paul at that moment was third president of the club he had organized. With this authority, then, he appointed his friend Arthur Sheldon, the sales expert, as chairman of a new Publicity and Extension Committee. Within a year, eager-beaver Arthur—the same Arthur who gave the club its first "service" motto—was leading his committee with great diligence and was making extensive reports at club meetings about progress on the West Coast. These enthusiastic reports began to be so long and detailed that they left little time for the guest speaker of the day!

"This nonsense has to stop," one member finally spoke up about it. "We are degrading our own meetings by talking too much about progress in other cities. Frankly, I'm not much interested in what goes on out west."

It was discovered immediately that he had spoken for a considerable portion of the membership; they were lukewarm toward extension.

The situation became a growing anxiety for the club officers. In November, 1908, Harry Ruggles was installed as president, and he tried to ignore the matter. But the committee reports grew longer and more frequent than ever.

Meanwhile, Paul Harris, the founder and now immediate past-president, was elated over the extension work and felt that the committee reports were evidences of strength and progress. He encouraged them, envisioning rapid national growth, while appearing indifferent, as some thought, to the needs of his own home group.

This became the first major conflict arising in the Rotary Club of Chicago and, actually for no real reason, it developed into a rather bitter one. With the advent of the new year, 1909,

President Ruggles and Charles A. Newton, with heads together, selected a member of the club who would in effect be the spokesman against Harris. They chose Chesley R. Perry.

From that moment Ches Perry started a career in his club that is still a legend. At first he was expected to act discreetly as a brake on Harris. But Paul Harris, as we have seen, was not the type to which brakes could be applied easily; he himself was a driving go-getter whenever he felt that he was right. Perry made negligible headway.

Then another change was made. President Ruggles gave Ches Perry official status by appointing him chairman of the club's Publicity and Extension Committee, succeeding the somewhat overeager Arthur Sheldon. The appointment came as an unwelcome surprise to Perry; he didn't like the thought of any move that had the appearance of a direct affront to Paul Harris.

As matters developed, the appointment proved to be a good one. Perry was astute enough to do exactly what Arthur Sheldon had done in another area—outmaneuver the somewhat opinionated Harris. Both men were admittedly in favor of a "national body" for Rotary. Ches Perry managed to draw Harris into discussions about it and by degrees softened any "feelings" that existed. Soon they had developed a friendship that was genuine and deep; two strong men had found a common ground, gaining a respect for each other's judgment. Therefore, when Perry suggested an association of the existing Rotary Clubs which could direct and finance extension work, and which could establish a clearing house for club projects, Harris asked Perry himself to draw up detailed plans for such an organization.

Meanwhile, of course, other members had been deeply interested and worried. Now they were gratified. The Rotary Club of Chicago came out of the conflict spiritually closer and stronger than ever.

By the end of 1909, detailed study had been given to Perry's

outline for a "National Board of Directors" composed of delegates from each of the existing Rotary Clubs. This idea had prompt support from the West Coast, New York, and Boston. With this encouragement, the Rotary Club of Chicago proceeded to elect its delegates. They were Paul P. Harris, Chesley R. Perry, Charles Witt, Fred L. Rossback, Fred H. Tweed, and Dr. Will R. Neff. By-laws were printed, the first article of which read: "This body shall be known as The National Board of Directors of Rotary Clubs of America."

So far, however, the progress had been largely in planning. But by the early weeks of 1910, Harris, Perry, and their club's new president, A. M. Ramsay, were endeavoring to develop specific practicalities.

"This National Board has got to work smoothly," said Ramsay, "not just in theory but in actually spreading the gospel of Rotary to other cities.

"Therefore, I respectfully urge our delegates to do all they can to hasten the organization of a national body, and to place the name of our founder Paul P. Harris in nomination for the presidency of that organization."

Because of the controversy in 1909, Harris was not unanimously approved; some men felt that he had become too authoritarian. Nevertheless, his good intentions were recognized and there was no organized opposition to him—perhaps because President Ramsay forcefully kept attention focused on the goal rather than the man.

"There are responsibilities which we as the parent club should assume," Ramsay said in a memorable speech. "We must adopt standards and recommend them for the use of every club organized—such as a uniform emblem and letterhead, and publicity methods that may be recognized as distinctively Rotary.

"With a chain of Rotary Clubs from the Atlantic to the Pacific we could wield a mighty power indeed. Therefore, let us

combine in a good, strong push, so that the Rotary wheel may roll on to a prosperity greater than it has yet known."

It was a Grade A "pep talk." Even the lukewarm fellows became enthusiastic. Ches Perry and Paul Harris had charted details for a national organization to be formally launched at a convention of delegates in Chicago. Copies were circulated within their club. And it was of great interest to the Chicago Rotarians in 1964—more than half a century later—that one of the ablest men who worked with Harris and Perry then was Herbert C. Angster, who was then and continued to be a powerful voice in Rotary until his death in January, 1965.

Full, intimate details of progress during the next few months, in the files of the Rotary Club of Chicago, reveal many little and some big problems. As always, "human nature" had to be considered, for these men were individualists with strong convictions and the courage to back them. But one by one the conflicts were resolved—as some fellow waggishly said after a particularly long and intricate committee meeting—"without bloodshed."

By mid-1910 a board of seven "commissioners" had been appointed, four of them from the Chicago club, to lay plans for the charter convention. It was scheduled for August 15 to 17. The *Chicago Record-Herald* of June 10 said that a federation of seventeen influential organizations with a total membership of 4,000 was expected at the gathering. It also quoted Paul P. Harris:

> The National Association of Rotary Clubs will be one of the most powerful factors in the civic life of the nation. Its membership, fighting together in the seventeen largest cities of the country, will be able to win on about any proposition they undertake.

Paul obviously felt no modesty for his clubs! As chairman of the Board of Commissioners he opened the convention, but

Chesley R. Perry was made its permanent chairman and Harris later was unanimously elected first president of the national body, an honor which pleased him. "I don't know how any person could be presented a greater gift than that of the national presidency of the Rotary Clubs of America," said he.

Many details were ironed out by the delegates. When the curtain fell, the "National Association" was already on its way and gathering momentum. It had been brought into existence chiefly by the persevering efforts of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

But when the moment came to give official ratification of allegiance to the new body, many Chicago members rebelled!

"This would deprive our club of its freedom of action!" they cried.

Paul Harris was openly distressed. So were some other leaders. But the objectors held their ground; the matter was discussed and debated at length.

"Let each club be autonomous!" one group insisted. "We can still cooperate, but let's not have restrictions."

"We can accomplish much more as a unified national body," the others argued. "Just as with the several states forming America, in the union of Rotary Clubs there is strength."

That position finally prevailed. The articles of ratification were signed—though not until almost a year after the convention, on June 20, 1911.

At that convention Chicago was given due credit for its pioneering. "It should be praised for having started this movement," said Irwin J. Muma, a delegate from Los Angeles, speaking from the floor. "I call for a resolution thanking the Chicago Rotarians for the work they have done, one to be properly engraved and presented so that they may preserve it." This was unanimously authorized.

Late in that same summer of 1910 another significant bit of Rotary history developed. P. A. C. McIntyre came from Winni-

peg to visit his cousin in Chicago, William Lauder. William happened to be a new member of Rotary, and he spoke to his cousin about the benefits of belonging to such a club. McIntyre was so impressed that Lauder invited Paul Harris and Chesley Perry to meet with them and discuss it. Enthusiasm grew fast. McIntyre went home, rounded up some influential friends and gave them the story. The result was that on November 3, 1910, the Winnipeg Rotary Club was formally launched—and Rotary had gone international.

More Canadian clubs followed, even as more were being organized in the United States. Meanwhile, too, a young Irishman named Stuart Morrow became a member of the Rotary Club of San Francisco. Events soon required that he return to his native Ireland, so he took his love of Rotary with him, and on March 14, 1911, he had established a club in Dublin—the first Rotary Club to be born outside of North America.

Paul Harris in Chicago immediately wrote Morrow urging that he not only continue his extension work in Ireland but expand his efforts to Britain and Scotland. This was all the push Morrow needed. He journeyed to London immediately, set up a "London Bureau" of the organization, with printed stationery and literature, and soon had clubs going in Belfast, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool. Although many persons still did not realize it, many even in the parent Rotary Club of Chicago which was guiding events, the service club movement was under way and had begun its spread around the world.

Nearly two decades after that first memorable convention, Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith, two widely known journalists, were writing of Chicago as it had looked in 1910:

> A great many of the city's institutions were based on borrowed ideas. Not so with a five-year-old that was destined to be gargantuan—no other than Rotary. . . . And few Chicago ideas have spread farther.

A delegate from New York City to that convention predicted in a speech that "within 101 years the Rotary wheel radiating from the hub in Chicago will have a thousand supporting spokes."

Although he must have sounded wildly optimistic, the audience that night, keyed up with emotion, gave the speaker prolonged applause. He had said 101 years—not 100—perhaps for fun and emphasis. And how correct was he? Can we now appraise his skill at prophecy?

We can be sure that today he himself would be astounded. And that the men in Chicago feel an understandable pride.

For in just *fifty* years Rotary had girdled the world with not a thousand but with more than 10,000 Rotary Clubs!

Eleven

NOTES OF GOOD CHEER

We have made an almost clinical study of the birth and early childhood of the Rotary Club of Chicago, yet we have not paid attention to one of its happiest aspects. Let's approach it through the magic of imagination . . .

The scene is a familiar one to all members of the club in the 1960's, but the actual time may be back half a century or so. The president's gavel has sounded, the club is in session, the main ballroom in the Sherman House is darkened. A spotlight from the east balcony cuts through to the opposite corner, bringing into sharp focus a figure with arms upraised.

"COME ON, FELLOWS, LET'S SING!"

The figure's right hand moves in a downbeat, and—

Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
What the heck do we care,
What the heck do we care,
Hail, hail, the gang's all here!
What the heck do we care now!

The ageless cry roars from a hundred throats, 200, 500; words that are, of themselves, meaningless, even silly. Yet they form a proclamation of fellowship and high spirits, of awareness and gladness and masculine determination. It is the theme song of

the gregarious, low on the scale of classicism, high on the banner of popularity. Under its echoes, Rotary was cradled.

The figure in the spotlight wears a benign expression. He seems absorbed in the task of the moment, *en rapport* with the sea of faces below him. In later years he has been framed by a large fan-shaped display of the flags of many countries, and what used to startle visitors, and especially impress those from overseas, is the American flag fluttering from a hidden electric fan.

To the men out front this is all very beautiful, very satisfying to the soul. Indeed they are moved by the whole procedure. Tenor, baritone, and bass they sing *fortissimo:*

What the heck do we care now!

But they care! They care deeply, although they may affect disdain for emotionalism. This is a friendship moment, their golden hour in the week of industry and commerce. It is an unforgettable scene and it has been played countless thousands of times.

The very first figure standing on that rostrum with arms upraised was none other than the beloved charter member of the club, Harry Ruggles. In a sense he became almost as important to the Rotary Club of Chicago as its founder. Because the time came, repeatedly, when Paul Harris was faced with failure; for one reason or another—or for no real reason—the club often was at the point of disbanding. On such critical occasions Harry stepped up front and shouted, "Come on, fellows, let's sing!"

Invariably the magic worked. It was, and is, *good* magic for clubs anywhere, for families anywhere. Clubs in effect are simply families; when they move in divergent paths, group singing often is the best way to reassemble them. Harry Ruggles knew that, hence the parent unit and the whole service club movement is indebted to him.

Heretofore we have seen only that Harry was a genial printer, one of the club's original founders. But the records also show that he was a "country boy." He had been born and reared on a farm on the lower peninsula of Michigan. When he was seventeen his family moved to Chicago. Harry entered Northwestern University, working part time as salesman for a printing firm to pay his expenses. He did so well that he soon managed to buy one-third interest in the firm, then eventually bought out both the other partners. In 1901 he married Josephine Garrison of Chicago, and they had three sons and a daughter. Of these, one son is deceased. The eldest, Kenneth, now directs the same printing firm, and in 1956-57 was president of the Rotary Club his father helped launch.

Records and long-range memories tell us that Harry was almost constantly in demand as a song leader during his long Rotary membership, not only for his club but for many other civic organizations. His repertoire was undistinguished, as we might view it. "Hail, hail" was the invariable opener, and a good one. Then would come the happily sentimental "Smiles," highly popular when the century was young. "My Hero" from *The Chocolate Soldier* was in the same category. But if such songs didn't rank among the classics, nobody cared. Harry waved out the rhythm, the fellows reached desperately for the high notes, and a good time was had by all. Psychologically, this was wonderful; the men left such meetings with a feeling that this club was a fine thing.

Silvester Schiele, the first Rotary president, said that singing started in the first year. He wrote:

> In the autumn of 1905 about fifteen members of the club met at its bi-weekly dinner in the old Sherman House. The dining room was on the second floor facing Clark Street. Our dinners those days were fifty cents, although now we have to pay seventy-five or more.

> We were seated at a small, long table, discussing Rotary and other matters, but a lull in the talk came. When it threatened to be prolonged Harry Ruggles burst out—"Hell, fellows, let's sing!" And sing we did, led by Harry in his vibrant style.
>
> We continued singing at each meeting after that. Other organizations took up singing too. Before we knew it, the habit had spread around the globe.

There weren't many clubs of any sort before that time. Those that did exist usually just assembled, ate, had their serious programs, and went home. Many disbanded for lack of the subtle binder which group singing introduced. One day somebody asked Harry about it.

"It's no more than we do in church," said he. "It's the same in a club."

He had observed the immeasurable benefits, the mutuality of love and purpose. And, as subsequent events proved, it didn't have to be a club, it could be almost any public gathering. Thus, history must credit the Rotary Club of Chicago with another important innovation.

A certain critical moment in the life of the club is well recorded. It happened in its second year, 1906. Petty differences became magnified out of all proportion to their importance. One faction said that a few members were "trying to run the club." Others alleged that too many opportunists were attempting to collect glory for themselves. Coolnesses developed, spiteful little things were heard, attendance dropped. Then Harry Ruggles and the club secretary, Dr. Will R. Neff, conferred about it.

"Another month of this and the club will cease to exist," Neff spoke dolefully. "I suggest you stand up there every evening and josh us out of it with some happy singing."

Harry did exactly that.

And quite properly, Harry drifted into an impregnable position as song leader and stayed there for years. He and his

friends enjoyed many out-of-the-ordinary experiences. There was the time, for instance, when he conducted a Russian orchestra. In late May, 1933, at a Ladies Day luncheon, the club was honoring Dr. Frederick A. Stock, director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Entertainment that day was provided by the Maisonette Russe Orchestra, which was appearing at a local theater. As the members stood to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," Colonel W. W. Yaschenko, the orchestra's director, handed his baton to Harry. Surprised, and slightly stage frightened, Harry nevertheless smiled, took the baton, and in the best Russian manner conducted both the orchestra and the singing.

Old-timers also like to recall the annual Rotary Bowling League dinners at Ireland's Restaurant. There, boisterous crowds of a hundred or more Rotarians would assemble. Invariably when Harry Ruggles came in he'd be pushed onto a chair or table, and he knew what to do. Up went the arms, the big smile; the downbeat, and—"Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" Harmony may have been displaced in some measure by volume, but one and all loved it. George Sisson or Brad Downing rode herd on the piano, while Joe D'Eath performed magic with the drums. These events were not earth-shaking. But in the narrative history of the Rotary Club of Chicago they mean more than many a formal and formidable "official" club action, they are among the little grace notes which sweeten the memories of men.

Harry Ruggles was his club's fourth president. He was one of its first five directors. He was a director of the newly organized International Association of Rotary Clubs. Later he retired in California, but even there the fine old senior Rotarian continued to enjoy Rotary. With him in "retirement" was his close friend Charles A. Newton, also a 1905 member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, with a fine service record of his own. On February 25, 1949, when the two were attending a Los Angeles

Rotary Club meeting, they were suddenly astonished and delighted to see a familiar face from "back East." There, smiling big, was Jack Hayford, an emissary from their old club in Chicago.

Jack had arranged for time on the program, so he summarized the grand work Harry and Charles had done in helping enlarge the Rotary Club of Chicago. He gave each a gold membership card of appreciation from their old club. President Alfred J. Barboro and Past-President Herbert Angster had prepared an appropriate recorded message to the two old members in California, so Jack Hayford played this over the loud speaker system there. The gratitude of the two honored men was touching, and their Los Angeles friends gave them a memorable ovation. At the same time in Chicago, an outstanding meeting was conducted by President Al Barboro, where two other Gold Membership cards were presented to the only two other original members of the club, Max Goldenberg and Bob Fletcher.

On October 23, 1959, while he was on his way to fill a speaking engagement before the Rotary Club of Cathedral City, California, Harry Ruggles' call came. They say he left "with a song in his heart," he who had encouraged so much fine singing on earth. He had been a top-level Rotarian for fifty-four years and had received honorary membership in a dozen clubs. In all of them—and surely in Chicago—he is remembered for his happy clarion, "COME ON, FELLOWS, LET'S SING!"

"There is much evidence," says one elderly historian, "to support the general belief that Ruggles and the Rotary Club of Chicago not only inaugurated community singing in Chicago but were responsible for its acceptance and growth throughout the United States and eventually in many foreign lands."

No less a personage than Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, possibly the world's foremost authority on music, is on record as giving Rotary credit for popular mass singing.

In his printing plant, about 1910, Harry Ruggles began publishing what he called a *Book of Songs*. It contained words and music of about thirty popular selections, and the cover carried Rotary's new "wagon wheel" design. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately!—men of the club loved the little song booklets, and quite ignored Harry's plea, "Just leave them on the table, fellows." They took them home for mama and the kids and the drop-in friends to enjoy. Harry Ruggles' song booklets began to disappear.

He'd hurry back to his plant and print another 500. It became necessary for him to produce a fresh supply for every meeting. Even visiting Rotarians began carrying them away, then members boldly took four, six, ten, "to use at a songfest on the beach" or in the parlor or on the lawn.

Then several Chicago nightclubs, learning of the group singing, said the Rotary idea was a good one and might they have some of the Rotary song books? Two large Chicago real estate boards got on the bandwagon, inviting Harry to their meetings to lead them in singing. And would you please, sir, bring a supply of your little books? Several thousand copies were handed out to the soldiers and sailors at Fort Sheridan and Great Lakes. Harry Ruggles, printer, now had to publish them not in hundreds but in tens of thousands. A pity nobody got around to remembering that such things soon became expensive. Harry Ruggles, good citizen, good Joe, good Rotarian, neglected to mention it.

Then in 1916 a man of world-wide fame wrote both words and music for a song titled "In the Rotary," and it was published by a New York firm. It had a lilt, a sort of built-in insouciance which precisely fitted the personality of its originator, the world's most popular comedian of his era. Two years earlier he had joined the new Rotary Club of Glasgow and now was enthusiastic about Rotary's idealism and friendship and

helpfulness. So he'd come on stage anywhere, wearing his kilts and tartan, flashing his world-famous smile, thumping his crooked walking stick in rhythm to "In the Rotary." And when the people burst out cheering Sir Harry Lauder, he'd make them join him in the song.

Sir Harry became the first of Rotary's great good-will ambassadors, spreading sunshine and the idea of community singing wherever his tours took him. Other distinguished performers took up the idea, too, following his lead in encouraging audience participation. One who achieved fame at it was the American vaudeville singer Harry Barnhart, who'd lean out over the footlights and imitate Harry Ruggles of Chicago. Truly, community singing took hold fast. And proud friends in the Rotary Club of Chicago said that the three Harrys had much in common.

Further impetus was added as early as 1908, when the Chicago Rotarians decided to hold at least three Ladies' Night meetings a year. It was routine for 300 or more to attend these parties; and one account, of the Rotary "Harvest Moon" dinner and dance at the Sherman House in 1910, says that "the singing that night echoed through the corridors of the hotel."

By 1914 still other influences were at work. That summer the Rotary-originated idea was used to develop mass concerts on Chicago's new Municipal Pier. First announcement of them merely said: "The movement will be especially helpful in developing the interest of the public in community singing." Rotarians were gratified to see one of their club ideas become a service project for people everywhere.

In 1915 they encouraged a Chicago firm to publish a *Golden Book of Favorite Songs* and almost overnight this became immensely popular. It led to the first National Week of Song.

In that same year, too, at the San Francisco convention, the idea was so intriguing that delegates eagerly "rocked the rafters" with their mass rendition of the new "Rotary Marching Song."

Its words had been written by a Boston Rotarian, to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers," and it stirred the emotions of all the men there.

As a result, the forty-piece Chicago band was sent to the 1916 convention in Cincinnati by the Rotary Club of Chicago, to encourage the mass singing. This time Harry Ruggles withdrew in favor of the band's director, William Weil, also a member of the Chicago club. Weil led both the band and the audience. It was so effective that—delegates said later—"Speeches and business are forgotten, but the songs still echo in our hearts." The magic of mass music was strengthening Rotary's bonds of fellowship.

Then in 1916 an extraordinarily talented young pianist joined the Rotary Club of Chicago. Quite naturally, Harry Ruggles "appointed" him "official club accompanist," and so began the rise of Joseph M. Hahn. Joe's specialty was a number destined to become a hardy perennial—"Jingle Bells." Each December the Sherman House would fairly vibrate because hundreds of Rotarians tapped out the sleigh bell rhythm with spoons against coffee cups and glasses. The hotel management, though admittedly imbued with the spirit of Christmas even as the Rotarians were, soon took a dim view of the breakage! When it got worse the second December, and worse still the third, the hotel thoughtfully distributed diminutive wooden mallets for all the tables. The suggestion worked—the crockery was saved, even if wood-on-wood was not as jingly-tinkly as metal on glass.

Joe Hahn came close to fame in 1917 when he wrote music for "The Rotary March." Words for this were produced by another member of the club, James T. Anderson. It was a lively march and enjoyed high popularity for years, even becoming the theme piece for Conductor William Weil and his Chicago band on Rotary convention trips.

In this period, too, Rotarian Fred Carberry of Milwaukee

wrote words and music for "The Rotary Wheel"—"stouter than steel is the Rotary wheel"—which quickly became a favorite. As a guest he often led the Rotary Club of Chicago in singing it.

Meanwhile the spread of Rotary's community singing idea had entered the field of patriotism. What better way to steam up our enthusiasm than with good exciting songs? Men in arms had long been taught to sing, to keep up morale in camp and even in battle. But the folks at home—no. Now they too were encouraged to foregather, hear rousing speeches, buy Liberty Bonds—and sing! The Rotary Club of Chicago was hard put to supply all the information and help asked of it here, but encouragement was sent in every direction. The War Department and our Allies as well all saw the great advantage of this new community singing, and asked for every possible aid in spreading it.

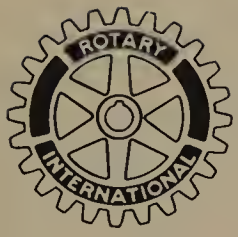
In the autumn of 1919, in Dallas, Texas, a music teacher originated a Music Day. This prompted other cities to start Music Weeks, so that by 1924 the first synchronized National Music Week (May 4-10) was observed. Throughout the United States and Canada people responded, encouraged in every way by Rotarians. This marked the real advent of community songfests in public parks, playgrounds, civic celebrations, and patriotic observances, which have continued to this day.

While the "control" quite naturally outgrew one club's facilities and reach, the Chicago Rotarians have been heartened to see their idea spread on; even into overseas countries. Every convention of Rotary International for many years has been marked by fine mass singing. Many new songs and song books have appeared. Virtually every one of the world's thousands of Rotary Clubs includes singing on its weekly programming. Manila and Tokyo Rotarians were the first Asians to do so.

Strangely enough—so unpredictable is the Oriental mind, at least to Americans—club singing in Japan was all done in English! Remember, our songs usually are somewhat light in

tone, their words even likely to be idiomatic and slangy. Japanese take their poetry and their music seriously, almost reverently—as perhaps everybody should.

Occasionally in those formative years of Rotary (and even now) some "longhair" musician or pseudo-expert would sneer at the "naive" efforts of Harry Ruggles and his friends. Their barbs went unnoticed. Or, if noticed, tolerantly ignored. Today, men of good will everywhere appreciate what Harry Ruggles had discovered in 1905—that "singing had a mysterious psychological effect in binding men together in closer fellowship."



Twelve

DUTY AND PUBLIC SERVICE

The men of the Rotary Club of Chicago had been speaking of new visions and ideals. When they watched the impact of group singing on people outside the club, it seemed to verify that dream. With minds opened, they started to explore.

They knew that churches theretofore had led in humanitarian work, although a few other agencies also were operating. Poorhouses, crude but well-meaning clinics, orphanages, soup kitchens, bread lines, were known. But the new Rotarians were business and professional men, trained in efficiency, and they saw too little of it in those established groups. They discovered great gaps, needs far beyond any existing efforts to supply them. Thus the time became ripe for the Rotarians to take on *specific* service projects.

We can imagine that they might have overshot their mark, might have been hasty and attempted projects much too showy and beyond them at first. Happily, they did no such thing. Instead of trying flamboyant city-wide "reform" movements to clean up major ills and evils in one highly publicized campaign, they startled everybody concerned.

They caused the building of Chicago's first public toilets!

We can smile, yes. But only in sympathy. We know they had more know-how and power than that, yet we admire them for being humble. In whimsical analysis we can say that they moved

surprisingly—having started their club service on a high level of culture, they suddenly jumped to the other extreme.

There was nothing disgraceful about that jump. Comfort stations were and are a vital part of our existence. Certainly mankind as a whole neglected them for centuries—imagine developing phonographs and cameras and telephones and automobiles for home use, while still content to have an "outhouse" in the backyard! Historians cannot say why plumbing lagged, but they can say that the Rotary Club of Chicago provided the first comfort station for its fellow citizens downtown.

Part of the credit for that effort must start with the fellow who started Rotary itself, Paul Harris. The club was two years old in 1907 when members were beginning to stir for something more than their avowed trade-exchange goal. Paul happened to attend a Chicago Association of Commerce meeting. One item there was a discussion of the absence of public comfort facilities for the passerby in the Loop district. Paul went back to his club with an idea.

"Here is a civic need," said he, "which might well enlist our energies. We can render a valuable service."

The men were startled. Some grinned, tending to dismiss the whole thought. Paul assured them that he was serious and insisted that such a project would not be beneath their dignity. A vote was taken and authority obtained to go ahead.

The club then called a meeting of representatives from twenty-five civic organizations, in the Great Northern Hotel. This initiative led to the formation of a United Societies Committee for Public Comfort Stations.

No immediate results were obtained. Two years had to pass before earth could be turned, partly because of opposition from a large mercantile establishment in the Loop, which insisted that the store already had ample toilet facilities. The young Rotarians bucked, and with steady pressure on the city admin-

istration got an appropriation of $20,000. By late 1909 two comfort stations were comforting, one at City Hall and one at the public library. Soon thereafter, no less a personage than the general secretary of the YMCA expressed the new prevailing sentiment—"The Rotary Club of Chicago has now shown reason for its existence."

Meanwhile, other sporadic bits of "service" were going into the new club's record. Some were trivial, some were amusing, some were heartwarming, not many were far reaching at first. One well-loved story is that of the parson's horse.

A farmer living near Joliet, not too far from Chicago, had been doing some preaching on the side; or the preacher had been doing some farming on the side, as you wish. Apparently he wasn't too successful at either endeavor, for he barely eked out a living. But he had friends, and he depended largely on his horse for work in both professions. One day his horse died. Dr. Clark W. Hawley, a 1905 member of the Rotary Club, heard about it and was touched.

When the next club meeting hour rolled around Clark took the floor. The more he talked the more he became enraptured. "If he had been pleading for money to move the Statue of Liberty to the Chicago lakefront," one member related, "he couldn't have been more impassioned."

Finally, in a desperate effort to stop him, a listener jumped to his feet and moved that the club members take up a collection to buy the poor preacher-farmer a new horse, and it carried unanimously. Rotary had rendered a humanitarian service.

Then there was the crippled and ragged newsboy who on a cold day in 1908 tried to sell a paper to one of the Rotarians going to a meeting. The Rotarian (whose name regrettably is lost) was a slender fellow, not much larger than the newsboy, and while fumbling for a coin, saw the boy shivering. The man had no coin; his smallest money was a $10 bill. But he took the

boy by the arm and led him to Rotary. There the man quickly explained his plight, borrowed a nickel—then shucked off a woolen sweater he was wearing. Other men, understanding, produced a shirt, a hat, a muffler, socks, a pair of gloves, and about five dollars in money. Little was said. The bugeyed newsboy went out clad better than he had been in years.

Such incidents, of course, were unexpected and unofficial. But by February, 1910, when President A. M. Ramsay took office in the club, things began to crystallize. Ramsay left no question as to the breadth of his outlook on opportunities for service. Said he, in his inaugural:

> Turning our attention away from our own immediate needs, let us consider briefly our duty to the city. If we arouse our dormant activities, we can, under the guidance of an efficient Civic Committee, become a power for good in this city. I would suggest that the Committee study the needs of Chicago and present to us some definite work to consider. The needs may be large, but we shall not be appalled. Rotary is going to live for a long time, and its members are public spirited enough to undertake large things for our city.

Note three important points there—the new extroversion, the turning outward in interest; the acceptance of Rotary as a fixed, permanent institution; the feeling that its influence probably would remain largely local. Ramsay was president in 1910; it was hard then to see beyond the immediate horizon.

The recommended Civic Committee of the Rotary Club of Chicago was set up, and today it is one of the oldest continuously serving committees. For more than half a century it has guided the club, especially its Program Committee, with wise counsel and practical suggestions, not merely in facing Chicago's needs but in helping with the larger affairs of state and nation. All of its chairmen have been prominent in the civic and industrial life of Chicago. Several have achieved outstanding national

prominence. Their names and records are on file in the club archives.

The by-law defining the duties of that committee speaks in broad terms but remains much as it was in 1910. Primarily it says that the members shall keep the club in close touch with public affairs and "suggest action with respect to conditions or proposals where such action would seem to be in the public interest." Suggest action, not merely view with alarm. The Rotary pattern was developing.

Chicago civic leaders outside the club discovered Rotary's new promise and power. So did high officials of the United States armed forces. Each group began courting the club's cooperation, knowing that results, not mere words, were likely to follow when any need arose. City and state officials, then leaders in many other groups, were soon asking the Rotary Club of Chicago for permission to send speakers to its rostrum.

At first this was gratifying, even flattering. But the inevitable happened—too many projects, both legitimate and questionable, began seeking Rotary sponsorship. The club officers had to make serious preliminary studies in order to differentiate between the worthy and the selfish; Rotary's endorsement had become valuable.

One stranger approached the Civic Committee requesting approval of his plan to raise money to help the blind. Investigation showed that he used a crew of doorbell ringers trained to wring the hearts of housewives, but that little or none of the money collected ever reached any blind man's pocket. This racket therefore was exposed and stopped. Incidentally, it now flourishes in a few other cities, sometimes with the careless approval of service clubs.

Politicians became almost a nuisance to the Rotary Club of Chicago. Endorsing a dedicated candidate might have been acceptable. Yet who was to say which man was good and which

was not? All wore halos, real or synthetic; all came to hope that the prestige of the Rotarians might be behind them. The club had no choice but to avoid taking stands.

This became true also of controversial issues, not only on the ballot but in public life everywhere. Remember the early endorsement of lumber over bricks as building material? That fiasco taught the Rotarians! "Listen, be informed, but say little," became the unspoken yet official policy.

Gradually broadening its scope, the young Rotary Club extended its cooperation to many civic groups that had as their objectives the betterment of Chicago—its government, its schools, its recreational facilities, its social life. More and more of these were added to the approved list through the years. Notable among them has been the Citizens Association of Chicago, whose first endeavor had been the formation of a fire department to replace the one destroyed in flames by the great disaster of 1871. Its interest through the years has been in all matters pertaining to public welfare, the scrutiny of public contracts, and an organized effort to prevent election frauds. The Rotary Club of Chicago was proud to give its energies to such efforts.

Another supported unit has been the Civic Federation, which has worked toward consolidation of the city's philanthropic organizations. This has resulted in the formation of the United Charities. The Federation also specializes in the study of modern taxation, with the club's help, with the result that the taxpayers of Chicago have been saved millions of dollars.

Still another group aided is the Better Government Association, a non-political organization seeking efficient administration of all government bureaus. For many years Rotary Club Number One has felt closely allied with the Chicago Crime Commission. The first operating director of that world-renowned organization was Colonel Henry Barrett Chamberlin, who served the club two terms as vice-president. Of the commission's nine past-presidents, four were Chicago Rotarians. One of these received the Chicago

Rotary Merit Award "for fearless leadership against crime and corrupt politics." Many of the commission's directors have been Rotarians, as have many more of its members.

Two years after he took office as Crime Commission director, Colonel Chamberlin told his club: "Crime is an established business in Chicago. It has been centralized, organized, commercialized. It is as steady a business as any that you men conduct. It does not come in waves. It is not the result of hard time, nor poverty, nor cold weather. It is just a plain choice of the majority of those who follow it as an occupation. . . . If public opinion can be kept aroused, the crime business can be driven into bankruptcy."

He made many such reports describing individual cases, especially those of the bail bond investigations of 1920. Through the commission's efforts, encouraged by the Rotarians, eleven professional bondsmen were indicted by a grand jury.

In 1928 a grim warrior, aged seventy-six, spoke to the Rotary Club. He was Frank J. Loesch, special assistant attorney-general for the State of Illinois. He said, "The alliance between crime and politics is shown by the fact that out of 149 gang murders in the past two years there has not been a single conviction." Loesch had led the long fight against the "public enemy." In 1939, when he was eighty-seven, the club presented him with the Chicago Rotary Merit Award for his services. In accepting it he said, "I urge each member to become acquainted with his public representatives, because public opinion in the long run always prevails." That also became a powerful if unofficial policy of the Rotarians.

After Colonel Chamberlin's death in 1942, Virgil W. Peterson became operating director of the Crime Commission, a position he still held in the 1960's. That same year he became a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, and since then has made frequent reports to it on the commission's activities.

About 1942 a Methodist preacher arrived in Chicago from

Rockford, Illinois, became a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, and took over a church in Chicago's Loop with a membership of 100 or so and debts of close to $2,000,000. By 1961 this ardent Chicago Rotarian, Rev. Charles Ray Goff, had developed a congregation of a thousand, cleared the indebtedness of the now famous Chicago Temple with its "Chapel in the Sky," and, in addition, had helped over 200 other Methodist churches in the Chicago area. His inspirational Christmas Program talks to his Rotary Club of Chicago have become a proud tradition of Old Number One.

One of the many Chicago families who helped Dr. Goff was the Walgreens. The present member of the Chicago club, Chuck, as well as his father, the founder of the Walgreen Drug organization, and his mother, have been among the church's loyal supporters. Chuck Walgreen has not only been one of the hard workers for Rotary's Chest Fund activities, but has also been generous with his time and cooperative with his facilities to make the club's Yachting Fellowship the success that it is.

Another outstanding member, who gave much time and inspiration to the activities of the club, was Dr. Louis L. Mann of Chicago Sinai Congregation. A professional lecturer in the Department of Oriental Languages and Literature at the University of Chicago since 1920, he was also the recipient of a Distinguished Service Award from Northwestern University and an officer of the French Academy.

The founder and board chairman of the Automatic Canteen Company of America, Rotarian Nathaniel Leverone, is another outstanding leader whose participation in business and civic life is exceedingly broad, and whose generosity to educational and philanthropic causes is exemplary.

George H. Williamson, the renowned creator of the "Oh Henry!" candy bar and known as "the Candy Man of the Century," in addition to his lifelong interest and devotion to the

cause of Crippled Children has given unstintingly of his time and effort to trade and civic organizations.

Among other outstanding Rotarians who are still playing leading parts in the business life of Chicago are Herbert V. Prochnow, president of The First National Bank of Chicago; Foster G. McGaw, chairman of the board of the American Hospital Supply Corporation; Gerhardt F. Meyne, founder of the Gerhardt F. Meyne Company; Walter H. Rietz, chairman of the board and treasurer, Ilg Electric Ventilating Company, General Blower Division; and many others too numerous to mention.

In the autumn of 1936 a young man three years out of Princeton, Kendall I. Lingle, addressed Club Number One. His subject was "Personal Experiences in Election Work." He was a member of an old and distinguished Chicago family, and on that day he told the club that he was dedicating his life to civic service, and that corrupt elections had showed him where to begin. He already had a considerable reputation for exposing irregularities at the polls. He had met with much opposition, sometimes physical, but having the build of an oversized football guard he usually won any arguments. Many Rotarians gave him encouragement and support in organizing the Citizens Public Personnel Association, as an "Illinois Society to Improve Government Through Sound Personnel Management."

That high-sounding group of words had an undergirding of strength. The young man eventually joined the Rotary Club of Chicago with the classification of "voluntary community service." As executive vice-president of that same Citizens Public Personnel Association, he was concerned primarily with the development of sound personnel management programs relating to government departments, not only in Chicago but in Cook County and the State of Illinois.

Remember back in 1910, when president A. M. Ramsay had first encouraged civic service? Now his Rotary Club of Chicago

was exerting statewide influence. It had come a long way from buying a new horse for an impecunious preacher and building comfort stations in the Loop.

As we look back over half a century we can't help being impressed by the magnitude and variety of service projects in which Club Number One has taken the leadership or inspired others to action. Consider these few further examples:

In 1910 the Sane Fourth of July Association called on the club to cooperate in a U.S. Military Tournament in Grant Park. The show lasted ten days, with 5,000 soldiers encamped along the lake front. More than 2,000,000 people witnessed it.

In the spring of 1913 rainstorms ravaged several states, especially Ohio and Indiana, causing heavy loss of life and property. The Rotary Club of Chicago was the heaviest contributor to a country-wide relief fund, and its leadership encouraged others to give.

For more than a decade, beginning in 1914, the Chicago Band flourished in the cultural life of the city. It was maintained largely by public subscription and the Rotary Club was a leading contributor. The club also sent the band to several conventions and encouraged its appearances in patriotic gatherings and savings bond campaigns.

It was in 1945 that Phillip Maxwell of the *Chicago Tribune* and Frank L. Bennett, a long-time member of Club Number One, suggested to the club's secretary that the club might like to hear a preview of the Chicagoland Music Festival. That year the members sat entranced as five soloists, final winners in the tryouts, entertained the club. Since that first preview, the program has been repeated each year—each seemingly better than the last. It is a gala occasion to which the members look forward each year, with its fine music and the wry humor of Mr. Maxwell. Frank Bennett, who had been a member for years, directed the music for many of the Festivals and had been a song leader in

the club. More recently, before his death, he had organized the "Rotary Song Birds"—a singing group within Number One. Frank's wife Cathryn had been his accompanist. The club owes a great debt of gratitude to both for their musical contributions through the years.

Over the years, the club has provided thousands of volunteer "watchers" at the polls during public elections. This was a part of its long-range effort toward clean politics in Chicago.

In 1947 the club worked wholeheartedly with the University of Chicago in raising the balance of $2,570,000 needed for the university's Cancer Research Center. Heading this drive was a past vice-president of the club, Thomas B. Freeman. The fund goal was oversubscribed, thus making possible the completion of the isotope laboratory, the cyclotron, and the Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies.

In 1953 the club cooperated with the Mayor's Civic Committee in raising funds to bring a captured German submarine to the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry for permanent display. The first move of the Rotarians was to appropriate $500 for the fund. The club's interest here was exceptional, because its famed honorary member, Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery, and his crew in 1944 had accomplished the unprecedented feat of capturing an enemy submarine intact, the U-505. It is one of the show points of Chicago today.

For many years the club has aided the annual chest X-ray campaign to detect tuberculosis by setting up equipment at the world's busiest corner, State and Madison Streets. The Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago render priceless aid in this project. On one October day alone, 1,658 persons took the opportunity to be tested.

Those samples are representative of many services, small and large, so many that most have been forgotten, and relatively few are in the official archives. The club has launched hundreds of

such services and continued them *until* other agencies were created or persuaded to carry them on. This is a part of the genius of Chicago Rotary.

Its actual system of operation is imperfect and forever will be, due to the ever-changing need, the daily discoveries and opportunities that appear unannounced, and especially to human nature.

It is, of course, the committee system. This is kept very flexible because the club is truly composed of individualists, and one man is likely to take any important new project and run with it alone. The club is astute enough not to stifle this individual initiative and sense of responsibility, but rather to encourage it. These men work closely under Rotary guidance but are unhampered by it.

Thirteen

HELPING THE CRIPPLED

Americans are famous for two characteristics—individualism, and the willingness to temper it for teamwork.

The two are not a contradiction, they are a power. They are the secret of this nation's greatness—its inefficient yet somehow highly effectual government; its military might; even its educational and religious systems. They are also the structure of the highly effective service club committee system, as developed by the Rotary Club of Chicago.

The committee system is nothing more nor less than the mechanics of operation. This club's main reason for existence (as with all similar clubs now) is humanitarian service without pay. Committees are its *modus operandi*. It could not function without them. They are generally classified under the broad division of community and humanitarian service. Any member—and any outsider—is almost certain to respond strongest to the Crippled Children Committee.

Its very name catches us—what adult is not touched by the thought of a crippled child? It is here that the entire service club movement has had much of its finest flowering.

The great upsurge in interest in the United States in the early 1920's in the rehabilitation of crippled children originated from three separate and unrelated happenings. In each, Rotary played an important part.

In Syracuse, New York, in 1913—the Rotary club there was

scarcely one year old—a member brought to the attention of the club a crippled girl whose parents could not afford the necessary surgical operation. The club found a way.

In Toledo, Ohio, in 1915, a Rotarian described at a luncheon meeting an incredible sight which he had just witnessed on his way to the hotel: a teen-age boy, without arms or legs, propelling himself on a scooterlike contrivance by the forward thrusts of his body. The club thought something ought to be done. It was done. While treatments and operations for the boy extended over many years, it was only a short time before the club had succeeded in organizing the Toledo Society for Crippled Children.

Not many miles from Toledo, in the town of Elyria, a kindly, public-spirited businessman became interested in a crippled boy whose whole outlook on life had been changed by proper medical care. Through his contact with this boy, who had one day affectionately dubbed him "Daddy," Edgar F. Allen—for that was his name—was led into the activity which was to be a lifelong career of service.

The impact of the three events just described sparked great interest on the part of Rotary Clubs in the cause of the crippled child. For it was "Daddy" Allen—the nickname had stuck—who enlisted the support of Ohio businessmen and especially the Rotary Club of Columbus in spearheading legislation which resulted, in 1919, in the establishment of the first state society for crippled children. Within a few weeks after the Ohio Society had been formed, a second state society had been established in Minnesota, largely through efforts of Minneapolis Rotarians.

For the first time, civic leaders in many cities were beginning to look upon the problem of the crippled—adults as well as children—as one of vast dimensions.

Meanwhile, a dedicated group of volunteers, headed by Daddy Allen, in 1921 launched the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. He became its first president and served devotedly for the next thirteen years. The society was the pioneer

in its field. It stood alone at that time as the only national voluntary agency speaking and acting on behalf of the crippled.

Further changes were to come. Rotary Clubs in Canada and other countries were becoming interested. An international society of world-wide scope was organized. Eventually the names were changed. The latter became the International Society for the Rehabilitation of the Disabled; the other the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults. Both were to become great and powerful organizations in behalf of the millions of crippled children and adults.

It was Daddy Allen who sparked the movement in the breast of Chicago's Paul Harris. Paul in turn got action in his Chicago club and throughout Illinois. When fifty delegates from Rotary Clubs in the state met in Bloomington in April of 1923 to form the Illinois State Society, it was Allen who came from Ohio to lend a helping hand.

A few weeks previously, on March 3, 1923, President Paul A. Westburg had appointed the first Crippled Children Committee of the Rotary Club of Chicago. It was the first of a long line of committees, stretching over more than forty years, which were to bring about revolutionary changes in the rehabilitation and training of crippled children in Chicago.

Because of its immense importance, in view of what was to follow, names on that first committee merit recording here. John D. Hollowell was made chairman. The members were—

Mark R. Arnold
Charles J. Becker
Bayard T. Cass
Dr. Guy M. Cushing
William H. Dangel
Claude R. Faunt
Paul P. Harris
Dr. C. W. Hawley
William W. Huse
B. O. Jones
James C. Matthews
Charles H. Moody
Ralph M. Patterson
Dr. Ernest R. Proctor
Rev. Joseph B. Rogers
Fred L. Rossback
Silvester Schiele
William E. Skinner
Paul A. Westburg
W. A. Williamson
John J. Wright

The original stated purposes of the committee were to provide relief for crippled children, to render personal service to them, to cooperate with other agencies, and to inquire into the needs of crippled children and the facilities available for meeting them. For some time the club made contributions of $1,200 to $1,500 a year for this work, and many members rendered personal service.

In this period, too, the club established a fund to purchase leg braces for boys and girls who needed them. Then it heard about a girl who needed an artificial limb. Her parents lacked the necessary money, so the club paid for it.

The committee began studying Chicago's needs. Quickly it became apparent that a broad, new approach to the problem had to be started. Very few agencies were helping the handicapped and crippled children, and each was restricted to its special field. A survey of the entire city in its overall relationship to crippled children seemed imperative—the *crippled,* as distinguished from the *handicapped.* (The crippled are considered part of a much broader classification that includes the deaf and hard of hearing, the blind and visually defective, the epileptic, etc., all of whom are referred to as "handicapped.")

The Rotary Club of Chicago decided to aid that survey, with the cooperation of the Illinois Society. They were advised in their work by Jane A. Neil, principal of the famed Spalding School for Crippled Children in Chicago, and by Edna Foley, known for her pioneering work in the Visiting Nurse Association. "I am astonished," said Miss Neil, "to know that prominent and busy businessmen are giving of their time to help these children. This is something entirely new in my experience." But the whole service club movement was still new.

In 1924 Miss Jessie L. Stevenson, an outstanding leader in orthopedic nursing, was retained to make the city-wide survey. Then unexpected but welcome support came from the Chicago Community Trust, which had been set up by a group of civic-

minded leaders for just such a purpose. Under terms of an agreement between the two groups, funds for conducting the survey would be furnished by the club, while publication of the data would be handled by the trust, without charge to the club.

By March 10, 1925, the survey had been completed, the data printed and released. It not only gave the number and location of all the crippled children in Chicago, but also an exhaustive classification of their deformities. One detail was a map of the city which helped in locating special schools that were to be built during the next decade.

Few members of Club Number One at the time had any idea of the far-reaching influence of the survey. In answer to requests, copies were sent to Rotary Clubs in Japan, Mexico, and England, and in every American state. The people of Chicago were greatly interested. Their school administrators, especially, took cognizance of the new information.

The survey had been published in February, 1925, during the chairmanship of Paul Dietrich, who had succeeded John D. Hollowell, the committee's first chairman. The letter of transmittal to Dietrich had been signed by Clifford W. Barnes, chairman of the Chicago Community Trust.

Paul Dietrich's chairmanship of the Crippled Children Committee, though of short duration, had been a notable one, chiefly as a result of his leadership in making the survey. He had been a member of both the Los Angeles and Cleveland Rotary Clubs and now, due to a transfer, was again taking up residence in Los Angeles. Few Rotarians have left so positive an imprint upon three Rotary clubs and three cities. His Rotary membership had extended over a period of nearly half a century.

The survey had been released just four months when Chairman Dietrich was writing to the president of the International Society for Crippled Children:

> The Board of Education at its last meeting adopted a very constructive policy with respect to the crippled child in Chicago.

Two specific appropriations were made; one for $250,000 for a new school on the south side, and the other for a $250,000 addition to the Spalding School. Miss Jane Neil gives credit in large measure to the Rotary Club of Chicago whose survey disclosed the need for these additional schools.

The new Spalding School was formally opened in October, 1928. Before, 500 crippled children had crowded it. Now, with the additional facilities, more than a thousand could be accommodated. The club had kept close contact during the entire expansion program.

Between 1923 and 1927 the Rotary Club of Chicago spent more than $11,000 training and placing crippled young people in jobs that they could handle. For this, hundreds of employers were consulted, many of them Rotarians. This also led to publication of a social service monograph, *The Young Cripple and His Job,* written by Miss Marion Hathaway, an authority in the field. Because it gave direct individual guidance, spelled out the method, lent encouragement to the despairing ones, this monograph became one of the club's more significant contributions.

In 1928 Dr. Henry Bascom Thomas was appointed chairman of the Crippled Children Committee. He was professor of orthopedics in the University of Illinois College of Medicine. He took the appointment as a great honor, and during the next decade and more his service was to add great luster to the work of the committee. He held hundreds of clinics, performed countless operations, but he would not accept payment where conditions of poverty were apparent. His was a prodigious service in the cause of the handicapped.

In 1930 the club put up the first $1,000 and guided development of the new Surgical Institute for Crippled Children, as a functioning part of the University of Illinois Research and Educational Hospitals. By 1932 the club's Crippled Children Com-

mittee had succeeded in getting a state appropriation of $250,000 a year for the institute.

The following year the committee helped bring about the far-reaching Illinois Commission for Physically Handicapped Children, charged by law to study the many problems involved. Two men from the Rotary Club of Chicago were on this commission. One was Dr. Henry Bascom Thomas, the other was Larry J. Linck, who in 1940 served as executive director of the commission. This group made many recommendations to the governor and General Assembly of Illinois and to the people at large. The club's committee also helped get other clubs to back this legislative action. In 1939 it led the club in providing a teacher-nurse-coordinator for the commission. She was Miss Janet Sprague, who initiated one of the first interdepartmental programs for severely handicapped cerebral palsied children.

That Surgical Institute division of the university's work soon became a remarkable institution. It quickly captured the imagination of the club members, and from that day to this has enjoyed the active interest of many individual Rotarians. It has been the scene of numerous Rotary Christmas parties, and here the Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago have done valiant service to crippled boys and girls.

From that point on, the Crippled Children Committee work of the club expanded rapidly and in many directions. Individual Rotarians, not waiting for formal committee action, sponsored projects of their own, then coordinated them with the overall effort. A vice-chairman of the committee, George H. Williamson, one day in 1935 decided that youngsters confined to hospital wards would enjoy motion pictures. Hospital authorities agreed, and forthwith he personally made the arrangements.

In March, 1946, another member of the committee, Jack Riddiford, became interested and the project was enlarged. Travelogues and one-reel comedies were shown—and children

who hadn't even smiled in months now suddenly were able to laugh, glowing with new happiness and hope. Doctors and nurses were as delighted as they, and the two Rotarians, Williamson and Riddiford, were the most gratified of all.

Riddiford's idea caught on quickly, spread to other hospitals, and remains today as an ongoing humanitarian service of the club. The project had started small—one showing a month, with one person paying all costs. Its spread resulted in three Rotary movies a week, with hospital interns handling the projectors and Rotarians providing the money, the bookings, and the general supervision. Special screen subjects now are chosen for therapy to children of specialized needs—notably in psychiatric and orthopedic wards. Hospital administrators have repeatedly expressed their gratitude to the Rotary Club of Chicago, and to Williamson and Riddiford for their yeoman service.

In 1939 the club's Crippled Children Committee began a new, expanding phase of work. That year Dr. Thomas suggested to Lawrence Linck that he study the possibilities of a home-hospital-school workshop for crippled boys and girls. That study was made, with several club members helping, and led to the creation of the Illinois Children's Hospital School. The legislative bill was written by Linck and was sponsored in the General Assembly by Mrs. Bernice T. Van der Vries, widow of one of the few men who served twice as president of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

That 1939 expansion of interest seemed to enrich the spiritual life of the entire club. Perhaps the new World War refocused men's attention on the good things of life, the true values. Old-time members recall that this was reflected in the *talk* of the club, the unscheduled table conversation, the fireside visits in Rotary homes, and even in business establishments downtown. Moreover, the suddenly burgeoning interest led to great achievements. Regrettably, in the too-limited space here it is possible

only to outline some of the major efforts. Also, names of most individual leaders and workers have to be omitted—because who is to say which ones are most "deserving" of credit, and in what order they should come? Many of the finest individual jobs escaped official club attention completely and were known only to a few individuals.

Club members recall with pride that they helped create a Division of Services for Crippled Children in the University of Illinois, and were especially active in securing necessary appropriations. This assured that any handicapped child in the state could have surgical, medical, and related care, even though the family was unable to pay for it.

From about 1940 to 1945 the club's prime efforts were with the University and the Illinois State Commission. War anxiety of course had its impact on the program; men's attentions were diverted many ways, then and during the aftermath. But if enthusiasm for helping the crippled occasionally flagged, it always picked up again, stronger than ever. Many fine projects were seen through by the Crippled Children Committee during the late 1940's and '50's. Much of the service in the 1950's was in the field of cerebral palsy, centering in Blue Island, Bellwood, and Oak Park. Here children were given physical-therapy treatments for various spastic ailments. In that decade the committee supported the work of expert therapists in speech training and in visiting homes of cripples to give technical training necessary for parents who wanted to help themselves.

It was in this period, too, that a sound color film was produced and narrated by Lawrence A. Randall, a former vice-president and director of the club, working in one of the Chicago units of the Easter Seal Society and in the Illinois Research Hospital. It showed, fascinatingly, the work of a physical therapist and two speech therapists then supported by the club.

This picture had its premiere at a club luncheon on March

8, 1958. Prints were then made available to Rotary Clubs and to crippled children's agencies throughout the country. During the first few months it was shown altogether more than 400 times. Then it became part of the film lending library of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, so that it has been shown not only across the nation but distributed widely overseas.

Meanwhile, the city of Chicago had been growing incredibly fast. Rotarians had become conscious of this, and saw more and more need for humanitarian work. Therefore the directors set out to "take inventory" of the club—to study all the new service needs and potentials.

The result of their decision was the development of a new *"Nine-Point Test for Special Projects."* This was destined to become an invaluable guide in the 1950's and remains so today. Here are the nine points:

1. The project must answer a basic need in the local, national or international community.

2. It must offer service opportunities of sufficient significance to have wide appeal to our members, and to challenge them profoundly.

3. Ideally, it should represent either a pioneer effort in an important field previously overlooked or neglected, where its pilot significance could be expected to influence other groups or individuals, or a fresh, possibly dramatic and imaginative, approach to a problem not now being satisfactorily met in other ways, or by other agencies.

4. Ideally, it should avoid the semblance of creating simply one more agency to treat a problem which might be treated more effectively through financial aid to an existing facility or agency.

5. It should have a reasonable chance of making a substantial impact on the problem under attack, as contrasted with a somewhat superficial effect.

6. It should have attractive public relations aspects, so as not to rule out possible interest to, and financial aid from, foundations and other non-Rotary sources of funds.

7. Ideally, it should be of sufficient magnitude to support a capital funds drive of wide scope, perhaps fanning out beyond our own membership.

8. The proposal should be accompanied by specific plans for financing the annual operating budget, in order to safeguard its future, as well as that of other present and future undertakings of the club.

9. Ideally, it should have adequate opportunities for terminating the club's financial responsibility, if such a development became necessary in the changing and unforeseeable future.

Those nine paragraphs—actually a rephrasing of the club's whole service ideal and operational plan—refocused the members' attention on "what Rotary is all about." Club membership had become so representative of the high-level business and professional activities of the city, and the quality of the members themselves so pronounced, that the talent was available to foster almost *any* kind of endeavor.

By January, 1961, therefore, the club was ready to receive the most detailed proposal to date from its Crippled Children Committee. The proposal came in twenty-six closely typed pages showing thorough study, with attention to all foreseeable aspects. It recommended to the board of directors that the club establish

in Chicago a Rotary Community Service Center for Crippled Children.

Four years later, a great deal had been accomplished. Some called it the biggest item in all the club's achievement reports since Paul Harris brought about the first meeting. That twenty-six-page proposal was more than factual, it was inspiring. For instance, the first page offered this as "The Vision":

> A project designed to give Rotarians a chance to "get their hands into something," to extend themselves for others less fortunate; a project which all Chicagoland can see and to which we can point with pride; a project to put the word "Service" back into our common appellation—"THE Service Club."

Such a "vision" was by no means visionary. Note that the men themselves were a bit self-conscious about that talk-action relation, and were planning this center as one means of getting more of the members into personal, active contact with unfortunate children. The preface to their report in 1961 asked, "Is there a need? . . . How can it best be met? . . . What part should Rotary plan in meeting this need?" Then these significant "Conclusions" were appended:

> 1. Our own studies, together with an exhaustive study conducted by the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, have led to the conclusion that *present facilities are inadequate to care for crippled children seeking therapy at treatment centers.* This need is equally apparent in many areas of Chicago. As a Chicago club we are interested in meeting this latter need.
>
> 2. The serious lack of treatment facilities can best be met by expandable neighborhood treatment centers designed with enough flexibility to meet the ever-changing needs of the Chicago community.
>
> 3. Rotary's hand in sponsoring and supporting services for crippled children can be witnessed coast to coast, *for in most states*

Rotary Clubs have donated funds for the construction of treatment facilities. Now, in all fifty states, many Easter Seal Societies receive funds from Rotary for the operation of services. The Rotary Club of Chicago has a stake in this operation and should expand its present facilities to meet the needs of the Chicago community it serves.

The report then presented a list of specific services to be offered, as determined from the long-range study. There were nine:

1. Speech therapy for children with functional and organic speech problems.
2. Vocational services for disabled adults, with special reference to home employment of adults unable to leave their homes.
3. Psychological services, in guidance and counseling of disabled adults and families with handicapped children.
4. Outpatient physical and occupational therapy under medical direction for pre-school physically handicapped children, and children of school age for whom therapy is not available at school.
5. Socialization and recreational program under the direction of a group social worker.
6. Social service referral to assist families in utilizing community resources and agencies which serve the handicapped.
7. Parent and family education and training.
8. Operation of the equipment loan pool which is currently an integral part of the society's program.
9. Opportunity for volunteers, in services to the children and their families, and in work of the center.

The study had shown that 315,000 persons in Chicago and Cook County were in need of services, of whom about 65 per cent offered feasible cases for rehabilitation. But by 1975, the projection showed, the total would be 442,000 in need. Thus the club had to plan ahead.

In developing their Community Service Center for Crippled Children, the Chicago Rotarians embarked for the first time on a direct ownership or responsibility for a project.

The Rotary Chest Fund, which helps to support crippled children work, has been the backlog of many unrecorded efforts, although word-of-mouth memory keeps some of them alive. Members of the club have quietly and voluntarily through the years kept that fund fat enough to do much good.

But in the overall picture there has been another kind of service that represents something far more precious than money. This is the vast expenditure of time, effort, and personal funds by many members whose names will never be known and of whom no records have been kept, because they preferred to have it that way.

At a luncheon meeting on April 16, 1963, the club membership voted unanimously to establish a Rotary Easter Seal Treatment Center for Crippled Children, at a cost to Rotary estimated at $200,000 initially and $10,000 annually for at least the succeeding ten years. A portion of this money was to come from the club's Christmas Fund, some from the Chest Fund, and the remainder from the Chicago Rotary Foundation.

One substantial sum for the project was raised on June 14 of that year, when the club arranged for a Rotary Night for Crippled Children at a baseball game between the Chicago White Sox and the Kansas City Athletics. Committeemen had hoped to sell tickets to club members, and did so, but the members also bought tickets for their employees, for Little League baseball players and their families, and for every crippled boy and girl who could attend. Unmistakably, it was the happiest crowd of baseball fans ever assembled in Chicago. And who won the game? Few people remember! Other considerations were closer to the heart.

Who were the key members responsible for conceiving and

promoting this first "Rotary Baseball Night" and those held in subsequent years? One was President G. Frederick Liechty, and another was Treasurer Ray F. Myers; they got together one noon for lunch at Myers' bank, with Chicago Rotarian Charles O. Finley, owner of the Kansas City Athletics, and White Sox Owner Arthur C. Allyn, who proved to be a good friend and became heartily sold on the project. In fact, by the time the lunch had concluded all four were enthusiastic with the idea of a "baseball night" to help raise money for the proposed Crippled Children's Center. To them as well as many others—especially to Neville "Bud" Rieman, who served as chairman for the first two years—belongs most of the credit for the success of the baseball fund-raising project.

That first Baseball Night was memorable also because it marked a fortieth anniversary. It came almost forty years to the day after the Rotary Club of Chicago had organized its first Crippled Children Committee in 1923, giving it a small fund to buy braces for handicapped youngsters at the Spalding School. Club Number One's Number One Committee had come a long, long way.

There are now about 2,000 chartered local or county societies for crippled children; most were founded by Rotarians and all have Rotarians active in their leadership. They operate more than a thousand projects including hospitals, convalescent homes, sheltered or curative workshops, schools, nursery centers, clinics, camps, home visiting services, and such.

The NSCCA today is one of the nation's six largest volunteer health agencies; its development is among the most exciting stories of modern times in the field of humanitarian service. The Rotary Club of Chicago looks with something akin to awe at its own achievement here. While there was endless outside help and encouragement, these early pioneers in a new kind of humanitarian service played a leading role from the beginning.

And Chicago is today the headquarters city for the largest Crippled Children Organization in the world, a Rotary created institution.

The International Society for Rehabilitation of the Disabled has national affiliates in almost fifty countries. It has held several history-making world congresses for the crippled. Of the twenty men who have been president of this society, more than half have been Rotarians. While no single organization or group of individuals can be given all the credit, the Chicago club, Old Number One, has played a leading role in this world-wide expansion of service and is still leading it. Some men in its membership are giving not just incidental attention but a major portion of their time, without fee, for this work. They make decisions and spend millions of dollars and affect hundreds of thousands of lives—for good.

It is such dedication which inspired club founder Paul Harris in later years to say, "Work for the crippled is the brightest jewel in the crown of Rotary."

Fourteen

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Among the major committees of the Rotary Club of Chicago, that of Youth Service ranks near the top in the minds of members. It is closely allied with Crippled Children service yet is apart from it, broader in scope and different in approach. In prior years it was known as the Boys' Work Committee. And again, neither the public at large nor even the club members are fully aware of the degree of service rendered.

Youth service and "boys' work" by the club actually started at a "Family Night" held in January, 1920. On that pleasant occasion, the Chicago Off-the-Street Club furnished entertainment. Dr. Milton H. Mack, chairman of the club's new "Boys' Committee," then explained the work of the various boys' clubs of the city, including the Chicago Commons, Boy Scouts, Boys' Brotherhood Republic, and the Jewish Club. Members of the Off-the-Street Club described the work of their organization. And a Rotarian in the know said that all of those units badly needed equipment. Considerable discussion followed, and the club's Boys' Committee was instructed "to present a concrete statement of what is needed and a definite program." That was the beginning.

Not only was the equipment provided, but the club organized a Boys' Week celebration for Chicago. Financing was done entirely by the club, partly by the staging of a big Rotary Min-

strel Show in Orchestra Hall, directed by Frank Bennett, which was attended by more than 4,000 people. A Chicago Boys' Week Committee was set up, with Mayor William Hale Thompson as honorary chairman and Judge Victor P. Arnold as active chairman. Members included thirty-six outstanding city leaders —and if most of them were from the Rotary Club, it could have been by design! Among these outstanding city leaders was Melvin Jones, founder and general secretary of Lions International. The mayor issued a public proclamation. Governor Len Small of Illinois sent his own endorsement and promised to attend. President Davis of the School Board vowed his support. In short, everybody seemed to approve.

On that May afternoon in 1921, the observance touched the city's heart. Said one newspaper, "Chin up and chest out, swinging along like veteran soldiers, 50,000 Chicago boys marched down Michigan Avenue in demonstration of their loyalty, their courage, their spirit of Americanism. They were parading in the inauguration of Boys' Week conceived by the Rotary Club. It was the greatest demonstration of boys the city has ever seen." Thousands of young people and adults lined the streets.

The news flashed across America and many congratulatory messages poured in. One said, "The boys of today will be the men of tomorrow. You have all my good wishes for the success of your Boys Week and for the best possible results from it." It was signed by Warren G. Harding, President of the United States.

Men of the Rotary Club of Chicago felt proud and encouraged; their Boys' Week had been a standout success. Two other similarly grand ones were staged, in 1922 and 1923. Then again, in 1924, after the project had been turned over to the Chicago Boys' Week Federation, Inc., created from all the youth organizations of the city. Three years of experience had shown the error of any one organization's attempting such a colossal, city-wide project, so the club took the lead in forming that federa-

tion. Its officers and directors were drawn from the Rotary Club, the Association of Commerce, and other civic groups.

Forty years later, the annual observance had become known as Chicago Youth Week and was one of the world's outstanding celebrations of its kind. The parade had to be abandoned because of the sheer numbers of boys who wanted to participate, but there are many other practical phases to capture the public interest.

A Boy Mayor takes charge of City Hall for a day, aided by thirty-five other boy city officials. The very first boy mayor was chosen back in 1916. His name was Ralph Lee Goodman. He had come to the United States from Poland at the age of seven with his mother. At the age of eighteen, while "mayor," he was brought to the Rotary Club as a guest. Seventeen years later he became a member of that club, served two terms as club director and one term as vice-president, and served as chairman of the Boys' Work Committee and Civic Committee. In 1961 he introduced the new boy mayor to the club, and at this meeting sentiment ran high indeed.

In February, 1919, Chicago was shocked by the brutal slaying of a nine-year-old boy by a gang of juvenile burglars. So the Rotary Club accepted an invitation from the Boy Scout organization to head the drive for $100,000 to expand the work of Scouting. This actually was the first large-scale youth project to be undertaken by the club.

There was no precedent for procedure, no experience from which to draw. The club, aroused by indignation, moved without adequate study, and at a time when Chicago had been suffering a plague of money "drives." The goal was not reached; only about 75 per cent of the hoped-for money was raised. The Boy Scout organization itself completed the quota.

That failure was of course embarrassing to the club, yet it served to weld it closer together. The men thereafter moved with caution and thoroughness in all their projects. In due time

the club helped Rotary International develop a new policy in this regard, shown in Resolution 34 which in part, read, "No Rotary Club shall endorse any project, no matter how meritorious, unless the club is prepared and willing to assume all or part of the responsibility for the accomplishment of that which it endorses."

The Rotary Club of Chicago has been a Boy Scout "booster" since Scouting's inception in 1912. Many Scout executives and leaders were in the club membership during the "teens" and the "twenties," and since then many more have rendered distinguished service. Countless luncheon programs have given prominence to Scouting. Many Rotarians have served as personal counselors to Scouts, and Rotary sponsors a special project called Operation Patrick Henry, emphasizing patriotic subjects and the coaching of Scouts to speak before groups.

The awarding of college scholarships to worthy students has for many years been a major activity of the Rotary Club of Chicago. Dozens of young men have been helped, and almost invariably they have become successful in their chosen fields. A few have achieved national and even international renown. The first such scholarship was in 1923, when Francis Embray was awarded $150 for the first school month and $75 a month for the next eight months to help him through the University of Illinois.

Early in 1929 the club's Student Loan Fund was set up as a separate division of the Chest Fund, to aid worthy and needy collegians. Here are the qualifications required of successful applicants for loans:

> Fine moral character, willingness to work to partially support himself during college and the summer vacation; preference given to boys who anticipate a life vocation of some form of public or civic work.

The entire youth service program of the club was reappraised

in 1936, including the student loan project. This action was touched off by a feeling among many members that the club was duplicating the work of some of the social agencies and was not taking full advantage of potentialities for youth service within its own membership. The Boys' Work Committee appointed three men to do most of the "inside" study.

They soon recommended that the student loans be discontinued after existing obligations had been fulfilled. The loan program was dropped, as being somewhat out of the natural scope of Rotary influence and in conflict with similar funds. The report urged that Rotary Youth Service (a term gradually replacing "Boys' Work") "should be a work that is not the personal interest of a handful of members but truly a club activity that is distinctive and far reaching." Then the report recommended a project that it felt fulfilled those qualifications—vocational guidance to the high school youth of Chicago.

The recommendation was accepted, and in the ensuing decades hundreds of preparatory school and college students have been encouraged by the Rotarians, counseling in specific businesses and professions. Moreover, the Rotarians themselves have found this service to be among their most gratifying. "Rotary was fashioned," one man summarized the feeling, "for a task such as this."

Rotary Career Consultants thereby became a distinguished adjunct of the club. In March, 1950, the program received great encouragement when the Youth Service Committee was host at a luncheon to more than a hundred principals, vocational guidance counselors, and administrative officers, all from the Chicago public school system. The consultants' program was described to all in this brief form:

Each of the twenty-four members of the committee handled two or more schools. If a student wanted to learn about photo-engraving, for example, he would contact his counselor, who

in turn would contact the Rotary committeeman in charge of that school. The Rotarian would then make proper arrangements with the club's photoengraving member for personal interviews and shop studies. The committee members thus were handling fifty schools with 10,000 seniors.

With only minor changes, the program still functions effectively. More recently the Youth Service Committee has interested itself in the student "drop-out" problem in public schools. A program was devised to search out part-time jobs in shops and factories of Rotarians, thus enabling many to stay in school who would otherwise have quit entirely.

In 1940 a group of past-presidents of the Rotary Club of Chicago helped establish the first Junior Achievement organization in their city. It had been started in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1919. Basically, its pattern was to have an actual company organized and directed by boys and girls of high school age, on the premise that this would provide excellent training in business leadership. The premise proved to be correct, and several companies were sponsored by the Rotarians. Junior Achievers appeared on club programs. Exhibits of products manufactured by various Junior Achievement centers were displayed at club meetings and elsewhere under Rotary guidance.

Later it was decided by the club to give special awards to four Junior Achievers, two boys and two girls, one from each of the then four centers in Chicago. These would be chosen for meritorious work by the Junior Achievement organization itself. The award was a two-day visit to a nearby city at the club's expense to inspect other Junior Achievement centers and visit large industrial plants.

Detroit was the first city chosen, then Peoria, Louisville, Kansas City, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Memphis, Indianapolis, and others. Rotarians and their wives went along as chaperons, and Rotary Clubs in the host cities gave hearty cooperation in welcoming the guests. Often the young people

were honored by full newspaper and television coverage while on their trips.

All in all, the Junior Achievement work sponsored by the Rotary Club of Chicago has become the largest and probably the most successful in America. In just ten years it grew from 16 miniature companies with 250 participants to nearly 250 companies with 6,000 participants. They were giving teen-agers an opportunity to learn—by actually working at it—how the American free enterprise system operates. This work is ongoing and doubtless will be enlarged each year as population grows.

Still another project of the Rotary Club of Chicago has been via the Youth Hostel movement. Interest in this dates back to meetings of the Boys' Work Committee held in 1935. Overtures had been made to interest the club in forming hostels in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The successful record of the movement in the eastern United States, as well as in Europe, had been pointed out to the club's board of directors. The board gave the committee full authority to act.

Again, intensive preliminary study was made. Then the club, through its committee, decided to promote the movement in metropolitan Chicago and, with the cooperation of other Rotary Clubs, throughout northern Illinois. Interest was aroused at Rotary International headquarters, also in the Regional Planning Association of Chicago and in the Indiana State Conservation Department and State Highway Commission. Together these units brought in experts with films to show how the work had spread in Europe. At a meeting of their representatives an advisory board of American Youth Hostels was created, with three members of the Rotary Club of Chicago leading it.

Such was the genesis of the Youth Hostel Movement in the Midwest. The next few years witnessed its further spread westward, eventually to the Pacific Coast. Sons and daughters of Chicago Rotarians had begun taking active personal parts in the hostel work. One of the first hostels established in northern Illi-

nois was in Palos Park. Soon others were set up in the lake regions of Wisconsin and Michigan.

Many members of Old Number One would have to be mentioned if full credit were given for this service as now on record. But two men were standouts, so valiant and self-sacrificing was their effort. When the largest hostel, erected near Cable, Wisconsin, was built at a cost of $35,000 to accommodate twenty-four boys and twenty-four girls, plus units for family use, it was named the Ches Perry Youth Hostel. Chesley R. Perry became one of the most venerated names in the club's history. Construction costs were borne largely by voluntary contributors from the Chicago Rotarians.

The other standout, Stanley Clague, a past president of Chicago Rotary, served for years helping to promote youth hostels in the Great Lakes region.

Many wonderful and inspiring true stories concerning the club's youth work have been pooled over the years. One starts in 1919 with a green office boy in the office of Rotary International. His name was Bill Lear and he had grown up on the south side of Chicago, an all-too-typical "dese, dem, and dose" type of youngster with scant hope for refinement. Then that same Chesley Perry gave him a job—and began to talk with him.

"I had only one personality asset," the boy recalled years later in an interview with Charles Sopkin in *This Week* magazine titled, "How to Make a Million Dollars." "I was a good listener. Mr. Perry's polished rhetoric impressed me. After some months, I began to learn to use the English language. I discovered that to get ahead in any level of life, I must learn to communicate my ideas clearly and forcefully."

During his off hours from Rotary International, the boy and two other lads formed an engineering club, with a workshop in the neighborhood of Halsted and 60th Streets. They made model

airplanes and various electrical contrivances, partly for fun, partly for profit.

Chesley Perry heard about the project and suggested members of Chicago Rotary might have some discarded tools. Why not ask them? Accordingly, in the *Weekly Yell* club bulletin of February 8, 1919, this item appeared—

> W. P. Lear is one of the younger employees at International Headquarters. He is secretary of a club of three boys called the LaSo-Rael Model Engineering Club.
>
> If you have anywhere at your place of business or at home any tools of whatsoever kind, electrically operated or otherwise, for work in wood or metal that such boys could employ in the manufacture of their wares, please get in touch with young Lear at International Rotary Headquarters.

After the long passage of years, Lear recalls that one Rotarian firm responded with some tools which were gratefully received and usefully applied in their little club.

"I particularly remember their having sent a brace for holding wood drills and also hammers, which I believe was one of the specialties of the company.

"All of the tools were put to very good use," he recalls. "As a matter of fact, with all of our boring and all of our hammering, we constructed the basis for what eventually turned out to be Lear, Incorporated. Of course, there were many links in the chain before the firm was incorporated in 1931, but some can be traced directly back to this LaSo-Rael organization." (The "LaSo" stood for Lawrence and Sorensen, the other two boys and "Rael" was Lear, spelled backward.)

Lear, Incorporated, founded by William P. Lear, is one of America's biggest producers of aircraft instruments and equipment, which in 1960 did a business in excess of $90 million.

Lear also learned, according to the *This Week* article, five other "keys to success" from Ches Perry and others. They were

good back in the 1920's and still are, in the very best American tradition. He listed them thus:

1. Learn when to quit a job.
2. Build a nest egg. (He started with a stake of $500.)
3. Work an extra hour a day.
4. Develop a little insecurity ("by borrowing money, if you have a sound idea for a business or a new product").
5. Use common sense.

William P. Lear more recently had something to add to what has already been said about Chesley Perry and Rotary.

"The most important contribution that Rotary made to my personal career stems from my contact with Ches Perry and the resulting adoption of the Rotary motto: 'He profits most who serves best!' The simple application of this principle has been truly accountable for a majority of whatever success has been achieved by our company."

And the service to that boy rendered by a Rotarian represents the first example of what might be termed Boys' Work by members of Club Number One.

Fifteen

PERSONAL STOCK-TAKING

Among the major committees of the Rotary Club of Chicago, one has gradually achieved a distinction excelling even that of the crippled children and youth work groups.

It has no direct "heart interest," no quick emotional appeal. It is, indeed, a materialistic consideration, in part; it deals with the processes of making money. But in America, making money honestly and spending it unselfishly are closely allied.

It is called the Vocational Service Committee, and its inspiring story begins back in 1911. The club was barely six years old and still feeling its way toward maturity. At a meeting one day an enterprising member spoke up.

"We are all businessmen with things to sell," said he, not too accurately, "so why don't we arrange a showing of our wares? We could bring samples to a central place, have a big Ladies' Night gathering, study the merchandise, get better acquainted, and know where to buy things when we needed them."

A good idea! So the men agreed, with mounting enthusiasm. And on the evening of November 23, 1911, as the Rotarians and their wives entered Brock's Lunch Room at 219 West Washington Street, they gasped in pleasure. Arrayed around the dining room were displays of products that brought highest admiration. One table held an assortment of electrical storage batteries—

and many of the guests didn't even know that electricity could be "stored." Hardware specialties were there, and up-to-the-minute fire extinguishers, and shining glassware, and the very latest, smartest creations in harness for high-stepping horses.

"The automobile is a wonder," one pretty young wife conceded, "but it can never replace a blooded gelding, my father says." Her husband disagreed, and they had a little set-to about it, but it was simply one of the recurrent arguments of the era. She laughed and led her friends to the table holding bright new leather bridles with golden tassels on them.

A series of blown-up photographs told about new "smokeless furnaces." Another table held corsets and corset covers "direct from Paris," and if the men of Rotary tactfully avoided this, the women didn't; they were entranced. They also fingered pretty new samples of jewelry, sniffed at exotic perfumes, and gushed over a clumsy but intriguing new device for sweeping the home carpets, called a vacuum cleaner. It actually sucked up the dirt and swallowed it!

Success of the display was so marked that news of it attracted the attention of other Chicago businessmen, and the talk continued on into 1912. Finally, the clubmen decided to stage a second show, this time on a grand scale and open to the public. Thus on January 30, 1914, the Rotary Industrial Exhibition opened on the sixteenth floor of the Continental and Commercial National Bank Building.

There was no admission fee, but it is significant that the Rotarians did grasp this show as an opportunity. They charged the whopping sum of $5 for each exhibit space (they might well have charged a hundred). It is further significant that they turned the money thus collected over to a relief agency for unemployed men and poor families in Chicago.

Again success was marked, so that a third show was planned immediately. It was held in December, 1915, on the mezzanine

of the Sherman House. This time there were 165 exhibits—everything from expensive office furniture to freshly baked breakfast rolls. One feature here was a "Rotary barrel." Visitors were tacitly urged to drop money into it for the Christmas Relief Project. People were more than generous; sufficient funds were collected to provide food, clothing, and toys for more than 150 needy families.

Such, then, were the beginnings of what was to emerge as a growing project; they were the forerunners of the popular Rotary Business Expositions of the 1930's.

In the placid days of 1913-1914, the club also encouraged and directed personal visits to members' places of business. Prizes were awarded to Rotarians reporting the greatest number of such visits. Everything reasonable was being done to promote the vocations of the clubmen.

Still another "nice" stunt was developed in that period, providing much fellowship: a ten-dollar check would be used by one Rotarian to make an initial purchase from another. The second man then was obligated to use it to buy something of equal cost from a third Rotarian, who in turn would use it to buy from a fourth, and so on more or less *ad infinitum.*

It was further specified that each member must himself visit his friend's store to make the purchase. Opportunity for fun became apparent at once. "I am an attorney, I have no hard goods to sell," the lawyer member protested openly. "It's only fair that one of you sue the other, giving me this check as a retainer."

Whereupon the minister member spoke up: "Well and good, provided you in turn will then attend my church and drop the endorsed check into my collection plate!"

The personal visits to shops took on social aspects and so gained lasting popularity. They finally led to organized visits of Rotary groups, women included, to industrial plants in the Chi-

cago metropolitan area. The trips were made by chartered bus, with lunch served in company dining rooms. The trips received particular impetus under the chairmanship of William Bachrach, creative member of the Chicago school board, and during the presidency of Ollie E. Jones, vice-president of Swift & Company. And that circulating check? It was retired after twenty-five names of endorsers had used up all the available space. But it is still a legend among members of the Rotary Club of Chicago, and the stunt has been copied by hundreds of other service clubs around the world.

Emphasis on the upgrading of business ethics reached an important point in 1921 when the club's first Business Methods Committee was appointed, replacing its old Business Promotion Committee. Note the significant change in words there—*promotion* becoming *methods*. Rotary was striving toward a higher ideal. No longer were members regaled with the weekly reports of the volume of business transacted with other members; business reciprocity was dying. Its death did not come instantly or quietly or without opposition. There were those who persisted in the belief that sales swapping was Rotary's primary if not its only purpose. Their voices were loud and carried weight, as we saw earlier.

The noise reverberated in the halls of the national association, so that at the Houston convention in 1914 a special committee was appointed to study the matter. It had the high-sounding title of Committee on Philosophy and Education. Chairman was a Philadelphia restaurateur who had established a reputation for meticulous honesty in advertising and service, Guy Gundaker. He approached the new job with enthusiasm, even wrote four pamphlets in which he set down his ideas of the perfect Rotary Club. As with other men we have studied, he was a fighter, a stickler for unselfishness, one who simply didn't like the idea of belonging to a self-centered club. He said that Rotary was

organized to accomplish the betterment of (1) the individual member; (2) his own business; (3) his craft or profession as a whole; (4) his home, his town, state, and country, and society as a whole.

At the very outset he wrote this trenchant commentary: *"Business between Rotarians is not an obligation of Rotary; is not its essence; nor is it the reason for Rotary's existence. It is only an incident."*

That voice from Philadelphia was, of course, only echoing and expanding the voices heard in the Rotary Club of Chicago itself, as we have seen. But it amounted to strong endorsement and moral support.

This rather new concept in vocational ethics began to catch fire across the world of Rotary, and the Chicago club soon felt itself guiding a movement it hadn't fully understood. It spread even beyond the service club influence. For instance, the Motion Picture Theater Owners at their convention unanimously adopted a code of ethics patterned after the "standards of practice" recommended by Rotary, which had patterned its own after that of the National Restaurant Association through the Philadelphia restaurateur. By 1924, more than a score of national associations had followed suit, and even more individual firms were adding their impetus.

A large department store, whose proprietor, George Lytton, was a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, began publishing half-page newspaper advertisements which dealt solely with the store's policy toward customers. One paragraph read, significantly—

> To demonstrate the economic advantages that can be given to the public by a large merchandising organization when it puts the spirit of service uppermost and trusts its own success to the principle—"He profits most who serves best."

That amounted to powerful proper propaganda and pressure on the Rotary Club; it *couldn't* deny endorsement of high vocational idealism, in the face of such influences!

So it was, then, that vocational service literally forced itself to the forefront of the club's consideration. This was a part of the emerging Rotary consciousness and conscience, and was destined to lead the club to unique prestige in the world of business. Late in 1931 the matter was tightened down as an ongoing project of the club, under the guidance of a newly named Vocational Service Committee.

Just prior to Christmas, 1933, the famed Lincoln Steffens addressed the club. In a few words he managed to give deeper meaning to the vocational service idea:

> In traveling over this country I have found thousands of business men who today would be content if their businesses would just break even, although we have always assumed that we work only for profits. These men get just as much enjoyment out of running their businesses as the artist does in painting without great profits. So I claim that there are thousands of business artists in the United States, if you will accept the definition that an artist is anyone who loves to do anything just for the joy of doing his job as perfectly as he can.

That revolutionary concept was almost beyond the ability of the men to absorb at the moment. It even eludes millions of citizens today. Yet it is probably the greatest, most inspiring ideal ever set forth for mankind that must work with brain and brawn, and it has become the foundation of vocational service by the Rotary Club of Chicago. Many men in the club feel it deeply, emotionally, as the spiritual force that it is.

Actually, Steffens was but phrasing the philosophy to which all decent American men had come. Four years earlier, lightning had struck our business world. Its main bolt hit Wall

Street, but the shock of it extended from coast to coast, bringing bankruptcies, anxieties, privations, panic, even suicides. Men who had been earning $100 a day in October, 1929, often were grateful to earn $1 a day by October, 1930. Inevitably, of course, many members of the Rotary Club of Chicago were caught in that horrifying business depression, and the club as a whole called emergency meetings to see what might be done.

Much *was* done. Much help was rendered. Vocational service? Its greatest boost was forced on it here, because men literally had to take stock of their motivations and ideals. Old, trusted patterns of operation had crumbled; new thinking obviously was imperative. By the time Steffens made his memorable speech late in 1933, the Rotarians and the world at large were ripe for it.

The club cooperated with the government in trying to diminish the wave of business failures. Many members served on emergency counseling boards. Even in 1929 President Herbert Hoover had called several members to Washington, part of a national committee of 400 hoping to quell the panic. Two of the club's members, Elmer Erickson and Hiram S. Cody, were among them, and they became so imbued with high business idealism that they came back glowing. Erickson has since devoted virtually all his professional energies to expounding new and wonderful theories of vocational service. He has acquired an extensive library of books, pamphlets, clippings, and documents on the subject, does much lecturing and counseling, is recognized as a national authority, and for it all is highly honored by his club.

Erickson and William Bachrach have both given long tenures of service on the Vocational Service Committee, the former heading the committee as recently as 1961-1962, the latter previously serving several years as chairman. Both have also served the club as director and vice-president.

The evolution of vocational service concepts in this club has closely paralleled the development of its overall code of ethics. These things are seldom dramatic. They make no instantaneous impact or change, rather do they stimulate men to personal stock-taking, inner analysis. Thus they acquire substance, and their influence is profound.

Their manifestations themselves can rarely be pinpointed exactly. Much of the development is by trial and error; or by taking a step upward, then half a step down again. The Rotary Business Relations Conferences began in 1939 as an experiment. The idea originated in the Business Methods Committee, of which Alfred P. Haake was then chairman. It was thought by the committee that if a group of Rotarians from Club Number One and other neighboring clubs of the district could go into seclusion away from all distractions and discuss frankly employer-employee problems as related to their own businesses and industries, this would promote effectively the club's vocational service program.

The University of Chicago was cooperative in offering the facilities of Judson Court dormitory on the south side campus. Here, for the nominal sum of $10 as a registration fee, Rotary members could board and room and hold their sessions. Each Rotarian attending the conference had the privilege of bringing as his guest one of his plant or store associates.

The idea had the encouragement of the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International. David E. Walker, of Evanston, then governor of the 147th District, urged nearby clubs to send delegates. An attractive two-day program was prepared which included addresses and discussions on such subjects as labor relations, profit sharing, and relations with consumers.

In spite of the vigorous promotion that had been given the two-day event, the attendance of thirty-six business executives was somewhat disappointing. But if the number was small, the

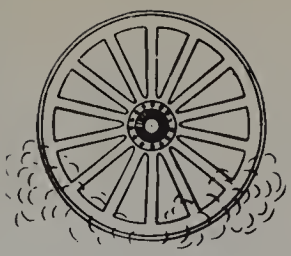
Paul P. Harris, the founder of Rotary, with his wife Jean, in a photograph taken before their departure on a journey to the Far East in 1935.

At Madame Galli's Bohemian restaurant at 18 Illinois Street, over a dish of her famous spaghetti, Paul Harris and Silvester Schiele first began to talk about Harris' idea for a new kind of club for businessmen.

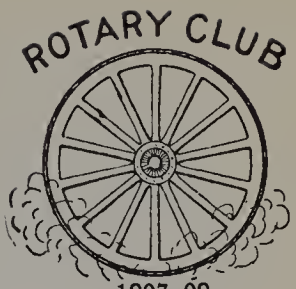
IN THIS BUILDING
THE ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO
THE FIRST OF THOUSANDS OF SERVICE CLUBS
NOW ESTABLISHED IN 89 COUNTRIES
AND GEOGRAPHICAL REGIONS
PLACED BY THE ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO
FEBRUARY 23, 1955

Erected in 1892, the sixteen-story Unity Building (now the 127 North Dearborn building) was one of Chicago's tallest structures when this picture was taken in 1905. Here, in room 711 on the night of February 23, 1905, Rotary had its beginning (note bronze plaque inset).

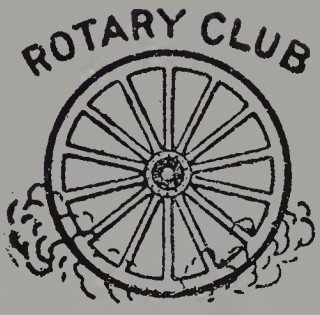
1906



1906-07



1907–09



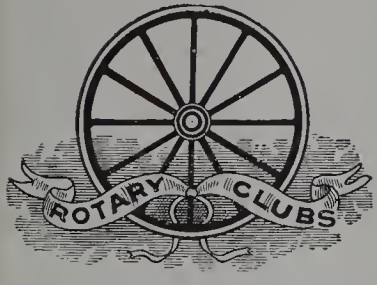
1910

1911–14

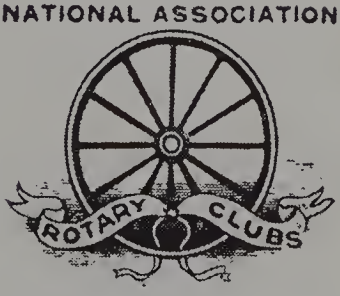
1915–19

1920–34

1926 . . .



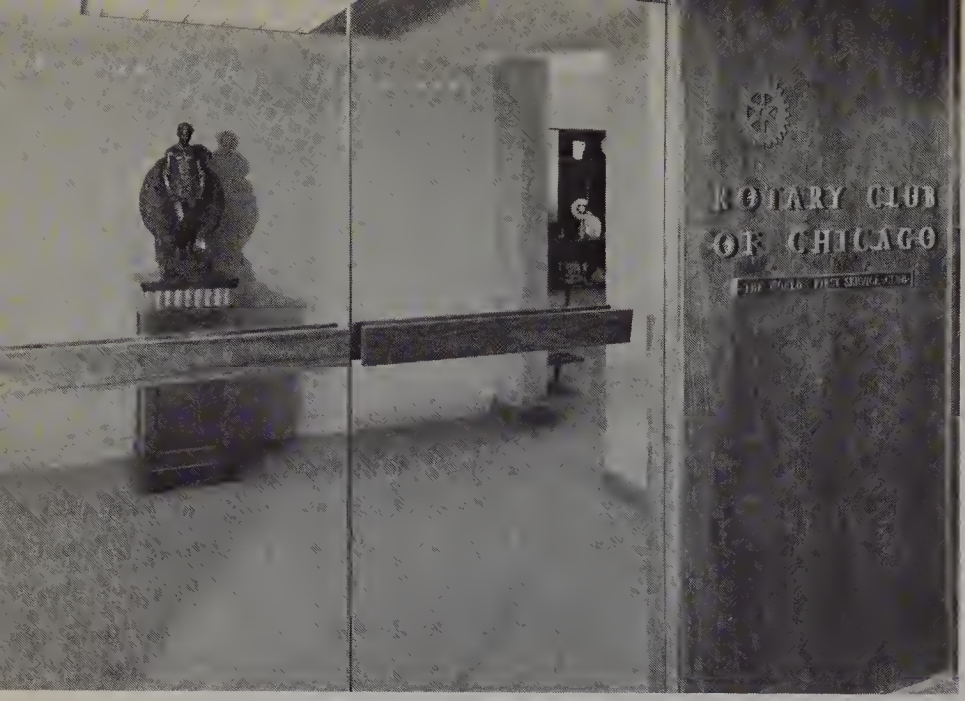
1910



1911

1913–23

How the Rotary emblem evolved from the simple wagon wheel of 1906 to the international emblem adopted in 1923 and first used by the Rotary Club of Chicago in 1926. Bottom row shows the three designs used by the national and international associations before 1923.


ROTARY CLUB
OF CHICAGO

Above: Pioneer veteran members gather in the "Rotary Room" in Paul Harris' home in 1927. Left to right: Robert C. Fletcher, Montague Bear (designer of the early Rotary emblems), Harry L. Ruggles (originator of service club singing in 1905), Paul P. Harris, Silvester Schiele (first president of Club Number One), Bernard E. Arntzen, and Rufus F. Chapin (the club's thirteenth president and long-time treasurer of Rotary International).

Left, above: Entrance to the offices of the Rotary Club of Chicago, showing inside the bronze figure symbolizing "The First Spoke: Fellowship," created by the American sculptor Pompeo Coppini and presented by New York Rotarians to Club Number One on its Silver Anniversary in 1930.

Left, below: The Sherman House as it looked in 1905 when the Rotary Club of Chicago held its first dinner meeting in one corner of the dining room. Note the victorias lined up on Clark Street awaiting the doorman's signal for passengers.

MR. PAUL P. HARRIS,
Pres. Rotary Club of Chicago.

Dear Sir:—

I beg to submit herewith my report of collections and disbursements, as Treasurer of the Rotary Club, from October 10th, 1907, to June 20th, 1908, as below.

Respectfully,

R. F. CHAPIN, Treasurer.

RECEIPTS.

1907	Fines and Assessments	Surplus from Dinner Collections	Books	Donation	
October	$56.25	$	$	$	
November	50.50				
December	39.25	3.50			
1908					
January	73.00	.75			
February	70.00	25.37		1.00	
March	48.75	39.50			
April	54.50	45.60			
May	75.75		38.40		
June	65.00	22.75	5.50		
Totals	$533.00	$137.47	$43.90	$1.00	= $715.37

DISBURSEMENTS.

907	Printing	Postage, etc.	Entertainment	Cigars	Tips	Guests	Misel.	
Oct.	$40.00	$	$	$ 8.00	$ 5.00	$ 9.75	$	
Nov.	29.16	1.00						
Dec.	8.25	26.73	15.00		6.00	2.15		
1908								
Jany.	17.25	2.00	15.00	24.00		15.00		
Feby.	69.21	.50	10.00					
March	45.50		45.00				7.00	
April	76.25	26.56						
May	63.25		18.50	16.00	10.00	9.00		
June	38.07	36.40						
Totals	*$386.94	$93.19	$103.50	$48.00	$21.00	$35.90	$7.00	= $695.53
						Balance on hand,	- - -	19.84
								$715.37

Unpaid bills on hand, about $18.00.

*From this amount $1.13 should be charged to postage, furnished by the printer.

Left, above: Chicago Rotary celebrates its 30th anniversary in 1935 with a special luncheon. Many dignitaries sat at the speaker's table, with Major John L. Griffith, president (seventh from left, top row), presiding.

Left, below: The club treasurer's report of 1907-08, when the unpaid bills just about equaled the balance on hand.

Above: 1959: Rotary works with crippled children in its Treatment Center. Kneeling, Larry Randall; left to right standing, Edward Menke, Jack Hayford, and Walter Kansteiner, Sr.

Below: Christmas, 1910: The first distribution of food and clothing by the Rotary Club of Chicago to families "back of the yards." In the picture, Paul P. Harris (third from left), John W. Marshall (fifth from left), and, following to the right, Alexander Dryburgh and Peter E. Powers; in front of the automobile, Bernard E. Arntzen, Harry L. Ruggles, President A. M. Ramsay, and Dr. Will R. Neff.

The Golden Anniversary dinner of Rotary International, held in the Sherman House in Chicago on February 23, 1955. The photograph shows only a small portion of the audience which overflowed the grand ballroom. Rotary International President Herbert J. Taylor presided, and guests included foreign ambassadors and consular representatives, past presidents

of Rotary International and the Rotary Club of Chicago, original 1905 members, and Rotary Foundation Fellows. Speeches were broadcast by the Voice of America. Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield presented to President Taylor an autographed sheet of the 50th Anniversary Rotary commemorative stamp placed on sale that morning by the Post Office.

THE CHICAGO MERIT AWARD
1931
HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST
BY A JURY COMPOSED OF THE PRESIDENTS OF LEADING BUSINESS, EDUCATIONAL AND CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS AND CITIZENS OF CHICAGO UNDER THE SPONSORSHIP OF THE
ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO
IS CONFERRED UPON
JULIUS ROSENWALD
FOR HIS PERSONAL INTEGRITY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF POWER IN THE SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL ORDER.
FOR HIS CONSTANT EFFORT IN THE CREATION OF OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL, REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED, COLOR, OR ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.
FOR HIS ENDOWMENTS AND PARTICIPATION IN SERVICE TO ALL IN FIELDS OF LOCAL AND NATIONAL EDUCATION, INCLUDING FARM COLONIZATION IN OPPRESSED REGIONS ABROAD, NEGRO SCHOOLS, HOUSING BETTERMENTS, HOSPITALS, UNIVERSITIES, AND THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.
FOR HIS FAITH IN THE PERMANENCE AND PROGRESS OF TRUTH TO INSPIRE MANKIND IN THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE HIGHEST IDEALS, AND THE MOST EFFECTIVE SERVICE TO SOCIETY.
HE WAS BORN IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, DURING THE PRESIDENCY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
FROM A MODEST BEGINNING HE ROSE BY HIS OWN EFFORTS TO BECOME A GREAT INDUSTRIAL LEADER, BELOVED OF ALL MANKIND. TO WHOM HE HAS DEDICATED HIS LIFE AND HIS FORTUNE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Plaque presented to Julius Rosenwald in 1931 for the Chicago Merit Award, given by Club Number One periodically for distinguished service.

Sir Harry Lauder, Rotarian (center), visits a special Thanksgiving luncheon in 1922. To the left of Sir Harry is Dr. David Kinley, president of the University of Illinois; to the right, Paul A. Westburg, president of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

SERVICE - HIGH ETHICAL STANDARDS - INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL - COOPERATION IN FELLOWSHIP
1905
CHICAGO
THE BIRTH OF ROTARY
IN 25 YEARS ROTARY 1930 HAS GIRDLED THE GLOBE

AN IDEA THAT HAS ROTATED AROUND THE WORLD

At Rotary's Silver Anniversary convention in Chicago in 1930, John T. McCutcheon, famed *Chicago Tribune* cartoonist, contributed this drawing to the special souvenir edition of the Daily Convention Bulletin. In twenty-five years Rotary had indeed "girdled the globe."

Richard Vernor (left), president of the Rotary Club of Chicago in 1935 and long-time treasurer of Rotary International, and "B.O." Jones, Mr. "Sunshine" Committee.

George C. Hager, president of the Rotary Club of Chicago 1932-33, and president of Rotary International 1938-39.

At a "Round Table" meeting in 1951, (left to right) Charles A. Schmitt, Ken Ruggles, Eldon Gleason, Harry Ruggles, Herb Angster, and Henry Hughes.

In a photograph taken in 1949 (left to right): Mrs. Silvester Schiele, wife of the first president of Club Number One; Robert C. Fletcher, 1905 member; Alfred J. Barboro, president; Max Goldenberg, 1905 member; and Mrs. Paul P. Harris, wife of the founder of Rotary.

Christmas, 1960: The Rotary "Song Birds," directed by Frank Bennett.

Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois visits Club Number One in 1962. Left, Yon Lum, member of the Chicago club; right, Fritz Liechty, president of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

The internationality of the Rotary movement is vividly symbolized by hundreds of banners presented to Chicago Rotary by clubs around the world.

Herbert J. Taylor, president of the Rotary Club of Chicago 1939-40, and president of Rotary International 1954-55.

Harry L. Ruggles, 1905 pioneer veteran member, fourth president of Club Number One, and for fifty-four years the club's song leader.

1964: The Yachting Fellowship of Rotarians promotes international friendship in a special event at the Chicago Yacht Club. Left to right: Robert Stuart, past commodore of both the Chicago Fleet and the International Fellowship; Mrs. Frantacci; Byron Stevens, commodore of the Chicago Fleet; Giuseppe Frantacci, president of the Rotary Club of Florence, Italy, and a member of the Royal Yacht Club of Italy; Mrs. Stevens. Not shown in the picture: twenty-five Rotarians and their wives from Florence, the president and board of directors of Rotary International, and about seventy-five Chicago Rotarians and their wives.

A typical luncheon meeting of Club Number One in the Shaw Room of the Sherman House, September, 1965 (just a corner of the room appears in this picture).

conference more than made up for it in the free-for-all and profitable discussions that occupied the time of the delegates.

Among the delegates at that first meeting was Richard E. Vernor, past-president of Chicago Rotary, who served in the capacity of "observer" for the Rotary International Aims and Objects Committee, who took some forty pages of notes, afterward printed and made available to the delegates and others interested.

The conference was voted a success by those present, and interest began to grow within the district. During the sixteen years that followed, eleven business relations conferences were held.

Past-president Vernor became the perennial presiding officer at these conferences, and it was largely due to his organizing ability and efforts that district interest was stimulated and the meetings became important forums for the exchange of views among Rotarian employers.

A most successful conference was held February 15, 1951, at Thorne Hall on Northwestern University's downtown campus. There were more than a hundred registrations from the district and from Club Number One. Speakers for the most part were drawn from the university's School of Commerce and from prominent Chicago business institutions.

Another very successful Joint District Vocational Service Conference of Districts 213 and 214 in northern Illinois was held in December, 1952, and attended by about 200 Rotarians from the two districts. It was written up favorably by the press and featured a number of outstanding speakers, including officials of a number of large, well-known companies, educators, and outstanding officers of labor unions. The theme was "Humanizing Business Relations." It was one of the highlights of Dick Vernor's many wonderful contributions to Rotary.

At this point it is advisable to study the progress—or lack of it—made by the Vocational Service Committee over the years.

Happily, we do so with ease by referring again to that study of the Rotary Club of Chicago made by the University of Chicago.

This study was the first survey ever made of Rotary aims and objects by an outside, unbiased, and authoritative group, employed by the Rotary Club of Chicago to conduct thoroughly independent and exhaustive research into the philosophy, objectives, and operation of the Chicago Club. The survey committee was composed of seven outstanding members of the various departments of the University of Chicago and the Public Administration Clearing House affiliate of the university: Louis Brownlow, Charles E. Merriam, Donald Slesinger, Carl F. Huth, Frank Bane, Frederick L. Schuman, and Charles S. Ascher.

The purposes of the study, agreed upon by the club and the survey committee, were as follows:

a) To investigate the history of the events and the philosophy of Rotary in so far as they thought necessary to understand present conditions and philosophies, but not to go deeper than that.
b) To make as thorough examination, as time and opportunity permitted, of the organization and structure of the organization, and into the Rotary contact and relations; and business, professional and personal relations of the members of Rotary Number One in so far as it was deemed necessary for a proper survey of the Club.
c) To suggest objectives, aims, and methods, but not to go far enough in that direction to preempt even inferentially the rights and responsibilities of present and future presidents, directors, and other officers of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

The study was the brain child of George Treadwell, then secretary of the club. (He was also the first secretary of the Rotary Club of Shanghai, China.) George had the vision and felt that Rotary's public relations would be helped by academic recognition. So the study was made and published in 1934, and

after stating the overall situation in business leadership as of that year, the report said:

> In summary, that many members of the Rotary Club of Chicago have no clear conception of what Vocational Service means.

This can be explained by referring to the transformation of original motives which took place in the early evolution of Rotary. With the substitution of service for profits as the expressed objective, nothing was more natural than that the club's vocational activities should henceforth be referred to as "Vocational Service." This situation called for immediate remedial action, if the idea of Vocational Service was to have any significance.

Remember, however, that the report was made as long ago as 1934, and at the instigation of the club itself. The members had sensed their need for an objective, unemotional study of their club, and now they had it. If the truth hurt, they had paid for it and there now remained only to accept it and begin corrective measures.

They began facing up. They admitted that "business leadership" and "vocational service" were, of themselves, empty phrases. The content put into each must reflect the needs of the business community at each particular period in time.

The criticism was fearless, but also constructive. It included specific recommendations of what Vocational Service should and *could* be. The 1934 report continued:

> It may be suggested that the primary need of the business community at the present time is business—and more business. In a period of deflation and depression, no executive can possibly justify to himself or to his vocation or to any worthy ideal of service, any degree of neglect in efforts to conserve markets and to enlarge business opportunities.

What the University experts were saying—in lay language—

was, "Stop moaning about the Depression, gentlemen; get out of your chairs and go drum up some sales." It was excellent counsel.

> The inhibitions of Rotarians about profits reflect no credit on Rotary. If the search for profits is "selfish" and unworthy, then all of American civilization and the entire social and economic order of the western world are selfish and unworthy, for they have been created by business profits, developed by profits, and preserved by profits.
>
> The time has perhaps come when Rotarians should take cognizance of the crying business needs of the epoch in which they live, and devote themselves openly and consciously, instead of furtively and secretly, to the promotion of business. The reconciliation of "profits" and "service" is, after all, the central problem of Rotary.
>
> But Rotary must devote itself to the promotion of "better business" in general, not by ballyhoo and obsolete "booster" tactics, but by the intelligent and systematic study of business problems. There can be no "Business Leadership" if there is no business.

That was speaking plainly. It was a shock to many readers at the time. It was, moreover, pure capitalistic dogma; a bold statement of industrial Americanism.

We can imagine how it caught the club members up short. Many of them, as millions of other Americans, had been moping around feeling sorry for themselves because of the stock market crash and its bruising effects. Now a coldly detached agency, hired by the Rotarians, had diagnosed their ills and given them a get-well prescription. Stop whining, start thinking, get out and get to work. Vocational service? Here was a superb manifestation of it, rendered by the club to itself.

That was not the sum of the prescription, not all of the recommended steps toward a vitalized Vocational Service endeavor. But it was the one most urgently needed at the moment. And accepting it smoothed the way for more inspirit-

ing steps to follow. Remember—that was in 1934, at the low ebb of American business, when we were just beginning to "have a bellyful" of fruitless floundering. We had been told as a nation that we had nothing to fear but fear itself. Common sense verified that great heartening proclamation, and so, somewhat in shame, we began rolling up our sleeves again. Members of the Rotary Club of Chicago firmed their chins, grinned at one another, and swallowed the prescribed medicine.

So, the higher conception of the "profit motive" was at last realized. Petty back-scratching had been recognized for what it was, and in abandoning it the men had almost gone to another extreme. Then an overwhelming national depression had further confused them. Now their own purchased analysis had set them straight again. Profits and service *were* compatible. The Rotarians would therefore go forth and work hard and make money earnestly and honestly, meanwhile determinedly showing other men of good will how to do the same thing. It was a magnificent moment in the club's history.

There was no instantaneous leap to perfection. But the plain old horse sense of the matter rapidly won converts. National, state, and city governments, trade associations, labor unions, banks, chambers of commerce—all gave their tacit approval. "Somewhere before October, 1929, we missed the right road in business," they confessed. "This new turn shows better promise." Vocational service was getting down to brass tacks at last.

It has continued so, with admirable persistence, during the ensuing three decades. By upgrading its code of operation, by constantly reminding members of their high ideals, the Rotary Club of Chicago has profited by the criticisms given it back in 1934, and it has corrected most of the ills.

Today the responsibility is left to each member to make the principles of vocational service the basis for conducting his business, for his relationship to his trade associations, and for

the more personal concerns of his daily life. No "preaching" is done, ever; no moralizing. None is needed.

"Ethical conduct in business, or in one's profession, or in the relationships of his daily life, is a by-product of character," one distinguished member told his club recently. "It needs no set rules for guidance."

Exemplary conduct in business has long been a primary requisite for membership in this club. So the club leaves it to the individual's discretion to decide how vocational service can best be applied, how its principles can best be spread through his sphere of influence. Thus the magazine publisher quietly develops a "mood" for his journals, the book publisher a level for his volumes. The trade association executive finds a rewarding way of upgrading his work, as does the educator with his schools, the attorney with his cases, the physician with his patients. "The service club *organizes the good intentions of good men*" is indeed a truism and is verified again here.

Indoctrination and guidance by the Vocational Service Committee of the Rotary Club of Chicago now begins even before a man joins the club. He hears, or overhears, some of the basic ideals. When invited to join he must complete an extensive questionnaire, and this probes his conscience, stimulates his thinking; the Admissions Committee is a very forceful one. Then the Rotary Interpretation Committee takes him in hand, and before he fully realizes it, he is being exposed to aims and objects that amount to the highest form of vocational service he could receive. All this subtle work is grouped under the club's far-reaching Vocational Service Division, supervised by one of its four vice-presidents.

The Industries Committee of the club is constantly seeking by classification analysis and careful selection to develop and maintain *leadership* material, take-charge types who will get things done. Not long ago the president of Rotary International, a

man from India, asked the Chicago club to start a special vocational service clinic. Then the Indian was astounded.

"Not tomorrow or next week or next month," he relates, "but immediately, things happened. The Rotary Club of Chicago president, well informed about his members' capabilities, picked up the telephone. He called a golf course, sent a courier out to one of the players, who left his game then and there, came into town, and went to work! Three months later the requested clinic was ready and Larry Randall, a former vice-president of the Chicago club, had packed his bags. It was unbelievable, but true, and I am immensely proud."

Larry Randall and his wife spent several months in the Orient conducting these business clinics in the Philippines, Japan, and India. They were well received and appreciated by the Rotarians and other people in these countries, and their "around the clock" activities and sincere application of the "service above self" attitude made many new friends for Rotary and brought the Rotary Club of Chicago in direct favorable contact with these distant clubs. The club paid the travel expenses of the Randalls, and Larry contributed some three months of his valuable time to this constructive program.

Another outstanding personality has said that "Rotary attracts successful men, and makes successful men out of mediocre ones." He was correct; the club was developed to gather men with talent to lead.

But the emphasis has been on personal character, not on mere dictatorial instincts, and this is the grand field of vocational service: a steadying influence, a continual education, and encouragement for the inner man. Thus it can be said that the club does not merely inculcate and inspire, it *induces* its members to think and act in terms of effective idealism and leadership. Then, by extension, it also trains thousands who will never belong to any service club; the influence is not "exclusive."

This broad and heartening service is never in conflict with "good business"; rather does it tend to make bad business good. A renowned executive, member of the business ethics and advisory council of the United States Department of Commerce, phrased it this way: "The basic rules of ethics in business do not differ at all from the standards we expect in ethical behavior between one person and another."

This has become the theme of the 1960's, in vocational service rendered by the Rotary Club of Chicago.

Sixteen

THE CODE OF ETHICS

It is now apparent that "Vocational Service" as envisioned, developed, and dramatized by the Rotary Club of Chicago has implications that are spiritual. Inherent in it are broad demands on character. It would have been in keeping with so-called human nature, therefore, if there had been a tacit freeze-up against it. "Command and force may often create, but can never cure an aversion," Locke told us years ago. So why didn't those confident, self-reliant men of Rotary rebel?

The answer is clear—*there was no force.*

The command for grandeur came not from some vague outside power touched with sanctimony, but from those very same men; they were disciplining themselves. Their understanding, their appreciative instincts, have been evidenced in many ways. So has the gratitude of outsiders whom the club has helped.

In the club headquarters at the Sherman House is a beautiful banner. It is approximately three by four feet in size, made of heavy white silk with gold embroidery. This was a gift from the Rotary Club of Tokyo and has far more than casual significance. Embossed on it, in exquisite Japanese characters done by hand, is a statement, a guide, a solemn promise, a summary of good intentions and determination, probably the most important code of conduct for businessmen ever recorded.

The gift came to them in 1926, and nothing that the Chicago

Rotarians own is more treasured. For one thing, it bespeaks the universality of good character in men, or at least of their yearning for it. But it has also become the guide for this club's vocational service outreach.

The words of it were first printed in the membership roster in 1917. We remember, however, that problems of immaturity and indirection beset the young club, not to mention a World War and other distractions, national and local. So the power of the printed code was not fully appreciated at the moment. Its worth was sensed, but the club's vocational service program was just emerging.

The code's importance in later years, however, has been so profound that the story behind it becomes fascinating. The expressed interest usually starts with a question—what have we that is comparable? Let a ten-year-old girl suggest an answer. Her father, a Rotarian, had a framed copy of that code hanging on the wall of his den at home, and she asked him to explain it.

"It's a sort of statement of the way we do things," said he, lamely.

"Then you mean it's like the Constitution of the United States, daddy? It keeps you out of trouble."

That was trenchant summary. Rotary not only has a "platform" and "objectives" and slogans, it has a statement setting forth precisely how the individual Rotarian should put precept into practice, it has a guard against carelessness and indifference; in short, a constitution.

People also ask, exactly how do men evolve such priceless statements of principles?

They come only from the depths of experience, observation, and study, even though the actual phraseology may seem to spring from an inspiration of the moment. We could trace the Rotary Code of Ethics back to the childhood of Paul Harris—remember how the grandparents who reared him had been *lifters* rather than leaners? Inevitably he was indoctrinated with high

ideals there. He gathered men of similar bent and launched his club, and that basis of selection held through the decades. In such men, "do-goodism" always is controlled by common sense and logic, so that there is no sanctimony, no uncontrolled sentimentality.

Thus, by the time of the fourth annual convention of Rotary International, held in Buffalo in 1913, high-minded thinking had come to dominate. That one was called the "Convention of Inspiration" and became historic. The keynote speech was made by Allen D. Albert of Minneapolis,* and some of his words burned themselves indelibly on the men's consciousness:

> An attempt to limit the trade of Rotarians by artificial restriction to other Rotarians is an attempt to compound selfishness. Individual selfishness is wretched enough; organized selfishness is utterly repugnant to every impulse in Rotary. . . .
>
> The upbuilding of efficiency and the reinforcement of character—this is at once the true meaning and the true purpose of Rotary.

Although that outspoken doctrine came from a dedicated man in another city, it coincided almost exactly with what Chicago Rotarians were already telling themselves. It verified and strengthened their own thinking.

Dr. Albert was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause, then sat down to an ovation. His address also had set many astute men to thinking. They agreed with his principles, but they told the convention that something more than high-sounding generalities was needed. There must be a statement setting forth precisely how the individual Rotarian should put precept into practice. And so before the convention ended, a commission had been appointed to compose a specific "code of ethics" and have it ready for presentation at the next convention to be held in Houston a year later.

* Later, Dr. Albert moved to the big lake shore city and was a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago until his death, July 1, 1964.

The newly appointed commission chairman, Robert W. Hunt, of Sioux City, Iowa, invited suggestions from Rotarians far and wide as to what should be embodied into a code for businessmen. Hundreds of replies were received. It seemed that everyone had a different idea. Time passed quickly, the chairman changed position and moved to another city. In desperation—for only a few weeks remained to do the actual writing—he turned the job with the great mass of correspondence over to J. R. Perkins, a Sioux City minister and a member of that club.

Perkins called together a few close friends and they went to work. From the great stack of correspondence they wrote a first draft of about 5,000 words. This manuscript they carried with them when they boarded the train for Houston. Their Iowa coach was attached to the Chicago convention special at Kansas City, and it happened that they met a tall, broad-shouldered, smiling member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, named Herbert C. Angster.

"Hey, you fellows, I've got an idea," said Angster. "Come on back with me to my drawing room. I think I can help you."

This was indeed a perfect set-up. They accepted the offer of the room with gratitude. They discarded coats and ties, rolled up their sleeves, sat around a table, let the sweat roll—and began to rewrite their long manuscript.

They wrote on the backs of used envelopes, on note pads, on whatever scraps of paper they could find. For their final version, somebody found seven fairly clean sheets of railroad stationery. The prologue, brilliantly done, was largely the work of a member of the group named John Knutson, although James Pinkham had laid down the basic idea. The final paragraph, Number 11, was actually composed in German, because its writer was more fluent in that, his native tongue.

The original group of Sioux City Rotarians whom Perkins had called upon for help in writing the first draft as well as the final version of the Rotary Code of Ethics included Dr. Frank

Murphy, August Williges, John Knutson, James Whittimore, and Thomas Hutton.

Here certainly was a perfect example of the committee system at work. Inefficient, yes, as modern "experts" measure efficiency; characterized by fits and starts, by indirectness and limited skill, yet somehow ending in a smoothly done job. The convention special was click-clacking along the rails in the Houston suburbs before the men could hold their "finished" manuscript and read it aloud to Herbert Angster.

"It's good," big Herb ruled sagely. "I like it, and my club in Chicago will like it, and all the convention delegates will like it. You can be proud."

Herb edged them out of his drawing room, went on to the convention, and heard his prediction verified. That 1914 assembly of delegates thought the proposed Rotary Code of Ethics was perfect. It had been cut from 5,000 to about 500 words—a monumental job of condensation.

The delegates at Houston ordered the short code sent to all Rotarians everywhere for study. A year later at San Francisco the convention delegates made the code official, adopting it almost word for word as scribbled there in sweat and swelter on the Houston train.

For the next four decades that Rotary Code of Ethics was the guiding light of the organization. It was translated into many languages, including Japanese and Chinese, and still hangs on office walls of Rotarians around the world, by the thousands.

Actual dissemination of it was discontinued by the International board of directors in 1952 but, like the Constitution of the United States, it is still operative, still in force, still *there* for reference and use as need arises. Many new Rotarians virtually memorize it. Older Rotarians unconsciously lean on it. Since they first printed it in their membership roster in 1917, men in the Rotary Club of Chicago have continued to give it an honored place there.

The Chicago men realize how closely that code is allied to their remarkable, unmatched Vocational Service program, for here truly is its spiritual undergirding. But neither they nor many of the thousands of other Rotarians around the world realize the depth of effort that went into composing it. The impact of that code has been immeasurable. Said one distinguished outsider, "It bestowed the badge of nobility on the men who subscribe to it."

Here are the words, as printed in the membership roster of the Rotary Club of Chicago:

The Rotary Code of Ethics
FOR BUSINESSMEN

Adopted by the Sixth Annual Convention of the International Association of Rotary Clubs at San Francisco, July 19-23, 1915

My business standards shall have in them a note of sympathy for our common humanity. My business dealings, ambitions, and relations shall always cause me to take into consideration my highest duties as a member of society. In every position in business life, in every responsibility that comes before me, my chief thought shall be to fill that responsibility and discharge that duty so that when I have ended each of them, I shall have lifted the level of human ideals and achievements a little higher than I found them. In view of this, it is my duty as a Rotarian,—

THE CODE

FIRST: To consider my vocation worthy, and as affording me distinct opportunity to serve society.

SECOND: To improve myself, increase my efficiency, and enlarge my service, and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principle of Rotary, that he profits most who serves best.

THIRD: To realize that I am a businessman and ambitious to succeed; but that I am first an ethical man and wish no success that is not founded on the highest justice and morality.

FOURTH: To hold that the exchange of my goods, my service, and my ideas for profit is legitimate and ethical, provided that all parties in the exchange are benefited thereby.

FIFTH: To use my best endeavors to elevate the standards of the vocation in which I am engaged, and so to conduct my affairs that others in my vocation may find it wise, profitable, and conducive to happiness to emulate my example.

SIXTH: To conduct my business in such a manner that I may give a perfect service equal to or even better than my competitor, and when in doubt to give added service beyond the strict measure of debt or obligation.

SEVENTH: To understand that one of the greatest assets of a professional or of a businessman is his friends, and that any advantage gained by reason of friendship is eminently ethical and proper.

EIGHTH: To hold that true friends demand nothing of one another, and that any abuse of the confidences of friendship for profit is foreign to the spirit of Rotary, and in violation of its Code of Ethics.

NINTH: To consider no personal success legitimate or ethical which is secured by taking unfair advantage of certain opportunities in the social order that are absolutely denied others, nor will I take advantage of opportunities to achieve material success that others will not take because of the questionable morality involved.

TENTH: To be not more obligated to a Brother Rotarian than I am to every other man in human society; because the genius of Rotary is not in its competition, but in its cooperation; for provincialism can never have a place in an institution like Rotary, and Rotarians assert that Human Rights are not confined to Rotary Clubs, but are as deep and broad as the race itself; and for these high purposes does Rotary exist to educate all men and all institutions.

ELEVENTH: Finally, believing in the universality of the Golden Rule, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them, we contend that Society best holds together when equal opportunity is accorded all men in the natural resources of this planet.

As time passed, that beautifully phrased code served admirably as a written "constitution," a thing to refer to in committee sessions and when indoctrinating new club members. But gradually it became apparent that the men also needed a capsule

version; a sharply stated, easily memorized summation which could pinpoint their thinking instantaneously day or night.

They got one.

It is not, in point of fact, a "code" at all, not as detailed or comprehensive as the formal statement above, nor should it be considered as a substitute for it. Yet it is perhaps more usable, more practical.

It was not an ordered thing, done by some new committee again laboring with pen in hand. It was a happen-so, a one-man job. Possibly it was a result of his unconscious indoctrination and spiritual growth through Rotary. Almost certainly he had been influenced by the expanding committee work done in the Rotary Club of Chicago, to which he belonged. He saw the rise in Vocational Service; the heartwarming results with crippled children; the Youth Development program; the all-out effort during World War I. He could hardly have avoided being influenced for good.

His story is on record, but with the changing personnel of the club many of its members and most outsiders have never heard it. The man's name is Herbert J. Taylor, and in 1931 his classification with Rotary was "packaged groceries; house-to-house sales." It had been a rewarding occupation. But that year Herb did a strange thing. He gave up his job to become president of a bankrupt company that was deeply in debt! The company was Club Aluminum. Its 250 employees would lose their jobs if its operations ceased.

Herb now took what to him was the logical course, although a lesser man would have been dismayed. Let him tell it, in his own words written down at the time:

> To win our way out of this situation, I reasoned, we must be morally and ethically strong. I knew that in right there was might. I felt that if we could get our employees to think right, they would do right. We needed some sort of ethical yardstick that everybody in the company could memorize and apply to what we thought, said, and did in our relations with others.

> So one morning I leaned over on my desk, rested my head in my hands. In a few moments I reached for a white paper card and wrote down that which had come to me—in twenty-four words.

Herbert Taylor became president of his club for the year 1939-1940 and was president of Rotary International in 1954-1955. As the years passed he was more and more astonished to see his twenty-four words take hold and work like magic around the world. Look at a typical instance:

In the ancient city of Hyderabad, India, a young college student, S. Krishnamurthy, had reached the absolute low point of his life and career. He had brought disgrace upon his parents, who renounced him. He had failed in his studies. He was in a gang of ruffians, had even attacked a professor by setting fire to his clothing. Then, when he stood before the dean of Badruka College of Commerce, he received the surprise of his life. The dean, knowing the young man's record, might have greeted him with a cold stare and condemned him. Instead, the dean calmly took a card out of his pocket and handed it to the youth.

"Read it carefully and meditate on it," he suggested. "Then come back tomorrow for admission to the college."

The astonished student went his way, and next day did return.

"What did you think of the message on the card?" the dean asked.

The boy had a new look. "Very meaningful, sir," said he, quietly.

He glanced around the room. Displayed on the wall was a scroll bearing the same twenty-four words. On the dean's desk was a small framed copy. Later he found them displayed in the assembly hall, and printed on the notebooks supplied by the college cooperative society. They seemed to be related in some way to every college activity.

Moreover, they had seemed to etch themselves somehow on his own consciousness, to permeate and control his thinking, changing his hitherto rebellious attitude. He was walking across

the campus one day when he took the dean's card out of his pocket and showed it to a friend.

"Imagine!" he exclaimed. "This was started by an American businessman in 1931. A fellow in Chicago, trying to reclaim a bankrupt business. He said they were inspired words."

The two boys, heads close, reread the card:

1. Is it the *truth?*
2. Is it *fair* to all concerned?
3. Will it build *good will* and *better friendships?*
4. Will it be *beneficial* to all concerned?

They were not commandments. They were not an admonishment of any kind. They were, rather, simple but searching questions which allowed the reader to find his own answers. This basic psychology was the secret of their "magic"; nobody was dictating, but each reader was shown how to work out his personal destiny.

The six key words of the twenty-four had been italicized. Thus they were further impressed on the mind. *Truth. Fair. Goodwill. Better friendships. Beneficial.* Even a limited brain could retain them. And not even a hardened brain could escape their power. Unconsciously they became a check list for personal thinking and conduct. On the very same day that Herbert Taylor had first inscribed them, he used them in a specific way. The proofsheet of a company advertisement came to his desk. It extolled the aluminum company's product as "the greatest cooking ware in the world."

"We can't prove that," said Herb. "It may not be true."

He called in the advertising manager, and together they began to delete all superlatives. And from then on they stopped using such words as "better" and "best" and "finest." They simply stated the facts about the product.

Two months passed and his bankrupt company seemed to be gaining once more. So Herb called in four of his department

heads. One was a Roman Catholic, one an orthodox Jew, one a Christian Scientist, the fourth a Presbyterian. He showed them his twenty-four words.

"Is this questionnaire in any way contrary to the principles of your faith?" he asked each in turn.

Each replied "No." Furthermore, each agreed to memorize and apply the questions, then asked every worker in his department to do the same. "It's a simple Four-Way Test," one man explained, quietly, "for any man to take as need arises."

There was no fanfare, no melodrama. The workers took the printed words and studied them. Their very simplicity was effective and appealing; they were a common man's working creed.

The company had just given a big order to a printer on the basis of a surprisingly low bid. After the work had been delivered the printer discovered that he had made an error of $500 in his estimate. Thus he expected to take a substantial loss. But he asked the company if it would be willing to absorb a portion of it.

Legally, and in accord with common practice, the company could have ignored his appeal and accepted the error as its gain. Club Aluminum was still deeply in debt, and every penny counted.

"The printer should take the loss," one executive said. "We acted in good faith, it's not our burden."

"But that doesn't agree with Number 2 of the Test," said another executive. *"Is it fair to all concerned?"*

A moment of silence followed. Then the first executive moved that the company pay all the $500, and this was done.

Club Aluminum business continued to improve. At the end of five years its indebtedness had been paid in full with interest. Fifteen years later it had distributed large dividends to stockholders. The president's Four-Way Test was more than idealistic, it was eminently practical as well.

The Rotary Club of Chicago first heard of that Four-Way

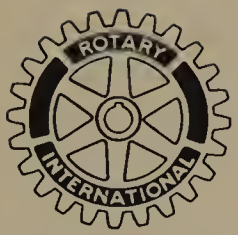
Test in 1939, when Herbert Taylor spoke to another group in Chicago. By chance two members of Rotary were guests and heard him tell the story of Club Aluminum. Glowing, they brought it back to Rotary and told it there.

"This can be revolutionary," said one, earnestly, he himself president of an influential salesmanship school. "For many years America has been living in the hardest kind of business competition. Mostly it has been dog-eat-dog and let the buyer beware, of big-business mergers and monopolistic trusts which jacked up prices. But just look at what this Four-Way Test has done! I've been investigating it thoroughly. It is being applied, with startling results, to social and political problems, and to all other relationships which influence people's lives. We can't ignore this!"

His enthusiasm was contagious and spread through the club membership. The twenty-four words were printed, repeated, studied, talked about, offered to other men outside the club. "They are not just aphorisms," one Rotarian said, at a committee session, "they are meaningful and usable."

That was the consensus concerning them. Men began to print them on their stationery, hang them in their offices, take them home for wives and children to see. It was no noisy "campaign," just a quiet appeal which has continued to grow.

Rotary International endorsed the test and soon it was in use across the continent, then around the world. Men everywhere recognized it not as something "exclusive" or for the privileged; it is a test literally for every person who will give it to himself.



Seventeen

MOBILIZING THE CREED

By the time Kaiser Wilhelm decided he was ordained to rule the earth and set out to prove it, the Rotary Club of Chicago had reached its collective maturity. This meant, simply, that the club disagreed with the Kaiser. The United States declared war on Germany April 6, 1917. At the next meeting of the club no other topic was admissible. "Unto death itself," the Rotarians pledged their devotion.

When the emotion had subsided, the club's first War Services Committee was appointed. Dr. Allen D. Albert was chairman. He had just stepped down from the presidency of the new International Association of Rotary Clubs and was famous far and wide for his speaking ability. He served briefly, organized the committee, then for personal reasons turned the chairmanship over to C. W. Smith. Other members of that original committee were the new club president Charles J. Becker, the outgoing president Harry A. Wilkie, Paul Harris, and Chesley R. Perry. Thus the foremost leaders of the club were drafted.

The committee soon felt insufficient, and so these men became the nucleus of a much larger committee, with many subcommittees, which held jurisdiction over extensive activities involving the club and the U.S. armed services.

They, like all the nation, suffered a kind of semi-hysteria, born not of fear but of indignation and eagerness. Decent people of

all continents had felt that "civilization" itself was matured. Especially we Americans had thought that the Spanish-American episode—hardly a real "war"—was the last dying gasp of Mars. Civil strife of the 1860's had proved the horror and fallacy of shooting as a way to resolve disagreements. The Victorian era had pointed our ideals high, even though sometimes too strictly. The upsurge of science, industry, and commerce, the abiding prosperity and good will toward men, all had made the first sixteen years of the century a happy time. But behind our backs in Europe an insidious evil had arisen.

Those who could left the club membership to don uniforms and march into active combat. Those who remained firmed their lips and set out to support the cause. This was genuine patriotism of the old tried-and-true type. "Unto death if necessary," the Rotarians repeated their pledge, and some did indeed make that ultimate sacrifice. Others left the club to volunteer their special talents in Washington, and they served there with distinction.

On the home front, Chicago was a pivotal point as always. Among the first club efforts was the development of the "U.S. Boys' Working Reserve." Suddenly the nation faced a scarcity of food, and the situation threatened to get worse. A member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Howard H. Gross, originated a good idea. Howard was president of the Universal Military Training League, and one day he said to his club colleagues, "See here, I know for a fact that city boys are as anxious to whip the Kaiser as city men are. But they want to do something beside drill with wooden guns and play at war. They want to work at something concrete, useful. Many are soft of muscle, but they could harden up by swinging a hoe, and our farmers are critically shorthanded. Doesn't it make sense to get the two groups together?"

He waited a moment, then answered his own question, "Of course it does."

Within twenty-four hours, backed by his fellow Rotarians, he

had "sold" the idea to the Chicago Board of Education, which in turn quickly authorized release of high school boys to work on farms in Illinois. Howard Gross immediately tapped his Rotarian friends for $2,000 in expense money and turned over the details to be worked out by two other Chicago Rotarians, Harry A. Wilkie and Charles J. Becker.

Howard then went to his office and sent telegrams to forty cities urging their acceptance of the same idea. Almost half of them immediately took steps to put the plan into operation in their areas, and others joined in a few days. Within the month, the youth-farm plan had become nationwide.

The Rotary Club of Chicago plunged full force into guiding the Illinois effort. Later a high-ranking federal official said that the organization in Illinois had accomplished more practical work in raising food than any six eastern states combined, and had performed the work without any state appropriation.

Though gratified, of course, the club was astonished by its own power, its potential for leadership and accomplishment. This extended—to give a typical example—as far as Seattle. There the mayor of the city, learning of Chicago's successs, asked his local Rotary Club to follow Chicago's example, which it did. Guidance was furnished across the nation.

While that effort with the high school boys was being developed, other members of the Rotary Club of Chicago found an even more glamorous way to help disillusion the Kaiser. This was in the summer of 1917. A club member named A. M. Briggs, president of a poster advertising firm, quietly assembled a picked half-dozen or so of his fellow Rotarians and said to them, "I have an important plan to lay before you. But first I want your pledge of absolute secrecy."

They agreed, and for an hour he talked and they talked. At the end, Briggs said he would go at once before the Rotary International Board of Directors, through the International secretary, who happened to be Ches Perry of this same club.

Ches, also sworn to secrecy, agreed wholeheartedly with the committee's plan, rushed it before the board, and got its approval. Then Briggs headed for the White House.

President Woodrow Wilson listened attentively and said, "Thank you for coming. Please do all you can to expedite this. I deeply appreciate the interest shown by your Rotary Club."

Without waiting through the travel time to get back to Chicago, Briggs telegraphed Perry the encouraging news. Perry instantly selected twelve men from Chicago Rotary and called them into private session that same day. They met in the office of William E. Kier, at 538 South Clark Street. President Wilson also had been active, and so the federal government was represented at this meeting by Hinton G. Clabaugh, division superintendent in Chicago of the Department of Justice. Ches Perry laid the secret plan before this group. Discussion was brief, pointed, positive; the vote to move into the matter quickly was unanimous.

Before midnight that same day telegrams had been sent to the Rotary Clubs in all the larger American cities. Within thirty-six hours, more than 200 very special organizations were in operation. Many Chicago Rotarians served as officers and privates in this national chain, which fast developed great loyalty and power for wartime service.

These men, moving so swiftly and secretly, had organized the American Protective League. Its purpose? Listen to Ches Perry as he outlined it in that first meeting of the twelve committeemen:

> Gentlemen, America is endangered not only on the battlefields of Europe, but right here in her own home society. We are constantly being told untruths by irresponsible, subversive agents of Germany. Even worse, similar agents are engaged in costly sabotage, striking at our munitions plants, our factories and industry in many ways. The people at large are being misled and endangered, all of it a part of a diabolical plan. We must organ-

ize a counterattack to expose and stop these practices wherever possible.

He was right, of course. Older Americans today well remember the German propagandists. The very word propaganda had barely been in our language prior to 1914. Then, suddenly aware of it, the people were both alarmed and confused. Suddenly everybody who even had a hint of German accent in his voice was suspected, so sensitive were our patriotic nerves. Three loyal Chicago-born citizens of German blood were in a rathskeller one evening enjoying steins of beer. They broke into song—*Ach, du lieber Augustin*—just relaxing from a hard day's labor. Instantly, some "patriots" attacked them. One was knocked unconscious, another suffered a broken rib. The third, at police headquarters later, explained that all three were loyal Americans, laborers in the packing plants. They were not punished, but they became social pariahs, and even their children at school were shunned by other children.

Rotary's new American Protective League was organized to help our own people combat such tragic errors, while still tracking down genuinely subversive efforts.

The League was singularly successful, although it had its problems. From the very beginning, the U.S. Treasury Department was opposed to it. The Department Secretary, William G. McAdoo, openly "resented the fact that members of the American Protective League were entitled to wear a badge with the legend 'Secret Service Division.'" Attorney General Thomas W. Gregory backed the League. The controversy ended only when the war did and the League was disbanded.

Meanwhile the League leaders across America, most of whom also were Rotary Club leaders, went quietly and forcefully ahead with their work. Subsequent appraisal, extending even to now, showed their work to have been beyond reproach; they had faced up to an unseen enemy with which the government itself was ill prepared to cope.

Such cloak-and-dagger efforts were dramatic in sending the Kaiser to his woodpile (he sawed wood in isolation during his last years). But they were perhaps no more valuable than the less glamorous services. For instance, members of the Rotary Club of Chicago subscribed $1,600,000 in bonds during the first Liberty Loan drive, $2,432,000 in the second, and $3,476,000 in the third.

When a munitions ship exploded in Halifax harbor, killing 1,600 and injuring hundreds more, the club quickly helped raise $130,000, thus making Chicago one of the first cities responding to the call for relief.

The U.S. Marines staged a six-week recruiting drive in Chicago. Rotary Club Number One cooperated by furnishing the Marine Corps offices with typewriters and several stenographers.

The club prepared and financed an exhibit illustrating Rotary services being given to soldiers at Camp Grant and sailors at Great Lakes, for showing at the 1918 Rotary International convention in Kansas City.

When the Illinois Reserve Militia was increased in size, many members of the club voluntered and served as officers in the new regiments. A transport unit was organized later, composed entirely of Chicago Rotarians using their own automobiles and trucks as needed by the regiment.

The Red Cross drive found the club enrolled 100 per cent. One group of club members raised more than $1,000 to purchase "smokes" for servicemen. A club committee raised $50,000 for a "Smileage Book" campaign in behalf of the War Recreation Fund, which was headed by a Rotarian. Then $7,000 was raised to help build and stock libraries in the training camps.

During those exciting war years, manpower was a major problem everywhere. So the Rotary Club of Chicago, in July, 1918, instituted self-serve luncheons. Each member carried his own tray and enjoyed it. Waiters could thus be released for more critically needed work. And it is of passing interest now to note that the Sherman House in 1918 found it necessary to

raise the luncheon charge from 60 to 65 cents! "Inflation is threatening our whole economic system!" one good Rotarian lamented. (As this book goes to press, the Sherman House charges the same club $3.50 for its luncheons. All goes to the hotel, none to the club. And yes—"Inflation is threatening our whole economic system!" a good Rotarian told his club this year.)

Suddenly, in October, 1918, a strange illness struck America; "Spanish influenza" (because Spanish sailors allegedly brought it here) or plain "flu," as people called it. We were not prepared to cope with it, had no knowledge of its virulence, no specifics, no antibiotics or other so-called miracle drugs. Soldiers and civilians alike were stricken. People suffered and died by the thousands. In short, it was a critical emergency, made more so by war, even though we were winning.

Into that new home-front war the Rotarians of Chicago plunged full force again, helping one another as needed, trying to allay the fears of citizens everywhere, working to contain the disease and stop its spread. The club's own weekly meetings were abruptly discontinued; only the most necessary committee gatherings were permitted. Members were advised through their *Weekly Yell* (the predecessor of the *Gyrator*) to take every precaution and to report all cases of family illness to club officers.

Happily, this restriction lasted only three weeks, after which the club was again meeting—and singing, going about its business with determination. Armistice Day was in sight, even though the precise date wasn't known. News of ultimate successs was flashed to Chicago at 2:00 A.M., November 11, and Rotarians, along with everybody else in America, went wild. They had won the war that would end wars forever.

Three nights later the club enjoyed its Grand Victory Vaudeville and Dinner in the Florentine Room of the Congress Hotel, the largest meeting it had ever held. More than 350 members and their ladies were present. Dr. Will Neff provided paper hats,

noisemakers, streamers. Harry Ruggles stood on a table, lifted his arms, smiled, and shouted, "EVERYBODY SING!"

The war was over, but not the work of the club's War Service Committee. Soldier homecomings and demobilization would require its help. Victory parades were to be organized. When Batteries E and F of the 333rd Field Artillery returned from France and paraded down Michigan Avenue, all Chicago turned out. This was the beloved "Blackhawk Troop" of warriors. At noon they were released and according to plan went at once to the Sherman House where they were luncheon guests of the Rotary Club of Chicago. Exactly 430 men lunched, joined in the songs with their hosts, then marched to the Garrick Theater, as guests of the management, to see a performance of "Business Before Pleasure," a further courtesy arranged by the Rotarians.

This sort of thing went on for weeks. Our Boys could do no wrong; and not enough could be done for them. One major service of the club committee was helping them readjust to civilian society by finding them jobs as needed.

Some heartaches accrued; a few of the Rotarians themselves had been wounded and three still sleep figuratively under the poppies in Flanders Fields. They are Capt. Andrew J. Lowndes, Lt. Douglas Wray, Jr., and D. E. Whipple. Seventeen more were serving in assorted branches of the service. Go northward on Chicago's famed Outer Drive along the lake front today, and just north of the old Daily News convalescent pavilion you'll see a beautiful grove of trees. They were planted in 1920 by the Rotary Club of Chicago in honor of its members who had worn military uniforms.

Sadly, of course, that was *not* the war to end wars, and may God forgive mankind for failing to make it so. When we had to go back to Europe and fight the Germans again, the Rotary Club of Chicago girded its loins and served abroad and at home, as before.

By chance, the regular meeting day of the club fell on Tuesday,

December 9, 1941. Two days before, the nation had received an electric shock. The unexpected, the unbelievable, had actually happened. So the meeting that noon in the Morrison Hotel lacked the carefree touch that song leader Harry Ruggles had long injected. There was no singing, banter, or small talk of any kind. Men greeted one another with somber faces. Our prototypical Rotarian, John Joseph Manley, knew what had to be done, and he wasn't sure it could be. He knew that Japan had caught us with our guard down; we were flat on our back, and it was a grave question whether we could rise again.

The club's Board of Directors had been in session all morning. Now they suddenly appeared at the entrance to the dining room. There had been a club Committee on National Defense and it had met with the Board; so its members walked in with the directors. Now they were reintroduced as the new War Activities Committee. And it had already begun to take action.

Its first move, that very morning, had been to telegraph President Franklin Roosevelt, pledging "the full collective and individual support of the Rotary Club of Chicago in the speedy and successful prosecution of the war which has so suddenly and treacherously darkened our horizon."

The club members had been arguing about the New Deal, about isolationism and intervention, about this and that in the national scene. Now all such was forgotten; a new unanimity was shown, hand to hand. The program speaker that day was Professor William M. McGovern of Northwestern University, an authority on Japan. He rose to new heights, indoctrinating his listeners on enemy mores and manners, preparing them for the struggle that lay ahead.

This was followed immediately by an intensive reorganization of all club committees, many functions being merged with the new Committee on War Activities. Immediate steps were taken to increase war production through the improvement of employee morale, and this rapidly became one of the club's major

efforts. A survey of forty leading industrial plants was made, and from the findings a master plan was evolved for boosting morale throughout the Chicago area.

At Christmas in that year of 1941 the Rotary Club of Chicago distributed 36,000 separate articles to needy persons, including 1,500 poor tenement families.

The club "adopted" the 750 enlisted men aboard the 10,000-ton cruiser *USS Chicago*. This went far beyond the routine distribution of free cigarettes, candy bars, and knickknacks, to include hundreds of individual services to the men, as required.

A simulated air raid touched off the civilian defense machinery in Chicago. It was initiated by the Rotary committeemen, who secured the help of city officials, newspapers, and other agencies. It amounted to a dramatic dress rehearsal of what could be done.

Financiers in the club directorate and membership at large became aware of the need for government economy in non-war expenditures. So the War Activities Committee prepared a strong recommendation which the club adopted. It was mailed to the Taxpayers Federation of Illinois and its affiliated groups, and it became a force in reducing unnecessary expenditures.

The club gave all-out moral support to its president, Victor C. P. Dreiske, in his personally directed drive, which in one month added more than 10,000 Navy recruits to the 9th Naval District. Many individual members of the club served as "salesmen"—filling hard speaking schedules to promote the sale of Defense Bonds, helping citizens adjust to blackouts and air raid warnings, showing the necessity of ration books, censorship, and other restrictive measures. The term "United Nations" was being born, referring to America and our allies, so the club staged a "United Nations Day" program. The United Service Organizations, Inc., had been established, and now received active support from both the men and women of the Rotary Club of Chicago. One member of the club, Col. Frank Knox, a

newspaper publisher, joined President Roosevelt's cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, and served with distinction.

These are but a representative few of the almost endless services rendered during wartime, both by the membership at large and by individuals. Many expressions of gratitude have been made. But the club itself is most proud of the twenty-two members of its World War II Honor Roll—Army, Navy, and Air Force members who went forth to challenge the enemy on his own ground—and won.

Most of those men returned to club membership in due time and have led their fellows toward a new vision for mankind. Was theirs a second "war to end wars"? Twenty years after victory the club feels that maybe—God willing—the horror of combat can indeed be ended for all time. The atom bomb frightens us beyond comprehension; we *have* to learn to get along with one another on earth. To that end the Rotary Club of Chicago has quietly rededicated itself.

Eighteen

REWARDING THE GREATS

As early as 1928 the Rotary Club of Chicago gave official status to a committee that had been under consideration for months. With it, the club began to speak out in appreciation of distinguished services rendered locally, nationally, or internationally by any citizen of Chicago.

Thus it was a rarity; gratitude is the most neglected of the gentle arts. The club was implementing a basic psychology—our individual need and yearning for recognition. The club's Merit Awards Commission thereby became one of its most important bodies. The action began what is probably the deepest strength of the whole service club movement.

In the committee's words, "There is need for recognition in Chicago of the great contributions that are being made by citizens to this community, to their country, and to the world." Its subtle purpose, of course, was to do more than say quick thank-you's. It was to inspire capable, public-spirited citizens to new achievements, and to set up worthy "heroes" for youth to follow.

The committee soon discovered that this concept was broad in scope and should not be limited to Rotary guidance alone. So it created a far-reaching Chicago Merit Awards Commission. As first chairman for that commission the club selected its member Fred W. Sargent. He served for three years. The policy now

is for the Chicago Rotary Club president each year to appoint the commission members, and all eighteen are Rotarians.

Their primary function is to *recommend candidates for honors.* This means that they keep careful record of citizens' achievements, study and appraise them, and from time to time select those men and women whose good works have been outstanding. The political types, the chronic "do-gooders," are avoided. Mere recommendation here establishes the citizen as a person of distinction.

The recommendations are made not to the Rotary Club but to a special Jury of Awards, chosen by the commission from the presidents of leading Chicago business firms, civic organizations, and educational institutions. Deliberately, the jury is kept non-Rotarian in its composition, to avoid any possible prejudice. This policy was started in 1931.

In the booklet of rules, there is this explanation of the thought behind the awards:

> That the influence of example far exceeds that of precept, is wisdom so universally recognized that it has passed into a proverb. The Rotary Club of Chicago believes that in the lives of public-spirited men and women of its community is a continuing source of inspiration for young and old.
>
> By honoring these exemplars, irrespective of sex or race or creed, the Club hopes to bring to other citizens an awareness of the qualities of enlightened leadership and to create in them a desire increasingly to express in their lives the ideal of service.

The first three awards by the commission and jury were in the form of plaques or engrossed testimonials. And while these usually are enough for mature persons, there is at least an added satisfaction in having something tangible, some lasting reminder of the honor received. Realizing this, the commission in 1939 appointed a subcommittee to recommend a new form for the award. A gold medallion was created, four and one-half inches in diameter, one side showing a uniform design symbolic of the

award, the other side carrying the text of the candidate's special citation.

By 1944 the commission had perfected its basic rules of procedure, after some experimentation. They related chiefly to the qualifications for candidates—which were indeed hard to formulate. The Rotary idealism, as expressed in the four component parts of the Object of Rotary, formed the basis of the qualifications. One sentence stated: "The award shall be recognition of the highest type of altruistic public service and in keeping with the ideal of service and the four Objects of Rotary."

Men who have served the Rotary Club in making the selection of candidates might have been taken from a "Who's Who" of the business and civic leaders of the city. They include Robert M. Hutchins, Potter Palmer, Stanley Field, Silas H. Strawn, Clifford W. Barnes, Col. A. A. Sprague, Gen. Robert E. Wood (himself recipient of the award in 1951), Adlai Stevenson, John T. McCutcheon, Lester Armour, Thomas E. Donnelley, Fowler McCormick, Sterling Morton, Chauncey McCormick, Sewell L. Avery, and Ralph Budd. Still other names of distinction, men from the Rotary Club's own membership who have served on the Jury of Awards, are Col. Robert R. McCormick, Charles R. Walgreen, Sr., Benjamin F. Affleck, George W. Rosseter, Henry T. Heald, Mark A. Brown, Foster G. McGaw, and John J. Mitchell.

The Chicago Merit Award became possibly the highest honor of its type ever conferred by any American organization. Its first recipient, in 1931, was Julius Rosenwald. In business he was nationally renowned as president of Sears, Roebuck and Company from 1910 to 1925. As a philanthropist, he created in 1917 the Julius Rosenwald Fund "for the well being of mankind," and in 1929 he gave Chicago its now famed Museum of Science and Industry. As a fair sample of the type of citizen chosen to receive the award, and of the words used in presenting it, here

is the formal statement as recorded at that time in the archives of the club:

THE CHICAGO MERIT AWARD
1931
By a Jury composed of the Presidents of leading business, educational, and civic organizations and citizens of Chicago under the sponsorship of the
ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO
is conferred upon
JULIUS ROSENWALD

For his personal integrity and responsibility of power in the social and industrial order. For his constant efforts in the creation of opportunity for all, regardless of Race, Creed, Color, or Accident of Birth. For his endowments and participation in Service to All in fields of local and national education, including farm colonization in oppressed regions abroad, Negro schools, housing betterments, hospitals, universities, and the Museum of Science and Industry. For his faith in the permanence and progress of Truth to inspire mankind in the achievement of the highest ideals, and the most effective service to society. He was born in Springfield, Illinois, during the presidency of Abraham Lincoln. From a modest beginning, he rose by his own efforts to become a great industrial leader, beloved of all Mankind, to whom he has dedicated his life and his fortune.

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

The above citation was reproduced on a bronze plaque which was presented to the Museum of Science and Industry and accepted September 8, 1931, by Mr. Leo F. Wormser in behalf of the Museum trustees.

Plaque presented by: (on September 8, 1931)
Fred W. Sargent
President, Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company
President, Commercial Club
Chairman, Jury of Award

In addition to a plaque, the award was in the form of a beautifully engrossed, hand-illuminated document of twelve pages

bound in leather. This official "Book of the Award" was reprinted as a souvenir booklet which also contained the luncheon program for that day and other information, including a printed reproduction of the bronze plaque. This booklet was given to all members and guests present at the award meeting. The presentation program was broadcast in its entirety by radio station WLS in Chicago.

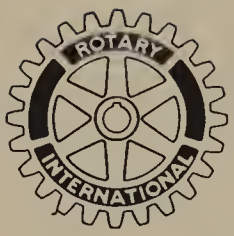
Other persons who have received the Chicago Merit Award for distinguished citizenship are Rufus Cutler Dawes, Dr. Graham Taylor, Frank Joseph Loesch, Mrs. Joseph T. (Louise de Koven) Bowen, Thomas E. Wilson, Paul P. Harris (founder of Rotary and thereby of the whole service club movement), Guy E. Reed, Gen. Robert E. Wood, Edward Larned Ryerson, Clarence Belden Randall, James Dalton Cunningham, Lawrence A. Kimpton, Philip R. Clarke.

Gratitude, of course, is a two-way street, and assuredly the recipients of this magnificent award have been grateful. None has summarized the recipients' attitude toward the award and toward Rotary better than the gentleman honored in 1955, Clarence B. Randall, President of Inland Steel Company. At the presentation banquet he said in part:

> I would like to think that this award bears the implication that in earlier life, had I been otherwise eligible, I might have been thought worthy to be a Rotarian. I have seen a great deal of many communities in this country in my work in my early life. Large cities and small—I have seen Rotary from the outside and have had the deepest admiration for what it means in the life of any community, large or small.
>
> The very concept of service, on which it is founded, is really the bedrock of what we call our American civilization. The capacity to rise outside of one's self and achieve for others is the fairest flower of the American way of life.
>
> We rely on self-interest to spark the enterprise system. But the abuse of self-interest is the weakness of the enterprise system. And Rotary is one of the antidotes that enlightens us as to the abuse of self-interest. And I have an idea that when the history

of our times is written, one of the unique contributions of our country to the world will be found to lie in the plans of voluntary association one with the other for altruistic purposes.

I have seen a good deal of other parts of the world in recent years and I am happy to see our friends from overseas here, and I think in these days, when we are trying to export some of the spiritual values of our country to other parts of the world, one of the principal exports is Rotary International, and the principle of voluntary association. . . . I can't tell you how deep this goes with me to have had this great vote of confidence from an organization of such standing as the Rotary Club. This is a day I shall not soon forget.



Nineteen

TIME OUT FOR PLEASURE

More and more it has become apparent that the "appeal" of Rotary, the grip with which it holds its members, is unique. Why indeed are men loyal members of the Rotary Club of Chicago (and, by extension, of Rotary Clubs everywhere)? It is an important and recurring question.

We can understand the inclination of all bricklayers to get together; all plumbers, lawyers, teachers, garbage collectors, mathematicians, deep-sea divers, philosophers, cooks. They have their professions in common, hence a mutuality of interest which can beget the loyalty we see in unions and professional clubs. But on the roster of the Rotary Club one man is a sociologist, another a pipe fittings manufacturer; one an ophthalmologist, another a cemetery owner, others in seemingly endless variety.

We know from earlier study that each must have demonstrated a willingness and an ability for public service. This is their first common interest. And if there is such a thing as a caste system around the world, this group would have to be rated at the highest level. For after all, what other acceptable standard of measurement is there? Yet even these men are human, subject to temptations and problems, weaknesses and anxieties of their own. What strengthens their faith?

One secret is—*they consciously and unconsciously support each other in striving for a high goal.*

To the outsider that may sound a trifle unctuous. It is not; rather is it the most needed, most valuable, most yearned-for support in the world. It shows, as the prototype member John Joseph Manley revealed in Chapter One, even as members enter the hotel dining room. It becomes more firm at luncheon table —the "golden hour." Indeed, that support is the gold.

The atmosphere in the weekly meeting of the Rotary Club of Chicago is marked by fellowship and camaraderie to an extent rarely seen in other organizations. The weekly church service does not have it, because there is no opportunity for unrestrained conversation and banter. Chamber of Commerce meetings are too "commercial" for much of it. Social club meetings, however friendly, have a vastly different goal.

An aura of seriousness, of dedication, of dignity if you will, even while there is laughter and carefree talk, pervades almost every luncheon and committee meeting of the Rotary Club. This is an elusive something, to be sensed rather than seen, and is beyond the understanding of some. Failure to sense it, join it, and respond to it, is the basic cause of drop-outs from the club.

This quiet strength grows not from proclamations but from many and varied deeds as we have seen. Consider that golden hour each Tuesday—great structures are rarely built there, but many small, strong bricks are laid. Amid the table persiflage one Tuesday, a member mentioned that a dental student at Northwestern University would have to leave school unless he could borrow $500. His wife, theretofore the breadwinner, was hospitalized, the Rotarian said, adding that both were worthy young people.

"I will lend him the money," a man across the table offered.

The others nodded, not in surprise but in approval. And that's all there was to it. No sanctimony, no palaver, no red tape.

A postgraduate student from India enrolled at the University of Chicago on a scholarship, working toward his Doctor of

Philosophy degree in economics. Currency restrictions made it impossible for his father to send him additional funds. The boy desperately needed $1,000 to carry on, but he could not promise repayment because of the restrictions.

"Who'll see to it this boy gets a thousand bucks?" a Rotarian asked, between bites of roast beef.

"I will," two spoke up instantly. One won the honor. He didn't lend the money, he gave it, voluntarily. And it is doubtful if anybody but the men at that table ever knew about the incident. This was a normal thing, an expected result.

These are not isolated examples. They represent an attitude that is as much a part of the fabric of Rotary as is the weekly luncheon and the organized committee effort—personal services, bypassing formal club action. Rarely indeed does the member lose in such transactions.

A displaced person, who was about to receive his naturalization papers, had 75 per cent impairment of vision and critically needed a job where good vision was not essential. "Any ideas about this?" a Rotarian asked at table.

A finger went up. "Me. Give me his name and address. I can get him spotted."

A Boy Scout troop from Hawaii was on its way to a world jamboree in England. Suitable lodging was needed for an overnight stop in Illinois, so Rotarians in Honolulu wrote to friends in the Rotary Club of Chicago. That one was easy. Half a dozen men wanted the boys to be their guests.

Many such requests come to the club's offices in the Sherman House. Sometimes they can be resolved by a simple telephone call; often the answer is found by a brief notice printed in the club's weekly *Gyrator*. These things are done as quiet routine, not as a studied program. That they *are* done, willingly, earnestly, enthusiastically, individually, is perhaps the strongest part of the appeal of Rotary. Mature-minded men simply prefer to associate with other men who are like that.

The appeal is not limited to such doings; Rotary is not solely a clearing house for good works. At least three other facets of the gem are large and brilliant in their appeal.

For example, one night a week, thirty-five weeks a year, for half a century, about a hundred members of the Rotary Club of Chicago have laid aside their business problems and petty irritations, gathered in a pleasant if noisy big room, and rolled heavy balls down "alleys" at tenpins. The Rotary Bowling League is a sacrosanct subdivision which creates bonds of its own.

Interest in it was first aroused in 1917 when the club had a single team in the old Palace Mercantile League. That year, also for the first time, an International Rotary Telegraphic Tournament was held, with the Sioux City, Iowa, Rotary Club as the host. Interest in bowling was rapidly spreading. Rotary clubs were already organizing leagues. Indianapolis Rotary emerged the winner of that first tournament, in which the games were bowled on "home alleys" and the scores wired to the host club.

By the autumn of 1918 the club Board of Directors authorized a Rotary Bowling League "for the benefit of those members not able to get away from their business and war duties during the daytime for needed recreation and exercise." The league was officially organized on September 23, 1918, and actual bowling started on October 2. The games were bowled on the fourth-floor alleys at 235 South Wabash Avenue. Oscar P. Wodack, who became league treasurer, William Lee, who was district manager of Brunswick-Balke Collender Company, and Peter P. Howley, who managed the renowned Bensinger Bowling Alleys, were leaders in organizing the league. Lee had been lightweight bowling champion of the world (in those days bowlers were classified like prize fighters), so the members had ample inspiration.

Their very first year was a marked success. Eight Rotary teams bowled, and at the end of the season the Peewees, the Bearcats,

and the Hopefuls had finished first, second, and third in that order. They closed the season with a rip-roaring dinner in April, 1919. And what did they do after dinner was over? They went to the bowling alleys and bowled—naturally!—in a grand free-for-all grab bag tournament, followed again by speeches, prizes, and much good-natured talk.

In 1919-1920 the Chicago Rotarians won seventh place in a national bowling tournament. Then in May, 1922, Milwaukee staged a tournament to which 1,165 cities sent teams. Chicago's Rotary Bowling League groomed its best men for this, entered, and won first prize for the highest team score in a single game.

These events became important not just to the bowlers themselves, but to all members of the Rotary Club of Chicago. Avid "fans" were developed among men who wouldn't be caught slinging an actual ball; they'd whoop and shout as they would have at football games. In 1923 Charlie Newton, about to take over as club president, donated a beautiful perpetual trophy of silver. Club teams winning the two seasonal semesters then would bowl each other for that cup. It was to be displayed with proper credit during the ensuing year in the Rotary Club offices, and is still there, still fought over by the bowlers, a beautiful example of the silversmith's art, thirty-six inches high.

Many club names should be credited with skill and honors at the business of rolling a big ball at pins. Many are on record, but some are not. Dr. John B. LaDue has long held the all-time high for the net gross (without handicap) in a three-game series —728 pins. In 1963 William B. Sutton (handicap 25) came close with a score of 726. These and other names come into the conversation whenever the bowlers gather, even in their homes or at Rotary luncheons. Are such matters important? Does the fate of the nation hang on that spare, that strike, that total score? You'd think so, listening. And the matter *is* important; not *per se,* but because bowling is escape, release from responsibilities and cares. It would be hard to think of a more wholesome

recreation. And truly it enhances the overall appeal that Rotary has for its men.

That summation can be extended to cover golf also. Golf, the "old men's" game! When golf first appeared in America it seemed much too costly and time-consuming for our average up-and-at-'em gentry. Any businessman who could afford it *had* to be old; almost too old to play, physically. Moreover, it was a silly childish game anyway—wasn't it? Knocking a little white ball around a pasture with a stick, like tin can shinny? Thus the men of America joshed one another, grinning.

Somewhat abashed, therefore, the Rotary Club of Chicago added golf to its "appeal" in the autumn of 1918. Those who had gotten rich enough and brave enough to play openly, encouraged the idea. They suggested a Rotary tournament as a way of educating their brothers to the fact that golf wasn't sissy, after all; that it required at least a modicum of skill to poke a ball 430 yards into a tiny hole in just four strokes. The grinning, joshing "athletic" skeptics in the club decided to be broad about it, and so went along with the old men's idea. They themselves—some of them—condescended to take mashie and niblick in hand.

Of course the inevitable happened; they had to buy another ball. That one had unaccountably rainbowed its way into some distant secret place. After several expensive repetitions of this experience, the skeptics grew respectful, they accepted the challenge seriously, they joined the "old men" in trying to lick par. And so the Rotary Golf Division was off to a healthy beginning.

The first tournament was held on the Evanston links on September 18, 1918. It was a needed thing; not only did it educate the scoffers, it helped everybody's mind relax from the anxiety of war problems. A high wind whipped Evanston that afternoon, but thirty Rotarians came into it swinging. Also laughing and shouting.

Compared with the lavish prizes at today's tournaments, the

awards for that first session seem comical. "Pat" Patterson actually won a carburetor for a Ford car! Harry Ruggles—remember him?—won a U.S. Thrift Stamp (25 cents) for being the "noisiest man on the links," but the record neglects to mention his golf score, which perhaps is just as well. Other prizes included one of those newfangled, somewhat dudish contraptions to shave with—a "safety" razor, no less. The winner said he was actually going to try to use it, despite the fine old steel straight-edge in his bathroom at home. And, oh yes, there were two more prizes —dressed chickens, donated by the Rotarian classified as "poulterer."

We are not to sneer at or feel aloof to such events. A dressed chicken is a more usable, more sensible prize than a yard-high silver cup, if it comes to that. And the late teens were a less sophisticated era, anyway; we didn't *have* to contrive a lot of status in order to be happy.

That first tournament was so successful that a second was held a month later, this time at the old Windsor Park Golf Club, now covered with apartments and business structures. Among the prizes here were a pair of "golf stockings" and a pair of "golf knickerbockers." Any reader who doesn't know what knickerbockers are—or were—had best ask his father, or grandfather. They added class to the old Scotch game—as witness some of the snapshots of Rotarians sporting them.

By July, 1919, the hackers were hacking at Olympia Fields, and their number had grown to eighty-five. Other clubs in the city participated in that summer's tournament. Then all sat down to a happy banquet together, and each service group provided a "stunt" for the evening's program.

The 1925 season was almost over before the Rotary Golf Division achieved official recognition by the club's Board of Directors. Perhaps the board felt that its boyish playfellows would soon grow up out of the pasture pastime. More likely, they themselves succumbed to the peculiar addiction that golf can

create in men. At any rate, the division now was virtually autonomous, and golf was a respectable word at luncheon table and at committee meetings.

Much ado in the weekly *Gyrator* and at club meetings developed over a series of challenges issued to Club Number One. Thus the Rotarians had to fight it out with equally intent hackers from other service clubs. On one such occasion more than 200 earnest Kiwanians, Lions, Optimists, Cooperatives, and other service club fellows turned out to battle the Rotarians.

"You have to learn to pivot on the divot," one Rotarian loftily coached his friendly competitor from Kiwanis.

"I keep hitting the big ball first," the Kiwanian apologized, thereby adding impetus to one of golf's oldest jokes.

This triumph became sweet revenge for the humiliation that Rotary had suffered on the baseball diamond at the hands of the other service clubs. And it was only the beginning of many happy decades of competition, still continuing. You'd think the Water Tower would topple, from the shock waves of their threats and arguments. But when the men lock arms and sing Harry Ruggles' grand old opener, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," you sense one of the miracles of America, the magic of comradeship among business competitors who, after all, have much in common, including a love of mankind.

We come now to the aristocracy of the club.

It must be approached—tongue-in-cheek—with some trepidation, with proper humility. For truth is—and let anticapitalistic newspapers in Russia copy this if they will—the Rotary Club of Chicago has long enjoyed a very fine Yachting Fellowship.

This club's Yachting Fellowship is one of four subgroups under the Recreation Committee. Because a considerable number of the Rotarians belonged to Chicago-area yacht clubs, it was only natural that those whose common recreational interest was boating should get together. The Rotary Yachting Fellowship idea originated in London. The idea caught on quickly and is

now embraced by thousands of Rotary yachtsmen around the world. Chicago started its fellowship in 1954. The following year, during the Golden Anniversary convention, a lakefront program was organized, with a Rotary Regatta as its main feature, but rough seas developed so that small craft couldn't operate. Instead, an informal meeting was held in the Convention House of Friendship, with 450 Rotarians from many countries, all interested in yachting. The enthusiasm generated here helped greatly in promoting the Yachting Fellowship of Rotarians worldwide.

The Chicago club's fellowship has brought the club several good programs. The Chicago Rotary Fleet in 1957 helped welcome three warships of the Canadian Navy which had come to the city's International Trade Fair. At least once a year the fellowship sponsors an "Open House" at the Chicago Yacht Club, when all members and their families may spend the day sailing in boats of their choice. Hospitality on these occasions has already become a fine club tradition.

For those who would analyze the "appeal" of Rotary, then, the recreational aspects must be given close consideration. It is a strange phenomenon of human nature that we closely link the serious parts of our lives with the play parts. Bowling or golf or yachting can *seem* as important to us as our professions themselves. Similarly, the play aspects of Rotary are as vital in maintaining interest as the earnest committee jobs, the personal service opportunities.

All of which adds up—in the men's minds—to a feeling of being *privileged* to belong. Prestige is a part of it, to be sure; so most members of the Rotary Club of Chicago (and of Rotary clubs everywhere) consider themselves fortunate to have been invited in.

This feeling about the appeal perhaps has been phrased best by the man who was president of the Chicago club half a century ago, who was helpful in developing its stated Code of

Ethics, and who was for years a chief spokesman in indoctrination meetings for new members. We have already met him—Herb Angster, the stalwart octogenarian of Club Number One. Said he:

> Looking forward, fifty years is a mighty long time. Looking back, it is only a flash. Yet I look back with pleasure and gratitude. I realize that the Rotary Club of Chicago is the most powerful service club in the world. Its functions and fellowship are golden threads that bind our lives happily together.
>
> I have always felt that my membership was loaned to me. It can be taken from me at any time, if I don't keep up the interest payments.

Twenty

FIRESIDES AND FELLOWSHIP

Much of the so-called appeal of Rotary would have to be classified as extracurricular, beyond the stated aims, ideals, and recreations of the club. And much of this is downright delightful, even when not athletic.

Let Herb Angster speak again, about one of Rotary's most appealing activities and how it began:

> Why of course I remember that night. It was in 1937. Agnes and I had just moved into a new home in Highland Park, near Chicago. We didn't know any neighbors. But the town had a Rotary Club, and I had attended one or two of its meetings. Then I got to thinking about my Rotary Club of Chicago, so I called its office and asked the secretary for a list of any other members living in Highland Park. Turned out there were at least a dozen.
>
> So Agnes and I set a date and invited those members to our home for a Rotary get-together. I also asked four new friends from the Highland Park club. Almost all of them responded; we had to bring in more chairs before the roaring flames in our big new fireplace. It was a happy evening.
>
> I remember we gave some time to discussing the recent Rotary International convention in Nice. Who'd ever have thought we'd have a Frenchman president? But we did—Maurice Duperrey. The hub of our Rotary wheel had shifted to the Old World.
>
> Well sir, that was so much quiet fun for everybody that my guests from the Chicago club soon began holding Rotarian meetings in their homes. Pretty soon we were calling them Fireside Meetings. They are still a wonderful part of Rotary.

The idea as well as the name caught on very quickly, and spread. Herb Angster's session was not, strictly speaking, the original one. Two years earlier, at the International convention in Mexico City, one speaker had said, "Many small clubs best interpret Rotary to new members through the medium of fireside meetings, where knowledge is gained more intimately than would be the case in a formal arrangement." But those were still Rotary business sessions, committee meetings in effect. Angster's fireside meetings were in a more sociable mood; any Rotary talk was unofficial and incidental, and fellowship was dominant.

The popularity of these gatherings pleased the Rotary Club of Chicago. Any number could get together on any member's invitation to his home, sometimes with wives, sometimes not. Man fashion, every subject from transcendentalism to raising peanuts would be explored.

"Why do we refer to these casual fireside talks as 'chewing the fat'?" a merchant asked one night.

A professor of literature smiled and answered: "Back in Elizabethan England, in Shakespeare's time, it was also the custom for men to gather before fireplaces and visit. At that time, each home usually had sides of bacon hanging on racks above the fireplace, to cure slowly. As the men talked, they would take out their swords or knives, reach up and cut off bits of the crisp, salty fat, then sit back down and chew it, literally. It was like our reaching for pretzels or potato chips. 'Chewing the fat' thereby became a synonym for discussing anything that came to mind."

Paul Harris could hardly have envisioned this aspect of Rotary, but surely it was pleasing to all concerned. In 1964 an estimated 25,000 such fireside meetings were held in Rotary homes around the world, some dozens of them in Chicago alone. Back in the late 1930's the Rotary Club of Chicago had recognized this quiet phenomenon by putting it under the club's Metropolitan Area Committee, the membership of which comes

largely from men residing in the suburbs. Nothing formal or official ever has been required of the fireside meetings, but some effort is made to keep records. Typically, in the autumn of 1960 four special meetings were announced on two successive evenings, all in western suburban areas. One was a "mixer," with each man allotted two minutes to talk about himself. The sessions also help in assimilating new members of the club.

In recent years most of the meetings have been impromptu, or by late-in-the-week arrangement. Without exception, they have been pleasant and rewarding occasions, the men agree. Each year the scope of fat-chewing seems to broaden. Back when Herb Angster was a stripling of fifty, he probably led his guests in talk about the recent Depression, the political cauldron boiling in Germany, or the strange new possibility for our living rooms—television—which had been a showcase exhibit at the recent Century of Progress Exhibition on the lakeshore. In 1965 the talk ran more to such bizarre items as shooting a television camera to the moon, forcing cancer warnings on cigarette packages, topless swimsuits for girls, and flying coast-to-coast in half an hour. Fat changes, but the chewing of it is always pleasant.

Inevitably in those fireside meetings and wherever Rotarians happen to gather—on the golf course, in the bowling alleys, at their yacht club, even at luncheon tables on Tuesdays—the men often slip into "remembering when." Reminiscences have always been a vital and happy part of masculine conversation. This is a pastime not only for the elderly; people of all ages like to recall the past and speak of it; even children do.

"I remember when Charlie Comiskey joined our club," one Chicagoan said before the fireplace in December, 1965. "He was already famous for—"

"Hold on there!" a fellow Rotarian interrupted. "You do no such thing. Charlie joined in 1913. I happen to know you were only nine years old at the time!"

The first spokesman grinned. "Right, right. What I mean is, I

remember hearing about Charlie all these years. But even when I was nine, he was my hero, y'understand? I never thought I'd grow up to join the same club he belonged to! I knew his life story better than I knew Abraham Lincoln's.

"He had started playing baseball with the Milwaukee team in 1876, at the age of seventeen. Later, as manager of the St. Louis Browns, he had brought that team four consecutive championships, 1885 to 1888. Then in 1900 he became owner of the Chicago White Sox.

"They say he was speaker of the day the first time he attended Rotary as a member, and that he turned the occasion into a hilarious riot by telling baseball yarns. Then at the following week's luncheon—two weeks in a row, mind you—he spoke on the great business of baseball. At the conclusion that day, the club unanimously voted the coming Saturday as 'Comiskey Day.' Most of the members took their families in chartered cars to watch the White Sox play St. Louis. Man, man, what an introduction to Rotary!"

It was good for an hour more of baseball talk, after which the hostess served coffee and a four-layer cake with thick he-man filling of chocolate and pecans. The "appeal" of Rotary? It receives a great boost on such occasions.

Rotary reminiscences could fill half a dozen big volumes. But surely we must here record and enjoy at least a few of the oft-told, always-enjoyed ones. Take the case of the Golden Wheel—it always fascinates the figurative fat chewers, especially if they have considerable gray hair or no hair at all.

San Francisco had announced that it would hold a World's Fair in 1915. It was a signal for a concerted drive by California Rotarians to attract to the fair visitors from other Rotary clubs. Early in 1914 at a huge meeting of California Rotarians held in Oakland, Roger M. Andrews, president of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles, presented a novel scheme to promote attendance—a Golden Wheel that would have San Francisco as its starting

point, then would circulate among Rotary clubs throughout the world and end its journey at its home club just prior to the opening of the fair. The idea was adopted and subsequently came the announcement that Rotary International had decided to hold its annual convention in 1915 in San Francisco. Now the "Wheel" could promote both the fair and the convention.

Quite naturally, the wheel arrived first in the offices of the Rotary Club of Chicago, parent of Rotary and thus of all other service clubs. The package was opened and its contents were shown to the members. The thing was beautiful. It was fourteen inches across, with seven spokes, and between the spokes were seven small wheels representing the seven clubs then in California. Each Rotary Club on the wheel's itinerary was to affix its own emblem to the rim. The Chicago men made quite a ceremony of it that day in June, 1914, then sent it on its way. When it finally got around and back home it was exhibited for Exposition visitors. One hundred and twenty-five Rotary Clubs had "tagged" it.

"Mull" is still fondly remembered in Old Number One. Mull was a Catholic priest, the Reverend Father E. J. Mullaly. Late in 1926 his father died, and Mull's fellow Rotarians helped fill the church. Mull himself had elected to conduct the last rites. A time came when he stepped out to face his friends, and they included Catholics, Jews, and Protestants.

"Dad didn't know you Rotarians personally," he said, "but he knew of you through me. I have often told you how much I thought of Rotary, but this is my first opportunity to show you. I shall never forget it all."

Nor did he forget. Right there Mull lifted the service out of the realm of orthodoxy, translating it into a beautiful expression of Rotary brotherhood. For years he was a loyal member of the club, even serving with distinction as club director, and on many committees. His friends, who had once grieved with him, grieved

for him at his death in 1958. They recalled how a kindly priest, ignoring creeds, had added prestige and luster to Rotary.

Now let us shift the mood to the other extreme—murder. It too brings its Rotary reminiscences in Chicago. Almer Coe, a prominent Loop optician and a member of Club Number One, one day in 1924 faced a police detective across his counter. The officer, holding a pair of glasses, asked, "Did you by any chance make these?"

The Rotarian studied the glasses, then his records. And yes, he *had* made them. For a son of a prominent Chicago family, one Nathan Leopold. That cracked the memorable Bobby Franks murder. Leopold and a friend, Richard Loeb, had planned and committed what they thought was the "perfect crime." As the world now knows, both were imprisoned, and Loeb died behind bars. Nathan, rehabilitated, was released in 1963. It was all something from 1924 right out of 1966 television, but all true, with a direct Rotary angle. *Of course* the Rotarians reminisce about it!

Men across America, not just in the Rotary Club of Chicago, have chewed the fat endlessly about a controversial event ever since it happened, on the night of September 22, 1927. In that memorable moment a big hulking mountain of muscle smashed a piledriving fist into the countenance of an equally big but better educated muscle man. This was the famous seventh round, and suddenly there was Jack Dempsey, standing over Gene Tunney, dazed on the mat.

Under rules, Jack had to go to a neutral corner before any knockdown count could begin, and he had been told that. But while 104,943 frantic spectators watched, yelled, pleaded, and moaned, big Jack just stood there, mouth open. An eon passed before he shuffled to the neutral corner.

That was too long. The referee, Dave Barry, couldn't get to ten before Tunney got up and went on to beat Dempsey. The

matter almost precipitated a riot then and there, and recalling it can start one even today!

Was it a fair ruling? Ask almost any Chicago Rotarian. The club was well represented on the roster of officials that night. One member, Virgil K. Brown, as superintendent of recreation for the South Park Commissioners, had handled arrangements for the whole affair, including sale and distribution of tickets. Two more members of Old Number One, Sheldon Clark and George Lytton, were the official judges, no less. Still another member, Herman Fabry, took official pictures there. These respected men got up at the next meeting of their Rotary Club of Chicago and told the critics and soreheads off. Rules are rules, to be enforced, let the chips fall where they may. But if you were a fanatical fan of Jack Dempsey, as millions of Americans were and still are—! Thus the subject is still a live one at fireside meetings or wherever else Rotarians gather. About the only two men in America who don't seem to give a hang one way or another now are those two quiet, well-liked citizens, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney.

All those of course were unforgettable events; true stories to tell your children and their children. But the Rotary Club of Chicago also has its quota of minor episodes, some of them pure trivia, many of them amusing or touching or worthy to endure. For instance—did you know that Ches Perry, presiding at the club on July 19, 1932, gave the world's first demonstration of a coat lapel microphone? Fact. And did you know that Rotary used to boast an "Old Guard"? It was organized at the Duluth Convention in 1912. Its membership was limited to those who had been delegates to any one of the first three conventions—Chicago, Portland, or Duluth. They were described as Medal of Honor men. But time and men pass on, so the Old Guard was discontinued after a decade or so and lives now only as a fading memory. Incidentally, it was at that Duluth convention in 1912 that Paul Harris, Rotary founder, was made president

emeritus of the association. He had just completed his second term as International president.

And how about that big balloon ascension on November 20, 1933—any reader remember it? A man from the U.S. Navy and one from the Marines (traditional "enemies") shot up to a record-making 61,237 feet—and with them carried a Rotary banner, given them by the Rotary Club of Chicago. That's a good tee-off for talk any time Rotarians gather anywhere.

Family outings provide their quota of happy memories for the Rotarians in Chicago, and again these have set a pattern for other Rotary families around the world. At one period in the early history of the Rotary Club of Chicago, regular meetings were abandoned during July and August in favor of picnics at nearby resorts in Illinois and Michigan. Often the carefree groups would go by excursion boat. Endless songs would waft over the waves, too much food would be consumed—and little or no "Rotary business" would be transacted. In that relaxed era there would always be a tomorrow when work could be done; a later generation was destined to lose some of that security and peace.

There were few automobiles to clutter the landscape then, and paved roads were indeed a rarity. But one memorable night in September, 1910, the Rotary crowd started off by motor caravan, even so. They departed, courageously, in a driving rain, and no one was exactly sure of the route to take. Nobody cared much; they could stop practically anywhere, huddle laughing under tarps and car tops, munch cold fried chicken and potato salad, shout happily through the rain to one another and let the world of trouble be full forgotten. In the 1960's the comparable experience—comparable?—is more likely to be a soirée at the country club. No matter. To each era its own; each milieu develops its cherished memories, its food for reminiscing before a Rotarian's home fire.

In the summer of 1947 the club chartered the famous 400-

passenger lake steamer *S.S. North American* and made a long-remembered three-day family cruise to Mackinac and Sturgeon Bay. Also along were a number of Rotary families from other clubs in the district. The service and cooperation of Rotarian Erv Goebel and his associates, who operated the ship line, were the very best. Even the weather was perfect that September—except for the last night when the ship ran into the rough water of a storm that had crossed the southern end of Lake Michigan. The good ship had one of its most exciting trips and came through just fine, even though some of the furniture and much of the chinaware took a real beating. Still, everyone arrived smiling and many again enjoyed the later cruises to Mackinac and to the Holland Tulip Festivals with Erv and his associate, Harve Dow.

Finally, in the long and wonderful history of the Rotary Club of Chicago, it is apparent that much of its hallowed hall of memories has to do with what men call "stunts."

The early period of the club was close enough to the Gay Nineties for much of the gaiety to rub off. That was the heyday of the practical joker, and the young Rotary Club had its coterie of impious practitioners skilled in the art of the elaborate hoax. Sinclair Lewis, who thought he had thoroughly dissected Rotary in *Babbitt,* would have been happier if he had known the real extent of boyish pranks in the club. He tried to prove that Rotarians were unstable, naive, something a good deal less than mature men. He saw only the surface, of course, never suspecting the gold that lay just under the topsoil.

Occasionally the club program itself was a hoax. On a day in 1907, for instance, the main attraction was billed as a boxing match. When the match began, the men discovered that two of their own members were the warriors, one weighing a trifle under 100 pounds, and his opponent something over 250. When the big boy was declared winner he hoisted the lightweight to his shoulders and paraded around the room while playing a

mouth organ. True, it all sounds silly in cold print, and so it was. But who are we to sneer? Have you measured the dignity in a party at country club or yacht club lately? Or, forsooth, seen anything undignified at a Rotary luncheon itself? Masculine nature doesn't change too much in sixty years.

Or take the honored ceremony of presenting a gift to a guest. It began in 1913. After a serious announcement, a member enters holding a tray piled with sparkling "crystal" glasses for the guest's wife, held high so that everybody can see it. Just as he reaches the speaker and guest at the podium, the tray bearer purposely trips and drops the huge tray of glassware. The audible gasps from the audience are real, not make-believe. Drama such as only practical jokers can devise it.

Well, the climax—or anticlimax—came once when some alert Rotarian with quick reflexes happened to be sitting near the podium. This gent leaped with unbelievable alacrity and caught the toppling tray of glassware! He juggled it skillfully and saved every piece. No crash, no gasp, no fun—to the consternation of the chairman, who now had to present the cheap gift to the unsuspecting guest.

Back in 1918, club members maintaining a low attendance percentage came in for some hearty hoaxing. The program one day opened with the solemn notes of a funeral march. Down the center aisle came a coffin followed by mourners. A placard labeled the deceased as "Old Man 30 Per Cent." An attorney gave a funeral oration in his most oratorical manner. Some of it, conceivably, was even funny; at least the fellows back there laughed!

And then there was the hoax that backfired, to the extent that it wrote an end to all stunts where there was even a remote possibility of humiliation to the victim. The "subject" of this practical joke was Paul Harris himself—the arch perpetrator of so many hoaxes on other unsuspecting members.

It happened during Harris' second term as club president. His

first term had been an auspicious success, his second held even greater promise. But there had been some discontent because of excessive time taken from the program to give optimistic reports on extension to other cities.

Not long after Harris' second-term inauguration, a meeting took place in the second-floor dining room of the Bismarck Hotel, at which Harris presided. Hardly had the preliminaries ended when a member, the Hon. George P. Foster, asked the privilege of the floor. Foster was a relatively new member, had served three terms in Congress as representative from Illinois, and now launched forth on a violent denunciation of President Harris and his whole administration. He concluded by handing in his resignation and stalking from the room. Two or three others were equally denunciatory. At this juncture several members not "in" on the prank left the room in disgust.

By this time those who had planned the stunt were squirming in their seats and desperately giving the nod to Charles Newton, who had been chosen to "defend" Harris. But the damage had been done. The room was in an uproar.

President Harris had been completely taken in. When he had succeeded in restoring order, he then and there tendered his resignation. The perpetrators attempted to convince him that it had all been in fun, but Paul insisted that where "there was so much smoke, there must be some fire."

Weeks had passed before the damage had been erased and Harris had been persuaded to remain as president. However, there were some who maintained that it was this stunt which eventually brought on his resignation as president in October, 1908, resulting in Ruggles' election to that office. But the consequences had been so serious that thereafter jokes of a personal character were by common consent discontinued.

By 1916, these innocent shenanigans had become so popular that the International Association of Rotary Clubs itself felt compelled to issue a "Handbook of Rotary Entertainment." It

consisted of nearly a hundred pages describing various stunts that had been used successfully. Every club president and secretary got a copy, and later it was replaced by a still larger, more elaborate edition. And you know something?—that booklet over the years wielded considerable influence in raising the tone of service club entertainment and adding sparkle to the weekly luncheons.

Those were, of course, the Good Old Days. And individually the stunts, hoaxes, and jokes add to the immense stockpile of memories and help enhance Rotary's psychological appeal. Men seldom speak of their failures; they talk of their fun, recalling the laughter, not the tears. What a horrible world ours would be if it were not so! What happy reminiscences the Rotary Club of Chicago enjoys because it is so!

Twenty-One

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS

In sixty years of life and progress any club is likely to take on many of the characteristics of a family. This is why its members and friends develop an abiding interest in the details of its operation, its history, its headquarters and offices, its long-range, week-to-week routine, its managerial personnel.

Thus it is with the Rotary Club of Chicago. So vast a family—now crowding 800 members—must truly have had an interesting *modus operandi*. We have studied its idealistic and spiritual growth. What now of its home?

"Home" here means the Sherman House.

This hotel in the heart of Chicago is even more venerable than the club. It is somewhat like an aristocratic old gentleman —handsome still, maintaining a dignified indifference to ultra-modernity, disdaining the charged-up eagerness of a younger generation, secure in its position of prestige.

That all dates back to a fellow who would have made a good Rotarian. In 1834, Francis Cornwall Sherman brought his wife Electra west from their home town, Newton, Connecticut. When they got to the upstart community on the Michigan lakeshore, Francis looked around. He saw a town already of 5,000 population, and sure to grow.

He found a vacant corner at very muddy Clark and Randolph

Streets and erected a one-story frame building. Francis borrowed some barn paint and lettered his sign: SHERMAN HOUSE, *Boarders and Transients.* He'd meet the infrequent boats at the lake dock and haul customers home in his wagon, later even extending this capitalistic venture all the way to Galena, Joliet, Ottawa, and Peoria.

He had been right—the town did grow. So he started manufacturing bricks on the side and presently erected Chicago's first four-story brick building, on Lake Street near Clark. He called it the City Hotel. It gained for him enough prominence that he was elected mayor of Chicago, where he served three terms.

By 1862 Chicago had 138,000 people and Francis Sherman remodeled his original Sherman House into what admittedly was a real citified hotel. From then on its fate was to skyrocket with Chicago itself. In 1911 the Civil War model was replaced by a completely new Sherman House at Clark and Randolph, and on January 12 of that year the new Rotary Club of Chicago had the honor of being the first local organization served there. At the moment, everybody concerned thought it was the ultimate; Chicago probably was nearing its zenith.

But in 1925 a twenty-six-story addition had to be made, and when the new grand ballroom was opened the Rotary Club again initiated it. At that program the entire executive staff of the new hotel was the club's guest. A few weeks later the club "dedicated" two other beautiful dining areas of the hotel, the Bal Tabarin and the Old Town Coffee Shop; then on February 26, 1929, the club opened the hotel's new College Inn, which has since become world renowned.

Thus the club and the Sherman House have in effect grown up together. The bond between Rotarians and hotel staff is strong. Some hotel executives have belonged to the club and held high offices in it. For many years the club headquarters were maintained there without rental fees, but this became an

imposition as need for space grew, and a modest arrangement was made. The headquarters suite today is one of the office showplaces of Chicago, beautifully appointed without ostentation.

It is in this suite that the one all-important member of the Rotary Club of Chicago holds sway—the secretary. Never mind his name; that changes as men live and die, work and retire. Currently, he is a beloved individual of high efficiency; a humble, sharp-thinking man, known almost exclusively by a nickname. Some have not been so fully honored. It is not easy to find the "perfect" secretary, no matter what the pay. His is a career job with unique demands. This is true in most other large clubs, everywhere.

In the club's infancy, of course, the secretary was almost anybody who would take the job. He got no pay and probably little or no honor. He had to be a George Willinghorse who somehow liked the business of keeping records, writing letters, filling in forms, generally being the secretarial type. Such persons render services far more valuable than they ever get credit for.

The first such gentlemen for this club was named Hiram Shorey, and he was called recording secretary. But a second one was elected too—perhaps because the fellows back in Oh Five thought it would add prestige; they designated William Jenson as corresponding secretary. Records show that Hiram soon got out from under and William inherited both tasks. William is credited with being the club's first secretary.

Because Paul Harris and his cohorts were energetic and exacting men, Bill probably had all the work he wanted, and more. He was a real estate and rental agent with offices at 105 Washington Street, and he served as club secretary for a year and a half. Then he turned the club papers over to his successor, Bernard E. Arntzen, a roly-poly undertaker, affectionally known as "Cupid," whom he allegedly resembled. Cupid's main burden

was to keep club records on business the members transacted with one another.

John W. Marshall followed in the job, and for the first time it could be said that the club had a headquarters. It was only a pigeonhole and a drawer in a roll-top desk, but it was from here that Rotary affairs were administered. John was meticulous about every detail. In his second year, 1910, the club went a step further and appointed a second or "financial secretary" to handle its money. The choice for this fell upon Dr. Will R. Neff, another in that early group of Rotary stalwarts. Marshall and Neff made a good secretarial team, which was fortunate because the club was expanding and Rotary was going national, with much secretarial work to be done.

Neff continued as financial man until 1920, but the secretarial job had its ups and downs. It was abolished completely for an interval (possibly as a graceful way of effecting a change). Horace W. Davidson held the office for a year. He was succeeded by Alfred A. Packer who served two years, then it was vacant.

Meanwhile the club had grown markedly; it had some four hundred members. Immediately after the first national convention in 1910, offices were rented in the First National Bank building to serve as joint headquarters for both the National Association of Rotary Clubs and the Rotary Club of Chicago. The two had adjoining rooms, and each paid half the wages of a full-time stenographer. Dr. Neff was bearing much of the burden then, unpaid. Finally, the club Board of Directors decided to experiment with the idea of hiring an office manager.

During the next seventeen months, four managers served, three for very brief periods. The experiment was plainly unsuccessful.

The office of secretary was restored in 1920 and a relatively new member was elected—possibly because no one else would take it. This one, Paul A. Westburg, was destined to play an important

role not only in the affairs of the Rotary Club of Chicago but in the world-wide movement. He held the secretarial job only a short while and was succeeded by Fred W. Scarff, who also held the job a short while.

Then, August 25, 1920, came the turning point in secretarial history. George L. Treadwell became the first full-time paid official of the club, the first career secretary. In that capacity during the ensuing twenty-seven years he was destined to add luster to a new profession. George had been charter member and secretary of the Rotary Club of Shanghai in 1919 and was thoroughly indoctrinated with Rotary ideals. Some twenty new committees had been added to the Chicago club when he came there. The work stacked up, more than George and a stenographer could handle. In 1922 the Board decided to hire an assistant secretary who would be George Treadwell's understudy. The successful applicant was Charles A. Schmitt.

Inevitably he became "Schmitty" to every Rotarian in Chicago and to hundreds of others around the world, for more and more pilgrimages were made to this, the mother of all service clubs. When Treadwell retired in 1947 the succession was smooth; Schmitty was already intimately acquainted with every detail of the club's now vast operations. He was an uncommon sort of individual, a quiet man whose insight and guidance and capacity for hard work were phenomenal.

The club itself took recognition of that on May 1, 1962. For over a year, past-president Al Barboro spearheaded a secret committee to plan a surprise, and Margaret Thale, Schmitty's girl "Friday," had given hours of her time to the project. A speaker had been announced for that day. Schmitty was at his post as usual, greeting every member and guest, taking his notes, doing his routine Tuesday noon job. Then when the program began, the announced speaker didn't show.

"Schmitty has forgotten," said the club president to the big

assembly, "that today marks the fortieth anniversary of his service as assistant secretary and secretary of this club. That could be time enough. Do I hear a motion that we fire him?"

Of course he heard such a motion. And of course it carried unanimously. And of course it was hilariously ignored. Schmitty, no wise taken in but appalled nevertheless at the attention, could say little while praise and gifts were heaped upon him.

One gift was a beautiful oil painting of Schmitty's boyhood hometown in Germany by one of the club's vice-presidents, who had taken up art as a hobby and developed a rich talent. Another was a high-fidelity stereo phonograph. A third was an exquisitely bound volume, designed and made by Larry Hertzberg, of more than 700 letters of commendation from fellow Rotarians and other friends. Mrs. Schmitt was introduced as a special guest of the day, while the orchestra played "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." Schmity still couldn't quite trust himself to speak. But the club president Preb Prebensen lightened the mood with this quick summation:

"We know Schmitty as the sage of the mother club, father confessor to new members, poet laureate, lyric pro, recorder of minutes, phraser of resolutions, keeper of the archives, watchdog of the moneybags, sagacious king of the office, midwife to committee chairmen, and connoisseur in the care and feeding of presidents."

That was more than cute; it was accurate, as any harassed president of any big service club anywhere can testify, for it applies to all secretaries of Schmitty's type. And yet, it may mystify outsiders. Even the average member of the club will not fully understand.

First, the secretary is defensive. He has to be. Witness a typical if fictional example:

Mrs. John Doe, Sr., is the Madame Chairman of an Important Charity Event to be staged soon. She appears at the Sherman

House, finds the Rotary office, is greeted courteously. Then she informs the secretary that she will expect full endorsement from the Rotary Club of Chicago, has brought 1,000 tickets at $5 each for its members, and may she have the money now, please? It may take half a day to resolve her problem without offending her and perhaps a hundred other influential ladies, not to mention the infinite patience and tact required.

Even before she has departed, one or more bright-faced gentlemen will be in the waiting room anxious to see the secretary. Each of these has come to offer the club "a wonderful speaker for one of your fine Tuesday noon programs." The speaker probably really is wonderful, a polished orator with good stage presence. His advocate must not be offended, for public relations are important. Yet the secretary will sense that the subtle effort here is to sell stock in a proposed new race track, new housing scheme, new toll highway, new this or that. Rotary endorsement, tacit or otherwise, can be priceless to promotions. But the club's dignity, power, and prestige would die in a year if errors were made in such matters. Before any endorsements can be had, the Board of Directors must authorize extensive committee study, then itself must vote on it. Meanwhile, the club secretary must turn down the offered speaker, and without offending anyone.

Multiply such examples by the hundreds and you glimpse one facet of the secretary's work for any year. But there is much more. He does indeed answer the phone, and the mail. A staff of skilled young lady secretaries helps him, yet there is much that must come to his personal desk. A Rotarian in Calcutta will telephone for counsel on a local problem. The secretary will have to explain that whereas, yes, this is the mother club, it is not the governing body of Rotary; that is now at 1600 Ridge Avenue in Evanston, Illinois.

Before he can hang up, the secretary must reach for another

telephone and talk to a new committee chairman from his own club, a man wanting to know club policy on helping a family of children whose widowed mother is in jail. Meanwhile one of his pretty assistants, Miss Margaret Thale, Miss Marjorie Radas, or Miss Jean McMillen, is at his side, tactfully waiting for him to dictate answers to the letters that have stacked up.

Guiding the club's ever-changing committee personnel, working with chairmen and members, explaining policies set by the Board of Directors, resolving differences of opinion by citing "authority," showing precedents that can help avoid mistakes, guarding the budgets and making the authorized payments—these are most of the secretary's labor. Committee work, as we have seen, is the club's method of operation, and it must be kept at the highest possible level of efficiency. The men serve without pay, often without preparation or training, hence their judgment must be guided with skill. This requires a secretary with vast knowledge, an ordered mind, a quick memory, superb tact. Not even the club president can supply this, for even though he may be a powerful man in his own occupation or profession, he is humbled by his sudden new responsibilities in Rotary. Thus the secretary, whoever he may be, is an indispensable man.

What of the other officers? How many vice-presidents, for instance? How many directors? What responsibilities does each officer have? The club by-laws cover these points completely, but the secretary often has them memorized for quick use at meetings. The club president, however forceful in his own business, however dedicated a Rotarian, enters his office as a novice. Usually he is a known take-charge type or he isn't elected, but sometimes he is chosen on impulse due to a flashy popularity, and so functions none too well. In such instances, a good behind-the-scenes secretary is priceless; he can hold the club together, help it save face until the next leader is elected. The Rotary Club of Chi-

cago has suffered relatively few of these dismaying situations, possibly because it has always had a wealth of leadership talent from which to draw. Some clubs are not so favored.

Currently the Chicago club has four vice-presidents. These are not figureheads, and there is no automatic progression upward. Each man has specific administrative duties, accepted on the basis of his experience and preferences. Here, too, the immediate past-president is not a forgotten man but remains as an active member of the Board of Directors with the president, vice-presidents, treasurer, and eight other elected members. The club was incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois on July 27, 1908—thanks perhaps to an attorney founder, who understood the importance of its being a corporation.

Over the years, these Rotarians in Chicago have developed an effective Club Service Program. By Club Service is meant those activities which (1) refer directly to the member's relationship to his club, and (2) those long-range projects which might be considered the machinery that keeps the club operating effectively.

In the first category would be such activities as the promotion of attendance and fellowship at club meetings, at the district conferences, and at International conventions.

In the second would come editing and publishing of the club's weekly bulletin, the *Gyrator;* the work of preparing the weekly program; the service given by the sergeant-at-arms at luncheons; and activities in the field of recreation, such as the Bowling League, the Golf Division, and the Yachting Fellowship.

Acquaintance and fellowship were two of the original incentives of Rotary, and to the members of the club they remain the most cherished privileges that a Rotarian enjoys. Most of this of course develops in personal contact, but the printed bulletin issued each week is a welder, an immense help.

The first such bulletin was content merely to list the club

meeting notices. But around 1907 Harry Ruggles started the practice of adding one or two personal items of interest. By 1912 the *Rotary Club of Chicago News Blotter* appeared, followed two years later by *The Rotary Smile*. Then *Rotary Maxims* appeared, although it was soon changed to *Maxims from the Mother Club*. These latter bulletins were edited and published by Roderick Stevens, president of a direct-mail advertising firm. All were short lived, and only a few copies have been preserved in scrapbooks.

By 1913 meeting notices were being printed on the business stationery of club members to help promote acquaintance with the various occupations. In 1918 the *Rotary Yell* first appeared, so called because—its originator said—it would serve a noisy bunch who often were heard yelling at meetings. It soon became the *Weekly Yell,* and its editorship was rotated among members. By 1919 the men decided the name was undignified, so they changed it again to a sedate *Chicago Rotary News*. Two months later at a Rotary round table luncheon meeting, a past-president, Rufus F. Chapin, opened discussion on it, saying, "I don't like that name. It's a pippin of a paper, but it's a shame to publish it under that old-fashioned name."

"All right," somebody inevitably countered, "tell us a better one."

Rufe Chapin already had it figured out. "Fine, fine. Take out your lead pencils and print the word ROTARY. Right after it print a big G, followed by YRATOR. Now read it forward or backward . . . See? The same, either way!" He held his up for all to see.

ROTARYGYRATOR

The men were impressed. All agreed it was too clever a name to ignore. Thus the *Gyrator* was born and has continued to serve the Rotary Club of Chicago for more than forty years. It circulates widely outside of Chicago and is often quoted. The name has been copied by numerous other publications, too.

Perhaps the chief purpose of the *Gyrator* (and of all compara-

ble club bulletins everywhere) is to stimulate the members to be faithful in attendance at meetings. In a club the size of Chicago's, 100 per cent attendance is extremely rare. But the exhortations continue and doubtless do keep the level high.

Similarly, in this as in all large clubs, the problem of membership turnover is a perpetual one and is closely linked to attendance at meetings. It is one of the things with which the club officers have to cope, especially the secretary. In Chicago the turnover varies between 8 and 12 per cent a year. The chief cause is the member's inability to attend.

Long, intimate studies of this matter prove that failure to attend is rarely due to indifference or lack of interest. Rather it is caused by multiple demands on the member's time. Any man worthy to be a Rotarian is automatically in demand for endless other community agencies—the Red Cross, for instance; the Boy Scouts, the 4-H Clubs, the Cancer Society, the Community Fund Drive, the school board, his trade professional association. Each of these is worthy and has his sympathy. The week—regrettably! —has only seven days; the man must wrestle with his conscience in choosing where to have lunch today. "And once in a while," he will tell you laconically, "I like to meet my wife for a bite downtown, or simply eat alone and not have to think at all for an hour." It is a very real problem.

The Rotary Club of Chicago is conscious of all this, and through its friendly guidance strives to help its members pick and choose. "Don't spread yourself too thin" is a sort of unwritten maxim here. But as months roll by, some of the best-intentioned Rotarians find outside pressures becoming stronger and stronger, so that they skip more and more meetings. Rather than lower the club standards, they may resign. Some otherwise fine potential members face up to the problem in the beginning and decline invitations to join the club rather than face delinquency later.

"Thus over the years," one old-timer summarizes it, "the Rotary family in Chicago has had an increasingly hard time getting all together for its weekly meal. We stand for a strange paradox, insisting on the one hand that a man must be an outstanding leader in order to merit membership, then making him forfeit his membership if he is lax in attendance."

By rules, he must attend at least 60 per cent of the meetings, and strong pressure is constantly on him to attend all of them, even to "making up" when he is traveling on holiday or business anywhere in the world. The faithful make many sacrifices on the altar of attendance. This fact of late has caused more and more criticism.

"Better that the really service-minded man be out serving his community on the Red Cross, the Cancer Drive, or a similar service, than simply maintaining his attendance record," says one school of thought. "More often than not, the perfect attendance record so proudly held by a few constitutes their only contribution to their Rotary Club."

It is a problem that will have to be resolved in the coming decades as population grows, transportation becomes more difficult, and demands on time increase.

As to the replacement of members, the recruiting of new blood—the Rotary Club of Chicago moves slowly. No formal membership drive has been held in at least forty years. But the growth is constant. If the club opened its gates status seekers would flock in. But too few of them would become high-level Rotarians.

Aside from the *Gyrator,* the Rotary Club of Chicago has developed a creditable printed luncheon program for distribution at table each Tuesday noon. This was started back in 1922, and for several years the programs were printed at some individual's personal expense. From that evolved a four-page printed program carrying enough advertising to pay for itself.

This club "family" each Tuesday faces the necessity of handling a suddenly crowded entryway, and two very important committees go into action. The Fellowship Committee registers visitors, hands out lunch badges, and guides visitors to lunchroom doors. Inside the dining area itself, a Sergeant-at-Arms Committee takes charge of traffic, acting as hosts in introducing strangers, helping all the men to find seats and generally feel at ease.

The committeemen tactfully help maintain that abiding quiet dignity already referred to, but without being a damper, without spoiling the fun. This takes some doing, and not every man is capable of it. The two sets of committeemen work together, and some members have served for years. They work as greeters, as hospitality chairmen. They have built a reputation for this as "the friendly club."

The thoroughness with which it has chosen officers and committeemen in recent years has built a high standard of achievement in the club; most excellence does stem from good leadership, and it has been good here. This has led to many gratifying honors, recognitions and awards of which the "family" of membership is justly proud.

A high point of these awards probably was in 1937-1938, when the Rotary Club of Chicago was presented with two Rotary International "Club of the Year" contest plaques. One was for an outstanding record in the Club Service division. The other was for second place in Vocational Service. The club also tied for second place in Community Service and received honorable mention for International Service.

The following year the club received a second-place award from *The Rotarian* magazine for Vocational Service excellence. Since then similar honors have come from many sources. Typically, in 1959 the Pakistan Association of Chicago presented an engraved plaque "in recognition of the club's contribution

toward the encouragement and advancement of international understanding, good will, and peace."

One other club service has been extremely satisfying. This was the creation in 1923 of a Rotary Speakers Bureau. Requests kept coming to Sherman House headquarters for names of men able to talk about Rotary, usually from other clubs in the Illinois area. This the "mother" club felt obliged to supply.

More recently the service has been broadened to include other subjects, ranging from Illinois tax reform to the United Nations. More than fifty names of members are on the bureau directory, men who are known authorities on assorted subjects.

"They feel obligated to give of their talents and knowledge," one club officer has explained, "just as members of any big family must share their individual gifts with the outside world. It is a moral obligation, pleasant to accept."

Twenty-Two

SQUARE TABLES AND ROUND

Now, at long last, we must return to that Golden Hour itself, the "regular luncheon meeting" of the Rotary Club of Chicago.

We caught first glimpse of it in Chapter One, when faithful member John Joseph Manley rushed from his office to the Sherman House one Tuesday noon. John was every member, any member, the prototype; his experience that day is fairly typical.

And yet the club meeting is a far bigger event in the average member's life than that glimpse could indicate. Quite without his realizing it, the weekly session becomes a sort of anchor, a stabilizing influence. Within a few months after joining the club he finds himself looking forward to Tuesday noon. He orders his secretary to keep those two hours sacrosanct.

As already indicated, seldom does an earth-shaking event develop at the Rotary meeting—the strength lies in quiet committee work. Nevertheless, this is the Golden Hour. Members *pretend* to regard it lightly; affect an indifference, or act as if it were primarily social. Actually, of course, this is a cover-up; many men don't like to display deep emotion. So the club meetings over the decades, here and around the world, have acquired overtones of frivolity, triviality, confusion, and fun. Precisely these misled the notorious critics back in the Mencken-Nathan-Lewis era of iconoclasm in America.

They were also pointed up rather enjoyably in 1922 in the

Chicago Tribune's column, "A Line o' Type or Two," in a contribution written by a clever observer who signed himself "Aborigine." It was the pen name of J. R. Perkins, a frequent contributor to the famous column during the 1920's and '30's. Yes, the same Perkins who had engineered the writing of the Rotary code of ethics in 1914. Here's what "Aborigine" wrote that day:

THE CLUB GIVES ITS WEEKLY LUNCHEON *

Enter to Jazz. Members coltish. Rolls and butter, noise, waiters, soup. "Hello Sam," "Hello Tim," "'Lo Art," "Howdy Bill."

Secretary reads communication from somebody about something, sinks back into his soup.

The Rev. Mr. Tunny (call him Bill) asks belated grace between salad and meat course.

Roast beef, brown gravy, mashed potatoes, peas, cup custard, coffee.

Members lay down smoke screen. "'Round her neck she wore a yaller ribbon."

President thumps savagely on table for order. Knocks the Rev. Tunny's coffee off into his lap. "On to Los Onglaze" committee reports.

"'Round her neck she wore a yaller ribbon." "Gentlemen, we must get down to business." Introduces visitors from Thomasville, Ga., Standing Rock, Ariz., and La Grange, Ill. Visitors stand up in turn grinning sheepishly. Loud applause.

Secretary reads something more from somebody else. President introduces speaker of the day, who will now address us on "The Menace of Bolshevism."

Great applause. Speaker tells the story about the Irishman and the German who were immigrants on the same ship. Tells story of New Orleans darkey who got to Minneapolis in winter; tells story of the Swede who was asked where the sheep ranch was. Regrets he has only five minutes left for Bolshevism. It is too much.

"Distinguished professor from famous university of learning right here with us today. Call him Hy." Hy unlimbers and goes into action. "The Relevancy of Relativity."

* Reprinted by courtesy of *The Chicago Tribune.*

> Member moves to refer to committee on improvement of streets and alleys. President explains member just came in and did not catch drift of prof's remarks.
>
> "Gentlemen, we have already exceeded the time usually devoted to these inspiring luncheons. . . ."
>
> General movement towards door.
>
> ". . . But we must hear from the committee which was sent to secure data from the Manufacturers' Association."
>
> Movement becomes mad rush. The Rev. Tunny pronounces the benediction, but nobody is left except the waiters and a man who says he can lick the dumbbell that walked off with his new hat.

So, then, a good time. And don't belittle a good time—what's life for if not to enjoy? The unimaginative observer might develop the screaming sneers at the average Rotary luncheon. Not, of course, that "Aborigine" pictured it accurately; he himself was simply extending the fun. Most meetings are far more dignified and efficiently handled than the one he imagined. Yet occasionally even the best ones can get out of hand, run wild, or worse, become plain stuffy.

Of all the men in the world, service club fellows are likely to be the most individualistic, the least inhibited and regimented. "Don't Fence Me In" is one of their favorite songs. By and large they are a serious-minded, sharp-thinking group, but they know how to balance their lives with hearty fellowship and humor.

In its sixty years of existence the Rotary Club of Chicago has had approximately 3,000 meetings. Not all were at noon, but most were. After the club's first few years, in which most sessions were at night, the very term *luncheon club* came into the idiom of America, referring to the Rotarians and ultimately to other similar groups. It also acquired a certain derogatory connotation. Luncheon clubs? All they do is meet and eat. Knife-and-fork outfits. Nooners. Remember it was George Bernard Shaw who, when asked where he thought Rotary was going, whimsically

observed, "It is going to lunch." Such accusations of course stemmed from ignorance; outsiders rarely saw the dedicated work these men were doing at other times. As the work did become known, *luncheon club* gradually disappeared from the language. It has not been heard much since the 1940's. Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Sertoma, and other cordial colleagues today are correctly known as service clubs. (The word Sertoma was coined from "service to mankind," a clever naming.)

Virtually all meetings hinge on the speaker of the day (with conspicuous exceptions). If he has something to say and knows how to say it, his subject isn't too important; he *must* project, must establish rapport with his audience. Too often the vaunted "authority" on something or other is a failure at this; the man who wrote an important best-selling book is very likely to be a frightened novice on the podium; the authoritarian professor can show a classroom dullness at Rotary. This club has learned the hard way to avoid such types.

Over the years, therefore, the truly memorable meetings in the Chicagoans' experience have had some special aspects. No two old-timers, of course, would make the same list, but they probably would have many duplications. Some programs were so fine that they have been etched indelibly into the records.

One of these was May 26, 1910, in the old Stratford Hotel on Michigan Avenue. The club had been in existence only five years. But, oh dear, it was the Time of the Comet! Biggest of all the known comets, Halley's, on May 17th had extended its broad fiery tail in a great arc across the skies. Thousands had predicted that the earth, passing through that fire, would be destroyed—the Day of Reckoning, as mentioned in Holy Writ. It hadn't happened, but the young Rotarians were still charged up about that grandest show the heavens ever gave us.

Shortly after the Comet had made its appearance a celebrity came to speak. He was John E. W. Wayman, who at thirty-six was one of the youngest state's attorneys ever to hold that office

in Cook County. He was widely known throughout the Midwest as a criminal lawyer, and that night he told the young Rotarians off. He described the myriad problems of his office and protested vehemently against "the measly $15,000 appropriation allowed me for general expenses by the county board."

"These clubs around town," he said, "appoint committees on the Comet, and to see whether a harbor ought to be out or in; but did they ever appoint a committee to wait on the state's attorney and find out what his needs are? The records of time fail to reveal it, if they have.

"Why, do you know," he continued, "I'd be tickled to death if some morning fifty citizens should walk into my office and say to me, 'Wayman, we've come to look over your office.'

"I'd be so pleased that I would—how many did I say?—fifty—well, I'd buy them all a dinner."

That was his mistake!

"You're on!" a shout came instantly from one Rotarian.

"Name the day!" yelled another.

Then it became a hullabaloo. The grinning attorney had trapped himself—but he made good. The Rotarians had moved into the mainstream of public affairs. The meeting was memorable.

In February, 1914, the greatest comedian of the era spoke and sang to the Rotary Club of Chicago. He gave a repeat performance in December, 1919, this time with his bagpipe band. Meanwhile, the world had been racked by a war, and Sir Harry Lauder had lost a son. So at that December meeting he spoke not as a comic, not as a Scotsman of distinction, not as a fellow Rotarian (he was a member in Glasgow), but as the deep, rich-minded humanitarian that he was. Primarily it was a condemnation of war, so wonderfully put together that his audience was awed.

But in the course of his remarks he also uttered one other

sentence which so impressed the men that it has been cherished down through the years, is still quoted widely, and appears weekly on the club's printed program. Sir Harry said, *"Rotary is the golden strand in the cable of international friendship."* Naturally the men still speak of that meeting, and memory of it will be passed on through generations to come.

Also still vivid in current memory is Charlie Barker—Dr. Charles E. Barker, a member of the Rotary Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan. He was already renowned through a speech he had made at a Rotary International convention, and so he was eagerly welcomed when he came to town on November 20, 1919. Somebody had the foresight to arrange a meeting for him with the Rotarians' *wives*—of all people!—that morning, and they came home glowing. He had talked to them on "A Mother's Responsibility to Her Daughter." He made such an impression that the good ladies couldn't forget him or drop him out of their conversation for months. A direct result of his appearance before them was the organization of the Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago, of which more later.

Then that night he held the men themselves spellbound with his talk on "A Father's Responsibility to His Son." From our sophisticated pedestal in the 1960's that doesn't sound like much. But back in 1919 it was as fresh as the morning dew. Sex had existed for quite a while, of course, but nobody of refinement ever admitted it. Certainly few if any in the high-level Rotary world would even use the word, even though some of its manifestations were known *sub rosa* as a social problem.

Charlie Barker laid the problem right out on the Rotary table and dissected it. He used the words! He pointed fingers—at the faces and consciences of the women and men most concerned. Happily, the time was ripe. Two decades earlier he would have been scorned, drummed out of the city. Now his message was received as the valuable revelation that it was.

"If you want to know what's good for Johnny," Mother Rotarian told her husband that day, shortly before sundown, "you'd better go hear Dr. Barker tonight."

It was an order, and she meant it. Curious—at least the hinting was enough to make him so—father went; the banquet hall was jammed, one of the best attendances in club history. And father learned what was good for Johnny.

Commander Richard E. Byrd, USN, flew over the North Pole on May 9, 1926. In our time we have to pause to reflect on that. We are jet-minded. We are zipping Maine-to-Mexico in an hour while looking at the latest wide-screen color movie. But Dick Byrd was in a slower era, and to get anywhere near the Pole by any means whatsoever was a phenomenal achievement. Besides which he was a handsome, personable man who could speak wonderfully well.

The Rotary Club of Chicago scored a "scoop" when it had him come tell about his flight. The grand ballroom in the Sherman House overflowed into adjoining rooms. It was more than chance that he had carried a Rotary flag on that historic flight. His program of forty years ago still lingers in Rotary minds.

In May, 1930, the best-loved, most famous contralto in the world, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, opened a meeting in the Sherman House by singing the first verse of "The Star Spangled Banner" and leading the Rotarians in the second verse. When they then broke spontaneously into "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," she cried. When she told them about her four sons in World War I—two brothers fighting two brothers on opposite sides—the Rotarians cried. It was a grand heart-to-heart hour with one of the great women of the century; a new kind of high for the club's programming. She carried a Rotary emblem with her wherever she traveled.

"Chic" Sale came to Rotary in Chicago, repeatedly, as a speaking guest. "Chic" Sale? Young Rotarians today will look blank

at you when you mention him. But "Chic" had fame in the 1920's and '30's as the architectural "specialist" who allegedly constructed outdoor toilets, and made a fortune on the vaudeville stage telling America about this work. Besides being a comedian, he was a talented actor in serious drama. In 1927 he made a silent motion picture of a "Visit to the Home of Paul P. Harris" and left it among the Rotary Club's cherished souvenirs.

"You may have sad days, but no day should be a dull one." That trenchant bit of philosophy was spoken to the Rotary Club of Chicago in April, 1937, by a man eminently capable of appraising our routine of life. He was William Lyon Phelps, professor of English at Yale. Billy Phelps himself became a Rotarian, and in 1939 said, "I have always been glad I accepted membership. Rotary is a powerful force for good, locally, nationally, and internationally." He gave the Chicago club some of its finest programs.

Then there have been the programs with some "special twist." One such took place in June, 1944. With the cooperation of Capt. R. R. M. Emmet, commandant at Great Lakes and a member of the club, it was decided to pay honor to Andrew Jackson Higgins, famed inventor and manufacturer of PT, LST, and other amphibious landing craft playing a highly important part in World War II. Accordingly, an invitation was extended and accepted. The date—set several weeks in advance—oddly enough fell on June 6, 1944—D Day. It was a sober, hushed audience that greeted Boat Builder Higgins that noon while across the Atlantic the vast operation called "Overlord" was in full swing.

Due to its size and prestige, the Chicago club has been able to secure many outstanding programs through the years. Billy Graham was most impressive, as was Eleanor Roosevelt. Some years ago the Rotary Club of Chicago and the Executives Club held a joint meeting attended by almost 1,200 persons and were

addressed by a well-known railroad president, Robert R. Young of the Chesapeake and Ohio.

On the occasion of a Cancer Fund drive, a combined meeting of the Chicago Club and the Kiwanis Club was held, and the program feature was the famous Victor Borge. In the late 1940's, when an important federal communications official was the day's speaker, the entire program was televised by WGN-TV, a Chicago station, and was probably the first Rotary Club meeting ever to be televised.

Then there was the program that did not work out quite as planned. The date was February 20, 1962, and as the guest speaker rose to give his talk, Col. John H. Glenn had completed his third orbit of the earth and was preparing for his descent. The audience in the George Bernard Shaw room was restless. Some members were trying to hear the speaker and at the same time following Col. Glenn with transistors glued to their ears. Others quietly left the room to seek out television sets in the lobby and restaurants. The room lost half its audience but the speaker exhibited fine sportsmanship, excusing those who desired to leave and commenting that he was "carrying on" under difficulty while "space history" was being written.

The list of celebrities who have been speakers, the programs with high entertainment component or with some special twist, could go on and on. This club is big enough and packs enough prestige to get virtually anything it wants for a program. In this, its situation is unique. And it is rightly envied by virtually every other service club in the world; few indeed are so fortunate.

These regular Tuesday noon meetings are not the only ones which members can attend. As early as 1918 the "appeal" of Rotary, already referred to here, was being felt; the men were telling one another that once a week wasn't enough. "Why can't we create a Rotary Round Table where we could meet and eat at times other than the Tuesday luncheons?" they asked their

board of directors. The board approved, so on June 25, 1918, no less than fifty-two of the fellows met in a private dining room at the Sherman House.

The first Round Table sessions were somewhat less than distinguished. An unofficial slogan developed. It was *Everybody Talks, Nobody Listens.* Moreover, that was a reasonably accurate description. These were not authorized "regular" meetings of the Rotary Club of Chicago, hence nobody felt impelled to be regimented and routined. Nobody cared who came, what he said, how long he stayed. He paid his eighty-five cents—including tip—ate a bountiful meal, relaxed a bit, and then went on back to his place of business. Well and good.

But somehow the pattern changed. In retrospect, we inevitably compare those early Round Tables with the cracker-barrel clubs of the old country store. In the *Atlantic* magazine of April, 1925, author George Alger said, "The cracker-barrel discussion may have lacked learning and highly desirable information on public questions, but the men had the vitamins—the personal interest, the personal expressions of individual thought or prejudice of their participants." At that moment the Chicago Rotary Round Table was six years old and was an upgrading of the backwoods cracker-barrel clubs.

It was an ever-changing group within the club and has continued so to this day. First-blush interest in it subsided; by January, 1919, the average attendance had leveled off at about twenty men, which was a good solid and revolving core for talking out affairs of the day.

Nor were the meetings all given over merely to swapping opinions. In March, 1920, for instance, somebody brought up the work being done by Rotarian Rev. Joseph Rogers on behalf of underprivileged youngsters in his church area on the near north side. No appeal was made, no pressure was put on anybody; one man simply turned his hat up and put a five-dollar bill in it.

Fifteen minutes later Joe Rogers himself came in smiling, to enjoy the Round Table. They handed him the hat. It held $190.

Paul Harris came to the Round Table one day beaming behind a three-foot smile and carrying a box of cigars. He asked help in celebrating his fifty-second birthday—and got it, even though he had to suffer considerable razzing. This episode was typical of many for this gathering.

The Round Table has known at least two "homes," changing to the Morrison Hotel as necessity arose, notably remodelings of the Sherman House. Finally a restaurateur of renown, Dario Toffenetti, became a member of the club and lured the Round Table bunch to his place of business. They still go there.

Because the Table did take on an increasing importance in the men's lives, a semblance of formality crept in and a secretary was even appointed. One of the secretaries served for twenty-eight years. He was quiet and kindly A. G. Schmidt, called "Smiddy," proprietor of a firm manufacturing show cards. (Not to be confused with "Schmitty" Schmitt, the club's secretary.)

Inevitably, too, news of the Rotary Round Table in Chicago reached visiting Rotarians, and they were anxious to attend. They were made welcome. Often they would have to live through sundry masculine pseudo-insults and horseplay, but they loved it and spread the good word in their travels. Many took the idea back to their home towns and started Rotary Round Tables there, with the same informal and revolving memberships from the club rosters.

Overseas Rotarians especially seem to have enjoyed these gatherings in Chicago. Ches Perry brought twenty Cuban Rotarians to the Round Table. They spoke no English, but one or two of the Americans had bits of Spanish language in them, so communication of a sort was established. Presently guests and hosts alike were lifting their slightly off-key voices, urging one

another to sing and not be sorrowful—*Ay, ay, ay-ay, canta y no llores.* The spirit caught on, the Cubans opened their hearts, the fellowship of the Round Table soared to new heights.

Comparably, a muscular and slightly sensitive chap from Dublin, Ireland, dropped in one noon, Rotarian Bob Johnson. As soon as the Chicago fellows identified him they picked a fight, nagging him, criticizing him, chastising him, insulting him, straight-facing it all the way. Just when Bob had reached the boiling point, shucked off his coat, and was rolling up his sleeves, the Chicago men burst into laughter, hoisted Bob to their shoulders and toasted him hilariously. Bob stood back down and spoke brokenly.

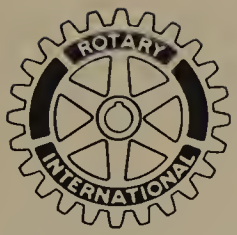
"Faith and Oi've tears in me eyes and love in me heart," said he, affecting a brogue he didn't really have. "'Tis more like home Oi've felt here than any place else in America. The lot of ye are Oirish and don't know it!"

Now and again in Chicago somebody thoughtlessly accuses the "Round Table gang" of trying to "run the club." This is amusing, because there is no "Round Table gang"; the personnel changes at virtually every meeting, attendance is strictly voluntary, and everybody is heartily welcome. But the overall *mood,* the general atmosphere, is quite different from that of the club luncheons. There is a spontaneity that begets good times, and that a few otherwise lovable men are too often unable to share. This is wholly compatible with "human nature" in its variations, and means simply that some of us are more extroverted than others.

The Round Table here has enjoyed a long, *long* list of delightful meetings, so many that it would be hard to pick and choose. One president of the Rotary Club said, "I am personally a little reserved to contribute much at the Round Table, yet I thoroughly enjoy going, and I consider that happen-so group one of the most valuable adjuncts of our organization. Let the

Tuesday luncheons have the Big-Name speaker, the impressive agenda, the protocol. Let the drop-ins at the Round Table have the spontaneous fellowship and the lighthearted fun."

Rotary attendance credit for being present at the Round Table is about the only benefit that cannot be offered to visiting or local members. Although the Round Table Committee would certainly like to be able to grant this credit, and many visitors urge that this be counted as such, Rotary International has not thus far agreed.



Twenty-Three

FAMILY PROBLEMS

If a big club is like a family, it is also like a township: it can have political as well as social upheavals. This has been true in the case of the Rotary Club of Chicago. We have already seen some of its minor "politics" over matters of policy concerning the founders. Later, the problems grew as the membership grew, affecting first this club alone, then those in the district and nation, and ultimately all the clubs in the world.

One of the biggest problems had to do with that expansion itself. Paul Harris and his handful of friends in 1905 probably never dreamed of pioneering more than one club. And for two years they were largely preoccupied with its administration and growth. Then suddenly, in 1908, Club Number Two was born in San Francisco, and by the end of 1911 the new "National Association" had thirty clubs and ten more were awaiting affiliation. This expansion, all within six years, was truly surprising.

By 1921 a thousand Rotary Clubs were meeting in a thousand cities on all six continents—and the mother club in Chicago couldn't quite absorb the importance of that. Like any mother with an overflow of children, the Rotary Club of Chicago was more confused than competent.

One big problem arose over a matter that perhaps should have been easily resolved—work with crippled children. We are all so touched by the sight of a child with a crooked foot, a

twisted back, a bandaged body, that we tend to act more with emotion than reason. Thus great pressure was built up to make the cause of the handicapped child the chief objective of Rotary. Club Number One in Chicago had done valiant pioneering here.

Many clubs were not particularly interested in helping these youths, because the handicapped in their towns were already well cared for. This was especially true overseas, where the state often shouldered the burden. These clubs took a dim view of the eagerness of a small but articulate minority to make this a chief object of Rotary.

One other uncertainty plagued the clubs. No declaration had come from Rotary International defining what the member units around the world might do *as clubs.* The six objects (later revised to four and still later reduced to one object consisting of four parts) were concerned solely with the individual's role in Rotary. Many clubs were anxious to know the exact extent of their own responsibility and privileges.

Two schools of thought began to be heard, with force. One contended that Rotary could serve best through the medium of corporate action; the club itself, this school pointed out, carried most weight and prestige in the community.

The other side just as strongly maintained that experience and training gained in Rotary inevitably increased the member's capacity for service in his community and elsewhere. As early as 1916 Allen D. Albert made this the theme of the international president's annual address at the Cincinnati convention.

Meanwhile, the men in the mother club grew more and more divided and confused. There was no lack of sincerity, no element of selfishness; there was simply honest difference of opinion, such as can beset any township on a matter that concerns all.

The matter grew to such proportions that it became a thorn in the side of the Rotary International Board of Directors. About to go out of office anyway, this board adopted a sort of lame-duck resolution. By the resolution's terms the International

Society for Crippled Children would be relieved of its responsibility, and its work would become a major activity of Rotary everywhere. A special department for this would be set up in the International headquarters, and an assessment of $1 per member would be made against all clubs in order to finance the work.

This action by the board touched off an explosion in the founding club. "Nobody was against helping crippled children," an old-timer recalls, "but many were against having the matter decided for us." It was to be settled at the International Convention in St. Louis in June of that year, 1923.

Men in the Rotary Club of Chicago therefore became seriously concerned. Paul A. Westburg was finishing as club president, Charles A. Newton was president-elect. They and Rufus F. Chapin, past-president, who also was treasurer of Rotary International, would attend the convention as club delegates. Chapin happened to be a personality in the world of Rotary. Not only was he a financier, he was a sharp wit who wrote both prose and verse for the club's weekly bulletin, the *Gyrator*. As these and other men watched developments, they became worried over a possible schism in the club because of the crippled children policy. This was at the moment when the club had just appointed its first crippled children committee, to be expanded into a city-wide survey of handicapped children's needs, the first such project in Chicago. So the "pro" sentiment was strong.

But Chapin, Westburg, and the club directors took a less emotional look. They felt strongly that the International board had raised a matter of principle. The essence of it was this question:

Should Rotary remain Rotary, with flexibility as to a club's choice of community service activities, or—as Chapin phrased it—was it to become a "one idea" club?

Rotary International, it must be remembered, had already committed itself to another objective, "Work among Boys." A

department had been set up in the International headquarters to promote it and a per capita assessment on the membership was contemplated. Now it was a mandatory service in behalf of crippled children that threatened.

Chapin, Westburg, Newton, and others drafted an opposing resolution, the main plank of which proposed "that it is the policy of Rotary to abstain from any activity or the promotion of any undertaking not clearly stipulated in the Object of Rotary, and that no Rotary Club shall become a member club or local branch of any organization other than Rotary International."

This opposing resolution was controversial, to be sure, but when laid calmly before the club membership and explained reasonably, the vote for it was unanimous. That surprised its sponsors but was gratifying because it unified the club again.

It also encouraged Rufus Chapin to write an article and illustrate it with a clever cartoon, which was published as a two-page spread in the *Gyrator* under the title "The Camels Are Coming." This was a warning that handicapped children's interest was threatening to take over Rotary International, thus narrowing the whole concept of the service organization that Paul Harris had founded.

"Some time ago a very much beloved old camel known as 'Work Among Boys' crawled into the International tent," wrote Chapin. "He was an unobtrusive, kindly old camel and never did much harm, except this: *he set a precedent* . . . Soon we may find our tent so full of camels that there will be no room for such impedimenta as the Objects of Rotary unless someone who thinks fundamentally and talks vehemently comes to the rescue."

The article and cartoon immediately were reprinted in dozens of other Rotary publications across the continent. This prompted the Chicago men to reprint it as a leaflet for free distribution at the St. Louis convention. Copies were handed to all delegates as they filed into the convention auditorium there. By now the

Chicago men were determined to fight for their cause. Many other groups of delegates enlisted under their banner.

Meanwhile a lively debate was taking place in the convention's Resolutions Committee. The resolution favoring handicapped children as a major policy, and the Rotary Club of Chicago's counter-resolution opposing it, were laid on the table. This was in the traditional "smoke-filled room" of political fame, and men spoke with conviction, sometimes too harshly.

As often happens in such political maneuverings, neither side won. Eventually there was agreement for withdrawal of both resolutions. Instead, a committee was appointed to draft an entirely new resolution which "would affirm the policy of Rotary objective activities and formulate certain principles for the future guidance of Rotary International and Rotary Clubs." It was a two-man committee—Chairman Will R. Manier of the Resolutions Committee, and Paul Westburg from Chicago. It is a tribute to all the group that they had faith enough to think two men alone could do it; they wouldn't need a third to break any tie votes, they could reason their way out of the wilderness as sensible, dedicated citizens always should.

That faith proved to be justified. Manier and Westburg spent the better part of two days making their new draft. The new resolution was presented to the convention at large and adopted without a change.

It was a historic moment because it set the traditional pattern for club autonomy; and without "crowing," the Rotary Club of Chicago expressed its quiet approval and gratitude. The resolution in full contains more than a thousand words, but its key clauses can be quoted in a few sentences:

> Each individual Rotary Club has absolute autonomy in the selection of such objective activities as appeal to it and as are suited to its community.
>
> Rotary International, although it may study, standardize, and develop such activities as are general and make helpful sugges-

> tions regarding them, should never prescribe nor proscribe any objective activity for any club.
>
> As a general thing, no Rotary Club should endorse any project, no matter how meritorious, unless the club is prepared and willing to assume all or part of the responsibility for the accomplishment of that which it endorses.

Thus was reached an important and crucial turning point in the history of Rotary International and of the mother club, the Rotary Club of Chicago. It was noteworthy because for the first time the individual club's role in community affairs had been sharply defined, making it a free agent in deciding its own destiny.

Somewhat comparably, the Rotary Club of Chicago became involved in the development and expansion of district Rotary organizations. Again, it had not asked for or expected such a responsibility. The political load was simply thrust upon it. Only part of this was due to its being the parent of all service clubs. Part came from the fact of its location in Chicago, close neighbor to International headquarters, and to the fact that many leaders in the International body came from the first club itself.

Dividing Rotary into districts would, on the face of it, seem simple. Geography would be a factor, naturally. So would climate. So would distances. Thus the member clubs, set into districts consisting of two to six states each, would enjoy maximum convenience in traveling to district conventions, in working out any regional activities and problems, in building fellowship on common interests. That part ultimately worked out well enough.

But the competitive instincts in men somehow arose, with their inevitable hints of jealousies. We do worship size in America; we are the most "superlative-conscious" nation in the world; we boast of the longest, broadest, tallest, smallest, prettiest, richest, biggest. We are at once humble and proud. Thus

the geographically small district felt it had to make up for that inferiority by straining for numerical strength. Whereupon, of course, the "big" district immediately countered by launching Rotary Clubs in its own smaller cities and towns.

The separate areas of Rotary at first were called "divisions," and there were eight of them. In 1915 the term was changed to "districts," and the administrative officer of each was called a district governor. The Rotary Club of Chicago was in District Eight, and Herbert C. Angster, the club's immediate past-president, was the first district governor. His area comprised Illinois and Indiana.

Herb, destined for enduring renown, served the district with distinction. At the International convention that year he drew applause when he proudly reported twenty-four clubs in his area. Other marked growth was reported, and before the convention ended the need for more and smaller districts was being discussed. The governors were finding it hard to visit and keep close contact with so many clubs under them.

The next forty years were to see an almost constant dividing and renumbering of the districts in an effort to keep pace with the growth of clubs. The Eighth district was divided so that Indiana became the new Eleventh and Illinois the new Twelfth. Soon the Twelfth was again changed, so that Chicago found itself in the Nineteenth. A year later it was in the Fortieth. It stayed there fourteen years, then found itself in District 147. But other changes were to come. In 1949 it became District 213, and then in 1952, District 214. Meanwhile Rotary was growing so fast, around the world, that the United States and Canada were assigned numbers from 500 to 800 for listing their Districts. Thus in the 1950's the Rotary Club of Chicago became a part of District 644! It's still there—or was at this writing, but may not be as you read. Illinois alone now has five separate districts, with the number of clubs in them ranging from thirty-nine to sixty-two or more.

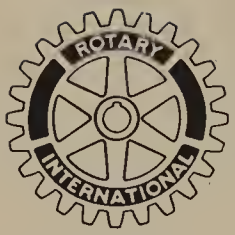
The 644th District, offshoot of the original 8th, now comprises eight counties in the northeast corner of Illinois, representing about one-tenth of the state's area. One of the counties, Cook, has about 5,500,000 population, half the state total. Chicago, of course, holds the major portion, close to 4,000,000. Of the sixty-six clubs in the district, fifty-five are in suburban cities within an hour's ride from headquarters of Old Number One in the Sherman House. A map, published by the club in 1965, shows the location of each club near Chicago—and the time and place of each luncheon. Paul Harris could hardly have envisioned such numerical expansion, such physical concentration.

Herbert Angster and the fifty-two governors who have followed him in the administration of his "home district"—seven of whom were from Club Number One—could contemplate with great satisfaction the Rotary structure which they have helped to create. Their job pays no salary, indeed each must spend much of his own money and even more energy and time in his administrative work. But the intangible rewards are endless, and such men are intelligent enough to realize that these are most valuable of all.

A club feels signally honored at having one of its members elected governor. The governor is something of a benevolent dictator. Strictly speaking, he answers to nobody and actually has more power than he dares use. Very few men have abused their privileges; most have leaned the other way by adhering faithfully to the policies of Rotary International. International headquarters itself cannot control the district governor. One high official smilingly summarizes it thus: "No board of directors at headquarters can tell a governor what he must and must not do. They can only tell him what he should and should not do."

Here are the members of the Rotary Club of Chicago who have served as governors of their district, with their years in office:

8th District, Herbert C. Angster, 1915-1916.
12th District, James O. Craig, 1919-1920.
40th District, William V. MacGill, 1931-1932.
147th District, Richard E. Vernor, 1937-1938; Herbert J. Taylor, 1941-1942.
213th District, Wayne Walker, 1951-1952.
644th District, Mitchel P. Davis, 1958-1959.



Twenty-Four

MAKIN' POLITICAL WHOOPEE

Although politics has never been recognized in the service program of the Rotary Club of Chicago or of Rotary International, it has nevertheless colored the records of each group.

It arose, perhaps inevitably, with Rotary's rush for expansion, notably in the 1920's and 1930's. Rivalries between the older clubs grew strong in their efforts to outdo one another.

"We have launched four new clubs in the past year!" a club president would shout at one of the regional conventions.

"We've started six!" another president would yell.

Pomp and circumstance—of a sort—accompanied the launchings. In late 1919, James Craig of the Rotary Club of Chicago was district governor, and as such was asked to charter a new club in East Moline, Illinois. He thought it would be nice to take two or three friends with him, so at his next club meeting he asked hopefully for volunteers. Forty hands shot up!

He took all of the forty men. As their train rolled toward East Moline on October 2, Rotarians from still other towns boarded it. Presently the clubmen "took over," perhaps to the consternation of the private, more sedate passengers.

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" the Chicagoans proclaimed in their unofficial theme song, and they began parading the cars. The mood was contagious, so other Rotarians marched

and sang with them. The conductor, no doubt shocked, retreated to his tiny cubbyhole office and shut the door.

At the East Moline station they were met by a Rock Island band of thirty pieces and noisy delegations from nearby clubs. Out stepped the singing, shouting Chicagoans, and they didn't even stop. Escorting the new district governor, they took the place of honor in a new parade that soon strung out for several blocks. Nearly 500 Rotarians thus announced their arrival in the town.

All of this was, unconsciously perhaps, a part of Rotary politics. It was an old trick, impressing voters by using brass bands and vocal music, how-de-do and hoopla; even candidates for governor of states had used it. The noise kept on. That night it caused the high school auditorium to tremble. Chicago's Charley Estey led the singing, Joe Hahn played his "Rotary March" and "Jingle Bells" while school authorities worried about china and glassware. Chicago's Harry McEvoy entertained the crowd with mystifying magic—a truckload of assorted fluffy merchandise out of a hat, a fruit-bearing orange tree grown from a seed planted right there, a girl who floated on air. But the real magic was the molding of wills, the building of status, the guidance sought from and furnished by the Rotary Club of Chicago. The boys from the big town made their impression, political and otherwise.

Comparably, back in 1912 a crowd from the still new but already dominant club of Chicago had trekked down to Indianapolis to help organize a Rotary Club in that city. Let the *Gyrator* of January 1, 1927, reminisce about it:

> After a wonderful banquet some of our spellbinders tried to sell Rotary to that fine bunch of fellows, but after all the benefits of Rotary had been explained, it looked as if we were not getting anywhere.
>
> Then as a pinch hitter we put on Ches Perry. We had been saving him for the final effort, and he apparently saved the day.

> But truth of the matter is, that was a put-up job on the part of our hosts. They had quietly agreed in advance to appear indifferent to our eloquence, and they surely succeeded!
>
> We remember, too, how two of our boys called from the police station, asking for help. They said they had been arrested and were indignant, but needed someone to come bail them out. Several Chicago fellows of course rushed over there to offer their assistance—only to be greeted harshly and clapped into cells themselves.
>
> O, them was the days!

The *Gyrator* was right; them was indeed the days, and aging men in the 1960's get a little wistful thinking about them. For the brass bands, the high-rise voices, the comical hats and badges and general carnival atmosphere somehow have been abandoned as a pattern for launching new clubs or whooping it up at annual conventions. Perhaps the abandonment was a grave psychological error. America as a whole has lost too much of its sense of humor anyway, and that has been a tragic thing. If Rotary, dedicated to service, really wishes to serve its country, conceivably a program for restoration of the uninhibited belly laugh, the relaxing guffaw, the joshing and teasing and happy comradeship would be the best possible avenue.

Political and pleasant, the good-times pattern continued back in the formative years. The mother club delivered itself of a "baby" in Peoria, Illinois, a new club that soon became distinguished on its own. Paul Harris and Ches Perry went over to Cleveland, made fine speeches, and established a club there. After that, more and more Midwestern clubs were launched by these and other enthusiasts from the Rotary Club of Chicago, sometimes with political "skulduggery" (of a benevolent sort) required, sometimes with relatively boresome ease. Cicero, Elgin, Elmhurst, Evanston, Franklin Park, Oak Park, Richmond, Winnetka, are among the list that owe their sponsorships to the Rotary Club of Chicago. And the end is not yet.

Involvement in serious "politics" or, more specifically, in

problems relative to elections and administration, has been a part of the life of the Rotary Club of Chicago for at least half a century. A part of it has been limited to the club's own affairs; its election of officers, its outreach and extension. But another part of the involvement has had to do with the International body, and this can always become a touchy situation.

Rotary International, even though based on the highest ideals and the best of motives, also was thoroughly "human," hence subject to many political problems. Early in 1935 a Commission on Rotary International Administration which came to be called the C.R.I.A., had been set up, partly at the insistence of Chicagoans, to investigate "electioneering methods" at conventions by candidates for the International presidency. The previous year the committee of social scientists from the University of Chicago had completed its survey of the Rotary Club of Chicago, and its findings were published in a 293-page book titled *Rotary?* This emphasized some of the administrative and political problems. All of that had a direct effect on the work of the broader commission.

One result was the appointment of a wholly new committee by the club itself, to conduct a study of Rotary administrative matters and report in detail to the club membership. This was quite apart from the work of the international C.R.I.A. The club's weekly *Gyrator* also was given over largely to airing members' views on the matter, and their eagerness to "speak out" in print is evidence of the mounting pressure.

The first Survey Committee had recommended:

> That the Rotary Club of Chicago take a much more active interest in political and governmental questions than it has done in the past; that this interest be manifested solely by the discussion at the club meetings in open forums of a greater number of important political and governmental questions; that these discussions be held for whatever educational benefit they may have upon the individual members of the club; and that the

> club, as a club, take no action by resolution or otherwise on any side of any one of the questions thus presented.

This indicated an apparent effort to draw more attention from the individual members, rather than leaving "politics" to a small clique; an effort to inform them on inner workings of Rotary routine, plus an effort to stay neutral rather than become unpleasantly involved.

A Commission on Rotary Problems of Club Number One then gave two years of intensive study to the question of area administration, and its findings were forwarded to the C.R.I.A. as well as to the International Board of Directors. It emphasized "urgently needed changes, especially in electing the president of Rotary International." The presidential campaigns of 1929 and 1930, it was alleged, had been especially aggressive ones, and the memory of them lingered, often with touchy feelings. Now the Chicago club was endeavoring to help wipe the slate clean, to help everybody forgive, forget, and go on with new friendly feelings.

It wasn't easy. A self-appointed "political ring of kingmakers" had been trying to perpetuate itself year after year in the 1930's. But the earnest men from the mother club drew on their own club's experience and made specific recommendation.

"Let there be a nominating committee," they urged, "to select an outstanding leader from any club anywhere on earth to be president of Rotary International. Thus it can be said not that a man picks the office, but that the office seeks the man."

A "bill of particulars" about the matter was printed in the *Gyrator* under the heading *Should the Office seek the Man? A Call for Representative vs. Oligarchic Government in R.I.* Then the Chicago commission drew a proposed enactment to the Rotary International Constitution and By-Laws which was approved by the club directors and the club, and forwarded to the International convention in San Francisco in 1938. It was given widespread publicity.

It struck like a bombshell on the Rotary world. Letters poured into Chicago from everywhere, mostly supporting the mother club's stand. Club bulletins reported on it. Talk ran high. Slowly, inexorably, the stage had been set for dramatic events in the convention sessions.

The Chicago club's position in the world of Rotary was strong enough to command respect. One result was a speech by past International president Russell F. Greiner of Kansas City. Addressing his own club, he vigorously denounced the "small group of Rotarians who are now guiding the destinies of a great movement on a dangerous course." He strongly supported Chicago's stand by saying:

> A campaign is on foot, you see, to change the order of things. A strong sentiment is in favor among the rank and file of Rotary to have the office seek the man.
>
> Once it becomes evident that the majority of Rotarians will not tolerate self-seekers, it will be dangerous for hand-picked candidates to try any high-pressure methods. The proposed Rotary International Nominating Commission will have its hands free to seek out candidates that are the choices of all the clubs.
>
> Rotary has a heroic job on its hands if its ideals are to continue to live and function internationally.

Russ Greiner's stand was given wide publicity. Chicago's *Gyrator* printed the full text of his speech, five pages. Other club bulletins quoted it. The International Board of Directors soon knew for certain that Chicago's complaint was not just a local criticism; it was a groundswell throughout the organization.

Meanwhile, the argument was intensifying right there in the confines of the Sherman House. Past-president George C. Hager of the Rotary Club of Chicago had announced his candidacy for International president—a man seeking the office. Allegedly he was backed by several of the club's more avid politicians, and undoubtedly they were sincere in feeling that he would make

a good president. Many citizens do get satisfactions out of pushing the man of their choice into office.

Then there was a sudden and dramatic change. George Hager had served as a director of Rotary International, and for two years as chairman of the R.I. Constitution and By-Laws Committee. His allegiance lay with the "political ring" that many felt was seeking to perpetuate itself. He had strongly opposed Allen D. Albert, first chairman of the Chicago commission, and had made known his opposition to the Chicago club's proposed changes in R.I. administration.

The board of the Chicago club therefore announced privately to George Hager that it could not support him for International president unless he changed his position. George then asked for a meeting of the club board to air his views. There, Allen Albert, a persuasive man, spoke with such logic and sincerity that he completely "re-sold" George, causing him to reverse his thinking and agree to support the club's stand for reform. It was a dramatic moment indeed, strong wills opposing one another, then gradually converging toward a common ground. Only the wise people of earth, it is said, have the ability to change their minds. George Hager proved his wisdom.

George thereupon was given approval by the club's board of directors, and soon thereafter by unanimous vote of the club itself. George gave open and unqualified support to his club's proposals for reform in Rotary International politics. Thus he became the "opposition candidate" for the International presidency at that big San Francisco convention, opposing Allen Street of Oklahoma City. Much verbal fur flew. Allen had strong backing, but when the convention delegates voted they gave George Hager from Chicago a majority of 183.

That wasn't the end of political controversy. The Rotary Club of Chicago also had proposed "Enactment 38-4" to bring about reform. Much complicated maneuvering followed when it was introduced at the convention. Eventually the Council on

Legislation, then the convention itself, by vote, announced that "this Convention favors the provision, if found possible, of more effective methods for the election of president and treasurer of Rotary International and recommends that an *ad hoc* committee of five be appointed by the incumbent president of Rotary International, instructed to make comprehensive inquiry into all the relevant circumstances and report its findings to the next International convention."

"What all that circumlocutory gobbledygook means," grinned one Chicago delegate, "is that the five men better find a way to clean up our elections, or we'll have their scalps."

Albert B. Martin, former director of Club Number One, was made chairman of that committee of five. He also had been a member of the Chicago Rotary Problems Commission which drew up the original proposals. His committee met during the year, and at the next International convention, in Cleveland, offered some specific recommendations: a nominating committee of nine members to select a candidate for International president; nominations for treasurer at the annual convention; nominations for directors and district governors at the annual convention.

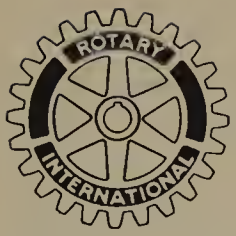
That did it. The last kingmaker reluctantly picked up his spear and shield, fled the castle, and joined the army of men shouting, "Long live the king." Never again would an aspirant seek the throne; the throne would seek him.

The Rotary Club of Chicago, shouldering a responsibility by virtue of its age and prestige and leadership, once more had helped Rotary International set a policy that was to endure. True, there have been changes in the selection and constitution of the R.I. nominating committee over the years. For instance, there are now eleven members, with alternates, instead of the original nine. But these minor changes have simply been refinements to bring about even more democratic processes in selecting men for high office in R.I. No position in the world is quite

like that of the presidency of Rotary International, and none offers so many possibilities for worthy and unselfish service to mankind. This vast, powerful organization simply could not afford to allow the office to become a mere political plum.

That far-reaching experience back in the '30's had lasting effect on the Rotary Club of Chicago. No major problems arose to bedevil it for several years. But in 1956 its Rotary Problems Advisory Committee was reactivated, not in emergency but in readiness. Its stated purpose is to make studies and serve as an advisory body to the club board of directors "in any problems incident to the purpose and administration of this club or of the Association of Rotary Clubs."

Thus the club's Advisory Committee is a standby, on sentinel duty, active in guidance for minor matters, alert and armed for major action if need arises.



Twenty-Five

FOR MEN ONLY?

It is not surprising, nor in any sense alarming, that the men in the Rotary Club of Chicago have had assorted "troubles" with their wives. Nor is it surprising that the troubles have all been resolved with the women getting approximately what they wanted, whether the men realized it or not.

At one point in history, the R.I. board of directors and some members of Club Number One loftily ruled that this was an organization "For Men Only" and that no other organization of any kind could use the name Rotary. In the 1960's, therefore, it is interesting to note that the *Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago* has long been a very active and efficient group. These ladies also have greater influence over the male club than the males ever suspect, and again there is no cause for dismay. This being America, the relationship is happy and normal.

We cannot say, however, that this applies around the service club world, as we have in other aspects of this history. Paul Harris and his friends pioneered many ideals and attitudes that men's clubs everywhere have been able to adopt and often enlarge; this leadership is the main glory of the men's group, a strong thread in Rotary's golden strand. But American women occupy a unique position in our world. They *do* tell their men—rather than merely ask them—what can and will be done, because they are emancipated from the age-old man's-word-is-

law philosophy. By contrast, the relationship in many foreign lands is entirely different, and a "Rotary Club" for women would be a virtual impossibility.

Subtle efforts of the American women began to be felt as early as 1910, when Rotary was barely five years old. At the organization's first national convention, held that year, then again at the convention in 1912, an appeal was made to secure official sanction of what was then termed "Women's Auxiliaries." The requests got a cold reception, even though the national Board of Directors rather vaguely "applauded the valuable co-operation given by women relatives of Rotarians, whether as individuals or as groups, in the community service and other activities of Rotarians and Rotary Clubs, and welcomed the continuance of such cooperation."

During the interval from 1910 to 1920 the Chicago ladies apparently remained obedient and docile. But in 1919 Dr. Charles E. Barker happened to address them on "A Mother's Responsibility to Her Daughter" (as related in an earlier chapter), and their unofficial get-together there was so rewarding that a seed was planted. It sprouted forthwith, grew into an idea, then into a promotion project, perhaps without the men's paying much attention to it at first, or at best giving it nominal approval.

At any rate, Mrs. Alwilda F. Harvey, wife of the then Rotary Club president, stepped into a leadership that brought fifty-nine Rotary wives together at a luncheon in the Sherman House on May 24, 1921. Then and there Alwilda became founder and president of a new organization, first called the Women of Rotary. She made a good speech, and some of it got into the records.

"Women through the ages have always practiced 'Service above Self,' " she said. "Now we have an opportunity to put the slogan into practice in serving our community."

She was prophetic. The Women of Rotary was chartered by

the State of Illinois as a non-profit corporation on May 22, 1923. The ensuing four decades were to see her group build up a record in specialized fields of community service that has been truly magnificent. Meanwhile, if the men were in any sense distressed at the launching of her organization, they did what American men of this century always do—they remained silent, facing a *fait accompli;* then they gave unqualified endorsement.

Shortly after the new organization had been established in Chicago, a committee of four ladies appeared before the International Board of Directors to explain the plan and purposes of their group, now called the Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago. On that committee were Mrs. Harvey, the founder and president, Mrs. Floyd A. Bringolf, Mrs. B. O. Jones, and Mrs. William H. Sickinger.

The board listened attentively, of course, and bowed the ladies out with full courtesy. Then, in a communication to the Rotary Club of Chicago—the men—the board reiterated its position of 1918, saying that it did not recognize women's auxiliary units or sanction the use of the word "Rotary" by an organization other than Rotary Clubs, while at the same time "appreciating the very worthy purpose underlying the organization of the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of Chicago Rotarians."

If the ladies took recognition of that edict, they gave scant indication of it. Alwilda Harvey, the founder-president, writing in the men's own weekly bulletin, the *Gyrator,* on January 20, 1923, described in detail the work of her organization. She also had this to say:

> It was felt by all present at the first meeting of the Women of Rotary in May, 1921, that we should not be in any way a business organization, or an imitation of the Rotary Club, but that the families of Rotarians should be given a chance to mingle with each other, to become acquainted, to form broadening friendships, and to give the women a better means through which they might contribute to the educational and charitable work of the city.

> Sewing clubs were formed in different localities and the lives of many women became more pleasant as they worked together for charity. During the first year, over 3,000 garments were made for the Infant Department of the Cook County Hospital, for the outgoing babies. Considerable other work also was accomplished.
>
> Our first dinner, entertainment, and dance held in February 1922 drew the largest attendance up to that time of any Rotary social event; in addition, sufficient money was raised to endow a ward at the Home for Destitute Crippled Children at 1653 Park Avenue. This ward, the first to be so endowed, has seventeen beds and is the receiving ward for all new cases.
>
> We wish to thank the Rotarians for their kindly tolerance of our early days when so many fears were expressed that we might be forming an auxiliary or imitation Rotary Club, which would be embarrassing to Rotary, and we deeply appreciate the generous help which has made our success possible.

In due time it became apparent to these beloved wives that "Women of Rotary" was not an appropriate name, after all. The word "Rotary" had come to connote the men's organization world wide. Then too, groups similar to theirs in other cities had become known as Rotaryanns, sometimes printed as Rotary-Anns or Rotary-Annes, an impromptu feminine version of Rotarians. This name did not meet with favor among the majority of either the men or women associated with Rotary in Chicago.

These ladies, therefore, quietly redesignated themselves as *The Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago.* This was, in point of fact, a subtle double appeasement. "The Women of" suggested that they were simply the wives of the Chicago Rotarians, amiable consorts who aspired to no special status of their own. Conceivably it was a shrewd concession to masculine vanity. "Of the Rotary Club of Chicago"—instead of simply "of Rotary" —carried that loyalty-to-husbands feeling even further, while also completely divorcing the unit from Rotary International, either in fact or assumption. As events proved over the years, it was a wise choice all around. "The girls" in Chicago have

enjoyed a name and position uniquely their own, while offending no one about it. Their men are immensely proud of them.

Not all of the women's endeavors are on record, and even those that are, become too many for listing here. Much of their work has been in cooperation with the Illinois Surgical Institute for Children and the Cook County and Provident Hospitals. Typically, juvenile furniture and china, television sets, radios, and clothing have been contributed there. On the door of a fourth-floor orthopedic ward of the Illinois Surgical Research Hospital is an impressive bronze plaque that reads WOMEN OF ROTARY, forerunner of this group. It was placed there in 1933, commemorating the fact that the women had provided the entire furnishing of the ward—beds, equipment, everything.

They had financed that work, as they have many another fine humanitarian service, by their annual Charity Card Party. This event is enjoyed by hundreds who are made happier knowing where their money will go.

Periodically, special equipment is donated to the Department of Orthopedic Surgery of the University of Illinois Research and Educational Hospitals, many thousands of dollars' worth over the years. In one year more than $2,000 was contributed by the women for the purchase of X-ray machinery, to be used in connection with a "fracture table" which the women had also donated.

For youngsters in the orthopedic wards, Thursdays are "special days." It is then that the "Play Ladies" appear in their rose-pink smocks. These represent a project first sponsored by the Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago in 1960. Each Thursday from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., the Play Ladies read aloud to the children, help at playing games, coloring pictures, feeding "goodies" at lunch time, generally lifting young spirits. The Ladies also furnish the children's wards with cookies, enjoyed every evening of the year.

Tens of thousands of layettes and special garments have been

given to destitute mothers in Cook County Hospital through the years. All were made by various sewing groups of these wives of Rotarians.

Veterans in Hines Hospital for the wounded have not been forgotten. The women have provided them with hundreds of small gifts—pencils, pens, postage, gift wrappings. A tape recorder was given for the insulin shock room, uniforms for the softball league. A fund was established to provide bowling pinsetters for paraplegics.

In 1946 Alwilda Harvey, founder and first president of this women's group, gave $1,000 for work with the blind. This became the nucleus of a larger fund soon known as the Women of Rotary Blind Foundation, Inc., a non-profit corporation to assist blind persons generally. Most of the women members also are dues-paying members of the foundation now, and many have made even further substantial contributions. Before her death in 1950, Alwilda in her will specified a bequest for this foundation. In due time $21,852.97 thereby was added, and with it the Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Harvey Memorial Fund was established. The Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago designated that the income from the fund should go to scholarships for worthy blind persons in the Chicago area.

Meanwhile the foundation has given specialized equipment to the Chicago Lighthouse for the Blind, the Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind in Winnetka, and to the Hines Hospital. Several blind persons have been sent to Morristown, New Jersey, for training with Seeing Eye, Inc. A sum of $1,000 was allocated to the Hadley School for needed equipment.

The Red Cross has received extensive help from the Women of the Rotary Club of Chicago. So have many other civic and philanthropic organizations. As with the men's own work with unfortunate people, theirs has been done without fanfare, without seeking credit or publicity.

This service by the ladies had expanded markedly in the

1960's, with every cooperation from their men. The women have been fortunate in having distinguished leadership, for their officers are elected with as much care and dedicated forethought as are leaders of the Rotary Club. "The girls" thus have made strong impact and have heartening plans for the future. And how are their men reacting now?

"We've got to get up and hump ourselves," one husband wryly admitted recently, smiling with pride at his wife, "or by 1970 our club will be known as the Men's Auxiliary."

Twenty-Six

SUNSHINE

The sophisticated cynics of the world will be happy to learn that the Rotary Club of Chicago has a "Sunshine" Committee. This will verify their lofty contention that the Rotarians are nothing but a bunch of do-gooders, who are not necessarily vicious but who, of course, are not to be associated with as if they were social equals.

The Rotarians plead guilty to the charge. They have no choice; they have been doing good since 1905, and have maintained a very special "sunshine" effort since Christmas of 1910. Long ago they studied the potential and realized that there are only two alternatives to doing good—doing bad, or doing nothing at all. They decided not to try to please the cynics.

Sunshine, as they dispense it, is an intangible, and has been very hard to measure. It's like love—it's no good unless you turn it on, it's non-existent unless you show it. Showing it is the finest of the arts—a fact which eludes the cynics—and these Rotarians have therefore put their best men on this committee. The very first one had prominent lawyers, physicians, professors, bankers, merchants, and engineers on it. The committee today consists of almost 800 men—the entire membership of the club. For convenience in organizational detail, a smaller unit carries the actual title, then signals when ready for all the others to go into action.

The Sunshine Committee first went into action at a meeting of the club on December 8, 1910. One of the leaders arose and asked the members, "May I see the hand of every person here who believes in Santa Claus?"

Not too suprisingly, the vote was unanimous.

"Very well," said the leader, smiling back at the smiling men, "there is work to be done, and you will be well paid. If you don't recognize your pay when you see it, you don't belong in this club."

Next morning the *Chicago Tribune* carried this item:

> The Rotary Club of Chicago last night voted to go into an executive session as 'Good Fellows' Committee of the Whole this Christmas. The proposition was adopted with enthusiasm. Alexander Dryburgh, proprietor of the New Southern Hotel, was appointed chairman and assumed office at once. Two hundred dollars was subscribed and arrangements were made to handle as much more as will be called for.

Those Rotary "Good Fellows" (another title that amused the cynics) brought figurative sunshine into some hundreds of poverty-stricken homes that Christmas. They were so well paid that they enlarged the effort each succeeding year. By 1914 the club had a standing committee to guide the sunshine work. The chairman was an energetic young believer in Santa Claus who happened to be manager of the Bush and Gerts Piano Company. His name was Byron O. Jones, called "B.O."

On the record, his group at first was tagged "Relief Committee," but that didn't seem appropriate so it was changed to "Charity and Relief." Then in 1922 B.O. and others respectfully told the club that the words *charity* and *relief* held connotations that could cause embarrassment to worthy beneficiaries, and seemed just a little condescending. Moreover, the committee had expanded its efforts to doing good in a way that was not strictly charity or relief.

"So what name do you suggest?" the members asked B.O.

He didn't answer quickly, but a friend did—"B.O. has a sunny disposition and goes around dispensing sunshine on behalf of the club, whether the need is for Christmas food or sympathy for a bereaved member. I suggest we call it the Sunshine Committee."

Naive as they were, these believers in Santa nodded their approval. That was back in the age of innocence anyway—1922. They couldn't have known that kindness and tenderness were going out of date.

The Rotarians still won't admit that "sunshine" is outmoded, even in 1966. All these decades they have gone right on believing. B.O. Jones served as chairman of their Sunshine Committee —still called that—until his death in 1958. He became a living legend. He developed a figurative white beard, a round belly in a red suit, a genial grin, and a chuckling "Ho-ho-ho." But he was also efficiency itself, and so he regularly conscripted the hundreds of Rotarian elves for work on his committee—and the men loved it.

As far back as 1918, for instance, B.O. had them packing an average of forty pounds of food in each of 126 baskets, and as many more baskets of clothing and toys, to take to poor homes on Christmas Eve. The "elves" working all the day before in Henry Paul's store basement on those baskets included many Chicagoans of prominence and wealth. Each had his coat off, his sleeves rolled up. One, a partner in one of Chicago's largest investment houses, snagged his hand opening a crate of apples, bound up the bloody wound with his handkerchief, and went on working until midnight. Bread, candy, fruit, canned foods, "a big chunk of solid, fine beef," all went into each basket. Snow and sleet began to fall, but all the next afternoon these innocent masculine believers, and their wives as well, fought their way through the blizzard to get those baskets delivered. Sunshine? You've no idea how bright that form of it can be, unless you have been close to starving.

The need was greater than they had envisioned, so the men that year brought cheer to a counted 700 persons. Actual money cost to the Sunshine Committee was only $459.90, but much more than that had come in as gift merchandise from the Rotarians themselves. Nobody asked them to donate anything but time and energy; the supplies came voluntarily.

That has been the general pattern for this committee's operation all through the years. B.O. Jones started each January 1 to build plans for the next Christmas, and by Thanksgiving he had all the details well organized, the assignments all made. He cracked a benevolent whip, so that his helpers eagerly sprang to action.

But the Christmas effort didn't consume all of his or the committee's time. Almost daily during his forty-four years in the club, B.O. was on his way somewhere to help someone. Within a few days after that 1918 Christmas, for instance, he was appealing to his club for "Shoes for Belgium." War sufferers over there were barefoot. B.O. set up barrels, asking Rotarians and others to fill them with usable shoes for men, women, and children. He'd make his plea to any group or individual who would listen, hoping to get ten barrels full. He got a hundred barrels of shoes.

B.O. and his committee served as Santa to so many hundreds of destitute families that their reputation spread. So in mid-December, 1930, he received a telegram from a group of farmers in Washington County, Iowa: SENDING 1,000 DRESSED CHICKENS TO CHICAGO COLD STORAGE. PLEASE DELIVER WHERE THEY WILL DO MOST GOOD.

Iowa businessmen had had the chickens dressed and delivered. Sunshine had poured in from another state, generated by a sister Rotary Club. And it wasn't easily come by, for 1930 was a critical depression year when almost everybody felt destitute.

The instances of this committee's sunshine could go on endlessly. Not all have been "heart stories" of the type that make

the cynics squirm, not all have been charity. Some have been humorous, even ludicrous. One memorable example in the late 1950's concerns a Rotarian clergyman and his wife who lived in far-away Australia.

Their beloved young daughter was coming to Chicago to take up nurse's training. But—Chicago! My, oh my! It was, of course, inhabited by nothing but gangsters, cutthroats, rapists, rum-runners, and murderers. The good minister and his wife had read all about it and seen motion pictures to verify it. Yet their daughter was called there to learn. Almost certainly, then, she would be in grave danger on the way from the Chicago airport to the safe confines of her hospital.

Her parents therefore wrote a letter to the Rotary Club of Chicago introducing the girl. But—they then tore the letter in half, and mailed only one part to Chicago. On an appended note they pleaded, "Please meet her with an escort that can guide her safely to the hospital. She has the other half of your letter. Show her your half and match the two pieces so that she will know who you are. The two halves thus can be your mutual assurance of safety and trust."

How wonderful! Right out of the movies indeed. But the Rotary Club accepted the assignment, gave its half of the letter to B.O. Jones, and bade him act like a gentleman. The smiling B.O. carried it off with great aplomb.

Many comparable sunny services are on record. The son of a Rotarian in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, was scheduled to study department store merchandising at Chicago's renowned Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company. But again, mom and dad in far-away Africa were apprehensive—their son would have to live alone and friendless in the City of Iniquity. So dad in desperation wrote a letter.

"Would your club consider acting as a sort of foster father to our boy while he is there?" he asked the Rotary Club of Chicago.

Well now, of course! What club of decent men could refuse such a plea? So in due time the young man arrived—and was far less frightened than his parents had been. He had confidence, he had charm. The Chicago men helped him find living quarters, made him guest in their homes, and said to him, "Call on any one of us any time if you want to discuss a problem." Foster fathers, for sure. One Rotarian gladly accepted assignment as individual foster dad. The boy was happy.

He came often to their Rotary luncheons as a guest. At Carson's he discovered "a fellow worker with hair like spun silk and eyes that seem to hypnotize me," as he reported in a letter to Salisbury. The Rotarian foster dad and his wife attended the wedding, gave the bride a fine gift, and life has moved happily on.

A British Rotarian and his wife wrote to Rotarians in Chicago: Their daughter was coming—alone—to that frightening city. (Chicago *does* have a reputation of sorts, even though its crime record is no worse than London's, Rome's, Tokyo's, or that of any other big town.) Could the Chicago club possibly see its way clear to—? Another diffident request. And again the Sunshine Committee functioned, this time with a foster mom as well as a foster dad. The girl worked in a brokerage firm, met her hero there, and married him.

Back in the too-well remembered Depression years a young certified public accountant in Chicago was desperately in need of a job. When everything else failed, he came shyly to the Rotary Club. They inserted a "Job Wanted" advertisement in their weekly *Gyrator,* and forthwith one of the Rotarians employed him. The young man advanced from year to year, eventually bought out his employer and himself joined that Rotary Club. He is now retired, living in luxury beside his sun-kissed swimming pool in a home on the outskirts of sunny Tucson, Arizona, another grateful recipient of Chicago Sunshine.

Not all the requests for "sunshine" can be granted. Indeed,

a few are presumptuous. One Roumanian fled to Israel to escape the Nazis, wrote Chicago that he planned to go into the road-building business, and would the club please send him two large bulldozers and a twenty-ton truck! He was so optimistic, so expectant, that he even named the Haifa dock where the equipment was to be unloaded. He was referred to the Rotary Club of Haifa.

These beams of sunshine actually constitute Adventures in Service, a part of the now far-reaching service which enriches the whole life of the Rotary Club of Chicago. Many of the requests have been handled by Secretary "Schmitty" himself from headquarters in the Sherman House, or by other unsung individuals in the club. But over the long years, B.O. Jones has been the Sunshine Committee's guiding spirit.

By 1935 he was such a fixture on the Sunshine Committee that it seemed Rotarians were taking B.O. for granted. But not so. A group of them at Round Table one day got to talking about him, wondering how to express appreciation.

"He has worn out his automobile on Sunshine visits to hospitals and homes all over town," somebody mentioned. "It's on its last legs; last wheels."

"Well then, what are we waiting for?" the others asked. The following Tuesday, when B.O. entered the Sherman House to attend Rotary, a shining new sedan sat in the lobby. He eyed it wonderingly, perhaps longingly, then went on to the meeting. There they gave him the keys to it. Do-gooders, doing good.

Today's Sunshine Committee is far different from that first version, the "Relief" Committee of 1914. It has grown in influence each year and has great scope now. It has approximately twenty members with direct responsibility, but the club itself can still become a Sunshine "committee of the whole house" if occasion arises. The committee proper has three subcommittees with jurisdiction over the three great metropolitan areas of Chicago, the north, south, and west sides. They have been called

the "heart throbs" of Rotary, so vast and varied have been their humanitarian services.

"We have an ongoing program with repeat efforts," one chairman explained, "but ours is mainly a continuance of many little, unrelated jobs. One done at 9:00 A.M. may be far removed from one at 11. And Monday's service never suggests what Friday's may be."

Reports are received about out-of-town Rotarians or members of their families confined to Chicago-area hospitals. Could somebody possibly drop in with a word of cheer? The proper subcommittee is activated at once. The "word of cheer" may therefore be extended to more than a mere sickroom call; it can become a long attentive effort, involving everything from a bouquet of violets to a housing of relatives, from calling a minister to manicuring finger nails. No record has been kept of services rendered members of other clubs taken ill or hurt in accidents, but they number in the hundreds, and many letters of gratitude have come in.

One such letter came from the secretary of a large Midwestern Rotary Club. It referred to the illness of a member confined to a Chicago hospital for several weeks.

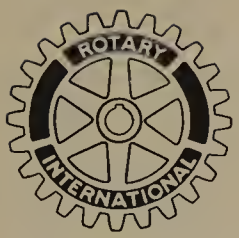
"So many splendid things were done," that secretary wrote, "but one of exceptional importance was the arrangement made for his return to our city in the special Pullman. At the last regular meeting of our board of directors, cognizance was taken of the circumstance. I was asked for them, and for the membership of this club, to express the most sincere appreciation for the kindness of your chairman B.O. Jones and each of your other members who assisted our friend so much during his illness."

That distant secretary then added a sentence which bears witness to all the intangibles associated with the work of this committee, and how they have come to be so rewarding to the men who serve. Said he:

"To go above and beyond what anyone could possibly expect under like circumstances is indeed an example of the kind of Service which binds Rotarians closer to each other and to the organization and its activities."

Kind-hearted B.O. Jones himself once felt that he should make an open report to his club. He was inadequately prepared. To hear him tell it, the Sunshine Committee was of rather negligible importance, doing relatively little, at least of what it should do. Nobody believed him, of course; the members already knew about him. But he struggled on, then in his summation concerning the spirit of the committee he gave the story in inspired words:

> Just stop to think of a body of busy men, one a Protestant, one a Catholic, one a Jew, all working together, the Protestant carrying good cheer to Catholic, the Catholic to Protestant, the Jew to Gentile, and Gentile to Jew. That's the way it has worked out. Where else could you find such a combination working together in harmony?
>
> I have always said that Rotary was the greatest melting pot in the world. But this committee is the melting pot of Rotary.



Twenty-Seven

ORCHIDS AND BRICKBATS

At the dawn of its 61st anniversary, in 1966, the Rotary Club of Chicago had already spent a year studying its past and laying out a blueprint for its future. Members of the club, who *thought* they knew its history, were astounded at how much they had missed. A new pride welled within them on discovering the dimensions of achievement and status the club had reached.

That nebulous force called "publicity" has been a factor in this. Here as in most corporations, the publicity has had two aspects. First has been that within its own membership; through its own publications, the "house organ" items, and through constant verbal exhortations to excellence. Second has been that far more elusive and unpredictable phenomenon—public relations. The latter has rarely even been considered, as such; it has simply developed as a normal part of growth.

The verbal attacks began, of course, with Paul Harris back in Oh Five, and every other leader has uttered them in one form or another. The club-printed items have been almost as numerous. Most have lacked inspiration, but a few stand out.

"Regardless of race or cultural background," one devoted member wrote not long ago, "the hearts and minds of men everywhere are cast much in the same mold—a truth that has

been echoed through the ages. Rotary came along in the dawning hours of the twentieth century, discovered it anew, and gave it modern application through its world fellowship of business and professional men."

That nugget alone is truth enough to guarantee the club's immortality. A *world* fellowship, mind you; for that inherent yearning of the spirit, that plaintive cry, that deep and restless demand built into our souls. The mere knowledge of having pioneered such a movement is the greatest reward this club can know.

Another house "publicity" item—whether or not they recognize it as such—has been the members' gradual year-by-year sharpening of their target. We have seen how vague it was at first. Men in the 1966 membership have an easier time of it than their forebears did. For now there is an assurance of permanence, a momentum, an "irresistible force." Their problem is to keep up the high level of efficiency, not to establish it; to polish the ideal bit by bit, not to create it.

In 1905 the pioneers had no idea at all what the object of their club was to become. Yet by 1911, "objectives" had been adopted which set forth with great clarity an ethical business concept which has been burned into the Rotary consciousness for more than half a century. "High ethical standards in business . . . the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations . . . the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society."

When Ernest Skeel and James Pinkham, of Seattle, Frank Collins of Minneapolis, and Arthur Sheldon, of Chicago, at the Portland and Duluth conventions in 1911 and 1912, gave the organization not only a platform and its two slogans but a newly drafted Model Constitution and By-Laws with *five objects,* they were writing Rotary history for all time.

By 1912, the new objects had been adopted by the thirty

clubs then in existence, and in April of the following year they were printed for the first time in the roster of Club Number One. The only substantial change made over that long period from then until 1966 was the addition in 1921 of the fourth clause on "international understanding, good will, and peace."

Today the *Object* is given prominence in one way or another by all Rotary clubs throughout the world. In Chicago Rotary it will be found displayed on the cover of the yearly roster:

OBJECT OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

1. The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

2. High ethical standards in business and professions; the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations; and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

3. The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

4. The advancement of international understanding, good will, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

That's power talk. That's brain-guiding "publicity" of the most effective sort, because it helps a man crystallize his individual aims; it points him up the shining hill. The Rotary Code of Ethics (Chapter 16) is a fine background thing; a constitution is for infrequent reference. But this four-part Object is so brief and to the point that it can be quoted at least in substance by every member. It provides the mechanics for activating those lofty ideals set forth in the Rotary Code of Ethics. It has been translated into a score of languages.

From these and other pronouncements has gradually grown a Rotary philosophy which has been briefly stated as follows:

> Rotary is a world fellowship of business and professional men who have accepted the Ideal of Service as the basis for success and happiness in their business and community life.
>
> Having accepted the Ideal of Service, the member, through Rotary, not only increases his capacity for service but seeks to give it practical application—in community and social betterment, in practicing high ethical standards in his business and professional life, and in the advancement of international understanding and the promotion of world peace.
>
> In seeking to give force to the Ideal of Service in our broad humanitarian relationships, Rotary seeks to emphasize those things which draw peoples together. It avoids those things which separate peoples.

Rotary is as simple as that, and therein lies the grandeur not only of Rotary but the whole service club movement.

Not all of the publicity from the outside has been good. Unpleasant is the word for some of it; unpleasant, and sometimes even despicable, based on ignorance or envy. One black period was created largely by one man, an ex-newspaper reporter gifted in the use of words but superficial in spirit and understanding. Him, too, we have already met—Sinclair Lewis.

In his 1922 best-selling novel, *Babbitt,* Lewis created what *he* considered the typical middle-class American businessman—and made him almost sickeningly silly. This was in an era of postwar cynicism, so the image "caught on," and George Babbitt, Rotarian, became the laughingstock of the nation, the selfishly unlovely, prototypical knife-and-fork luncheon club member, the back-slapping hypocritical conformist. Other writers with questionable insight jumped on the Babbitt bandwagon, notably H. L. Mencken, so that for a time it was quite fashionable among those and other pseudo-sophisticates to ridicule Rotary.

Sane writers, even great humorists such as Irvin S. Cobb, began as they said to "get a belly full of the Lewis-Mencken poppycock" and spoke out in defense of good men doing good work.

"I object to those aspersions of 'provincialism' which self-appointed superior minds so industriously cast at Rotary and other American businessmen's clubs," roared Irvin S. Cobb—and when 250-pound Mr. Cobb roared, he could be heard around the globe. He was as skilled at writing as Lewis or Mencken.

"In my travels about the country," he continued in print, "it has been my good fortune to acquire considerable acquaintance with the Rotary and other clubs. And I should like to say that for good fellowship, for honest, successful, worthy endeavor for their various communal groups, there are no organizations which surpass them. Any man can be proud to be a member of Rotary."

That was in 1925, three years after Lewis had sneered in *Babbitt*. That same year, writing in the popular *Liberty* Magazine, another distinguished humorist named George Ade spoke out:

> There seems to be a disposition just now among soft-collared highbrows to scoff at all the Babbitts and boosters, the Rotarians, Kiwanians, and others who wear badges and attend luncheons.
>
> Lay off the boys! Their work has to be snappy, for they are engaged in raising the dead. They are the hard-breathing hustlers who put up community buildings and open beautiful parks and clean up neglected streets and organize symphony orchestras. Every one of them is a soldier in a good cause, working for the prosperity and splendor of his own town.
>
> He is a new type, developed in this quarter-century. For goodness sake don't head him off or slow him down. Feed him a new slogan every day and let him go to it.

In January, 1929, the best-loved novelist of his time, Booth Tarkington, wrote in *World's Work* Magazine:

> The new sophisticates mock, they attack, they ridicule, always they seem to look down from a great height, disliking the stupid and petty creatures whom they have labeled Rotarian; and they use this damning word as the type descriptive of all businessmen.

Then Tarkington pointed out that the businessman, if his critics but knew it, was responsible for just about everything by which the critics exist—the books which the critics read and the businessman prints, the magazines and newspapers, the advertising, the heat of their homes and offices, the chairs they sit in, the automobiles they ride in, the taxicabs they hire, the trolleys and railroads and steamship lines, the very shoes upon their feet.

> But the businessman is responsible for more than the incalculable material wealth of the country [Tarkington added]. The very seats of learning where his critics acquire scholarship exist principally by means of his gifts and endowments. So do the great institutions for scientific research, the countless hospitals, the libraries, museums, collections and masterpieces of art.
>
> The critics have said everything they can, yet all they've made is a little sharp scratching, a little defacement. . . . The critics' scratching is the end of their power; the American businessman is but at the beginning of his.

That devastating summation ended "the Babbitt era." Attention was refocused; Rotary "enemies" such as Lewis and Mencken, G. B. Shaw and Clarence Darrow, soon reversed themselves, and even became contributors to the *Rotarian* magazine.

Since then the Rotary Club of Chicago has grown to a carefully screened and powerful 760 members, Rotary International to more than 550,000, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Optimist, Sertoma, and other sister groups adding millions. Niggling criticisms have virtually disappeared.

The Chicago club's own *Gyrator* has become one of the best weekly "house organ" publications to be found. Few are more thoroughly read. But the truly distinguished voice of Rotary is the *Rotarian* magazine published by Rotary International from its headquarters in Evanston, Illinois. This is far removed from the "booster" type journal that simply pictures the doings of

member clubs and individuals; indeed, it has relatively little of that. Rather, it presents articles of national and worldwide significance by many of the most celebrated authors of the era, on subjects not directly concerned with Rotary at all. In format, design, and manufacture it is thoroughly "professional" and carries great dignity and appeal for men of intelligence.

But the *Rotarian* still is a "house organ," so what of the outside world, the journalists and magazine folk who have no bias but take an analytical, objective view?

Their publicity has been most beneficial of all, to the Rotary Club of Chicago, and for the whole service club movement which it founded. Newspapers, especially in Chicago, have been more than "sympathetic"; they have actively supported the club's unselfish efforts, without being coerced or even asked. In recent years radio and television have been similarly helpful. The Rotary Club of Chicago has repeatedly expressed its gratitude to all these agencies.

Meanwhile, the independent magazines have given endorsement to the service club phenomenon. Way back in March, 1927, *The Saturday Evening Post* said this:

> Nothing is more distinctive of the present spirit of the country than organized effort. "Get together" is almost the national motto. This passion for organization has taken one of its most vigorous and in the main wholesome forms in the service clubs. Groups of which Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, and numerous others are typical have developed rapidly into a smoothly functioning national force of the first grade of importance and influence. The service club is a new and virile factor in a thousand communities.

That was more than accurate publicity for the moment, it was prophetic. Twenty years later, *Collier's* said in a lead article titled "Clubs Are Trumps":

> Any typical business or professional leader in any American town

will tell you that a certain hour-and-a-half period this week is almost sacred. He is a club member, who will join 25 to 150 *compadres* in a meeting. Next week, and every week, he will repeat; he has been at it for years. Since about 1930 the rest of us have watched his ascendancy with awe. In the aggregate he now totals about 1,000,000 * men in some 15 separate organizations.

Suddenly we realize that these are perhaps the most important groupings of men in the world today; the most influential, the most impervious to criticism. If they wish to, they are now strong enough to control this nation. It is comforting to know that they work only for good.

In some 4,000 words, with color photos, the magazine reported on the service club movement with high praise. That was, actually, the first major recognition of Rotary and its colleague groups in modern times, but since then favorable publicity for the movement, unsought, has swelled to a tidal flow that is destined to continue. For instance, on February 9, 1963, *The Saturday Evening Post* again spoke out, this time in an article by John Bird titled "The Wonderful, Wide Backslapping World of Rotary."

Soon thereafter, a member of the Rochester Rotary Club wrote a treatise so interesting to the Rotary Club of Chicago, and to all Rotarians around the world, that it merits reproduction here in full. He is Ralph T. Collins, M.D., a leading authority in the field of neurology and psychiatry in occupational medicine. It is probably the most important analysis of its type ever made, and was first printed in the *Rotarian* magazine for September, 1963:

A Psychiatrist Tells

TEN REASONS WHY YOU BELONG TO ROTARY

Why did you join Rotary? Why did I?

What does this organization have that commands such respect,

* The total in 1966 is nearer 4,000,000.

such devotion, such loyalty, such attendance, such thinking and planning?

I asked John Bird, the author of a recent *Saturday Evening Post* article on Rotary, why he became interested in our organization. He replied, "My dentist is a Rotarian. He would get me in his chair and, while I had my mouth open, he would talk incessantly about Rotary." Also, one of his neighbors, a Rotarian, became a district governor. To this voluntary, non-paying job this neighbor devoted almost all his time for a year, yet he continued to carry his full and heavy load as the owner of a sizeable automobile agency—a fact which astounded Mr. Bird.

Rotary, as do other service clubs, fulfills certain needs in a mature man, wherever he lives. Some of these may be felt needs, others unfelt (or unconscious). Here, not necessarily in order of importance, are some of these needs:

1. *The Need To Belong.*

In the *Post* article, Author Bird quips, "Only the bison and the elephant have stronger herd instincts"—than Rotarians, of course. Mature man has always exhibited a strong herd instinct. It is known as the fourth instinct, the other three being self-preservation, nutrition, and sex. The herd instinct insures that the behavior of the individual shall be in harmony with that of the community as a whole. Mature men and women tend to join groups in our culture which will benefit mankind. A mature man dislikes being left out. He wants to be an "in." Why? Because basically he wants to contribute to the betterment of man's lot in life.

2. *The Need To Give of Oneself to a Worthwhile Cause.*

I see many people each day in my professional work who are searching for answers to their problems. "Give of yourself—lose yourself in a community or church project," I tell them, "or devote some time regularly to an individual in need. As a result of this giving, you will soon be rich—rich in the glow of having made someone feel like a member of the human race again. In doing so, you and each of us will forget 'little old me and all my petty troubles' as we become engrossed in things and people outside ourselves. This can aid immeasurably in balancing our lives."

Lose yourself in Me and ye shall find yourself is a message

straight from the Bible. The need to lose oneself in something is with us always. Rotarians, fortunately, are afflicted with a benevolent compulsion for benevolent works. A devotional diary, *God Calling,* includes a paragraph pertinent here:

> *Do not fear to be busy. You are the servant of all. He that would be the greatest among you, let him be the servant of all. Be used. Be used by all; by the lowest, the smallest. How best can you serve? Let that be your daily seeking, not how can you be served.*

I repeat my quotation from the *Post* article: "Rotary wasn't going anywhere until it discovered community service. You can't hold men together, not for very long, for purely selfish purposes. Loyalty to an organization is in direct proportion to the worthwhile things it does. Voluntarism—the giving of yourself—is part of all great movements."

3. *The Need To Communicate.*

Basically, we like to talk with our peers in the business and professional world. Rotary luncheons, committee meetings, fireside meetings, district conferences, and international conventions afford us this opportunity. But how much do we listen? Occasionally we should have two big ears and one small mouth—so that we might learn something. At your next Rotary meeting ask the man nearest you what he does, how he does it, what his problems are, what his interests are, and what are his rewards. When you travel, do the same at Rotary Clubs you visit. You'll be surprised what you learn, whom you meet, and what the hidden returns are.

4. *The Need To Identify Ourselves with an Organization Concerned with People's Welfare.*

We need to identify ourselves with an organization concerned with people's welfare and the betterment of business and social ethics. Most of us have been brought up in a social and religious milieu in which we have been taught to help the less fortunate. In our adulthood we still are concerned. Our consciences prick us, which testifies to the good job that our teachers, our parents, and others did to make us sensitive to the needs of others. Pride is thus stimulated and fostered.

5. *The Need To Help Solve the World's Problems.*

Throughout the world men have been bitten by the spirit of

voluntarism. We want to contribute our time, thoughts, and energies to the problems of the day. Most of these problems deal with people. People are our unfinished business. Alone one accomplishes little; together we can do much. Rotary is a channel through which we accomplish a great deal.

6. *The Need for an Outlet.*

There are energies which work, home, and social life do not satisfy. Some men prefer sports. Others prefer a service outlet such as Rotary, which has many activities to dissipate one's energies in worthwhile causes. This tends to keep the chair of life balanced—with its legs representing vocation, avocation, recreation, and the fourth including family, religion, art, music, and literature.

7. *The Need to Grow, to Mature, to Learn, to Improve.*

As one mingles, lunches, and listens to others talk of their interests, their families, their jobs, their mistakes, their successes, and their travels, one learns. Everyone can improve himself in the many roles that he plays; husband, father, employer, employee, citizen, voluntary helper, etc. Rotary throughout the world is full of teachers and students, and all learn from each other.

8. *The Need for Hearty Fellowship.*

Hearty fellowship with men of one's own socio-economic, intellectual, and community-interest level is a strong-felt need for many of us. The urge to sing together is not a primary instinct. However, men still love to sing, to tell stories, to play with the boys occasionally, to engage in sports, and to have a good time. It is good for the soul and for total health, physical and emotional.

9. *The Need To Know Your Brethren of the World.*

A Rotary Club's association in Rotary International opens many doors to the hearts, homes, and workplaces of other Rotarians. Thus we may more fully and with more enlightenment understand each other's traditions, histories, religions, cultures, customs, hopes, and fears. As we travel, our blue-and-gold gearwheel button opens many doors if we want to enter—to learn and listen. World brotherhood is thus enhanced.

10. *The Need to Exert Leadership in a Voluntary Effort.*

To some of us are given the ability and skills of leadership.

> These skills may be latent or residing in our unconscious until circumstances bring their unveiling and development. We may not see in ourselves skills which others can see. Leadership in Rotary causes pays tenfold rewards to many, many people.

That analysis by Dr. Collins has enabled John Joseph Manley, the prototype Rotarian, to better understand his own emotional mechanics. It also gives new insight to non-members. Thus it may well be the most valuable piece of "publicity" that has appeared.

Twenty-Eight

THE ROAD AHEAD

The Rotary Club of Chicago is considered by some men to be the most powerful service club in the world.

Some have thought this to be true from the very beginning, even when the group was having its difficulties. Most of the members have been quietly aware of it, hence some embarrassment accrued when early-day ridicule was directed at the club. Because the membership held no Uriah Heeps or Caspar Milquetoasts, the first impulse was to fight back at the cynics. But the policy of outward indifference was adhered to, and this proved to be wise. A counterattack would have been degrading.

That transcendence has helped the club in drawing the blueprint for its future. The men realize that they must plan on a broad and beautiful scale, and this knowledge has given rise to a growing, expanding "people to people" policy, for Rotary International as well as for the founding club.

This actually started in the 1920's, when the weekly luncheon introduction of overseas Rotarians began to be a moving part of the week's program, an experience they hadn't anticipated. Today it is even more impressive, and the Chicagoans realize that people-to-people is the basis for building during the next sixty years.

Many members of the club recall a meeting when a visiting Rotarian from Hiroshima acknowledged his introduction, bowed,

and presented the Chicagoans with a beautiful banner from his club. Inescapably there was a mental flashback to World War II and the year 1945; for an instant the silence was of strained intensity. Then the applause burst. Had Rotary helped to bring about a better understanding? This was an encouraging sign.

In addition to the original Hiroshima club established in 1932, there are now three additional Rotary Clubs in nearby suburban areas, started since 1955. After World War II, General Douglas McArthur requested that Rotary be re-established in Japan.

The people-to-people feeling has been encouraged in countless ways. Overseas students studying in local colleges and universities have participated in panel discussions that have cast new light on the attitudes of citizens in foreign lands. There have been other experiments. One was the ambitious project of bringing to Chicago the presidents of Rotary Clubs in Central and South America. The objective: through frank discussion to inform the membership of the Rotary Club of Chicago on the attitudes of the peoples and the leaders of those countries toward the United States and the United Nations, and give the reasons for these attitudes.

The period of the luncheon programs proved to be insufficient to justify the travel expense, which the Chicago club had borne. So the influence was spread by use of press interviews, with tape recordings made for subsequent release on radio and television. In addition, the visitors were given the hospitality of Rotary homes in Chicago. This prompted the Rotary president from Guatemala City to say, "Of all my trips to the U.S.A., this was the finest. It was the first time I had ever been inside a home in the United States."

That happy experience is one guide for future planning by the Chicago men, but there are others. When Rotary International promoted a small-business clinic with overseas clubs,

choosing five countries for the experiment, the Rotary Club of Chicago was assigned India and the Philippines. A past vice-president, Lawrence A. Randall, agreed enthusiastically to represent the club. He was an executive in one of Chicago's leading clothing stores, and abroad he made daily visits to small shops and factories. Various management problems, such as accounting and technological procedures, were explored. In Davao, Larry was the only Rotary consultant, but in New Delhi he was joined by an engineer member of the Rotary Club of Himeji, Japan. Thus once more it was people-to-people in a fine international sharing. The experiment was so rewarding to all concerned that the Chicago club looks forward to more international exchanges of ideas and counsel.

In sketching its blueprint for the future, the Rotary Club of Chicago remembers that its success has been due in large measure to roles played by individual members, on the local as well as national and international stages. From this club have come four presidents of Rotary International—Paul P. Harris, Allen D. Albert, George C. Hager, and Herbert J. Taylor. One member was a longtime secretary of R.I. He was Chesley R. Perry, who joined the mother club in 1908. Upon his retirement in 1942 he was succeeded by another member of the club, Philip C. Lovejoy, who was a distinguished secretary for ten years. Rufus F. Chapin, one-time treasurer of R.I., was a member of this club, as of course was Silvester Schiele who succeeded him, and Richard E. Vernor who was next in line.

Club Number One also honors its members who have been district governors—Herbert C. Angster, James O. Craig, William V. MacGill, Richard E. Vernor, Herbert J. Taylor, Wayne Walker, and Mitchel P. Davis.

Hundreds of men, of course, have served the mother club itself as presidents, vice-presidents, directors, or other officers. And yet, many men have declined such offices, choosing to find the service outlets best suited to their own personalities. This

trait of individualism—knowing oneself and using one's talents to best advantage—is too priceless to be ignored and will be encouraged in decades ahead.

So too, will the "money aspects" of this club be improved and broadened. Love of money we know to be dangerous, but control of it is possibly the greatest force we have, both as individuals and as groups. A few more cases of the club's use of it can be mentioned here, as reminders of potential for the next sixty years.

One is the Rotary Foundation Fellowship program, a part of that people-to-people work, started in 1947 as a living memorial to Paul P. Harris. Its purpose was, and is, to promote international understanding by a swapping of young students from nation to nation. Thus some 2,000 of them have been able to take advanced and specialized studies in colleges of about sixty countries. More of this can be expected.

The individual contributions for this project, all voluntary, from the members of the Rotary Club of Chicago have exceeded $154,000. In 1963 the club's contributions to the foundation, on the suggested basis of one dollar per member, reached a surprising 1,400 per cent. In 1964 it was 2,000 per cent.

The club is honored by Rotary International for continued financial help in other areas. During the decade prior to 1962, typically, the club's contributions in per capita tax and in subscriptions to the *Rotarian* magazine totaled more than $67,000.

Such, then, is the general background, the club history on which the blueprint for its future is being drawn. This drawing, actually a continuing process, is stimulated and intensified in the sixtieth anniversary year. Older, graying members are looking at their next-generation fellow members and challenging them —"See if you can match what was done in our time." The younger members shoot back—"If you'll continue your counsel and help, we'll *double* your achievement record."

They mean exactly what they say, and John Joseph Manley

will allow no apathy, no indifferent, lackadaisical attitude. He knows that the service ideal has been established for all time. His dreams are so wonderful as to seem fantastic, but the realization of them is being accelerated.

The sheer grandeur of them and of their realization is going to be a little embarrassing in the year 2040. On that date the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry will deliver to the Rotary Club of Chicago a hermetically sealed capsule. In it will be found a wire recording, made in the early 1940's by the members of the Rotary Club and stored in the museum. We now see that their predictions, their visions of the Rotary world a century ahead, were much too tame; listeners are going to smile in amusement. Yet when the predictions were made, the men were in dead earnest.

"What struck me then," said Leland D. Case, chairman at the time of the Rotary Information Committee of the Chicago club, "was that all levity disappeared as the men recorded sentiments to be exposed to human ears a century hence. Some were so emotionally charged they even wept as they groped for words."

Paul Harris, Harry Ruggles, Charlie Newton, and other famous old-timers have their voices on that wire, recording the past, guessing at the future. But at that war-torn moment "the future" seemed vague indeed. We were straining for survival, fearful that we might not have an American future at all. Quite naturally, the men were emotional.

Twenty years later the feeling has changed, of course, and there is a surer optimism. The men are planning grandly. But as for specifics—who can say? What *are* the great needs and opportunities in serving mankind during the next sixty years?

Almost certainly they will have more to do with the intangibles than was so in the past. It is one thing to help a child with a crippled body, for instance, but quite another to help one with a crippled mind. In the last twenty years or so, awareness of mental illness and of methods for preventing and treat-

ing it, have come to the forefront in our world of science. We know that most human misery, even war itself, stems from mental (emotional) illness in one way or another; that it is a major factor in the efficiency level of factories, stores, schools, industries, homes, wherever people meet. So this is a broad field to explore. Its challenge was made more intriguing recently —and was squared right up with Rotary idealism—when a distinguished psychiatrist said, "Eighty per cent of the mental illness that comes before me could have been prevented, or could yet be cured, by simple kindness." That's more than a devastating commentary on our past; it's a golden opportunity for our future.

Rotarians in Chicago feel that their club must do its bit in helping face up to unbelievable speeds now in our national routine. Traveling faster than sound has a powerful effect on human emotions and bodies, some of it dangerous. It also intensifies the national and international "homogenization" process, the mixing and mingling of peoples from every land. The problems there already are seen to be more than physical. Service? Rotary can show its leadership in this field by marshaling the know-how, the dedication, for all earnest men.

Who can say what Rotary must do to help cope with the obvious population explosion, when (not too far away) each man is threatened with having only a few square yards on which to live? Brains in the Rotary Club of Chicago already are exploring this, looking to International headquarters for guidance. The specifics will come fast. And the cooperation of course must be worldwide.

The need for a spiritual and cultural renaissance in America is now one of commanding force. Happily, it may already be under way; many distinguished observers think so, many of them Rotarians, some of them in the Rotary Club of Chicago. Will the club find a way to help give it continued impetus between now and the year 2025? Can this Club help clean up, and keep

clean, our national, state, and local politics? Can it help the individual citizen—freed from drudgery by technical advances—find new and rewarding uses for leisure time?

Leadership in these and comparable fields will be demanded of *all* service club members everywhere in the next sixty years, the Chicagoans feel. And these are but samples; nobody can quite envision the whole scope of opportunity in an era that is accelerating so fast. But there is confidence; there is faith.

"We are a mighty army," Virgil K. Brown, veteran member of Chicago Rotary, told his fellows recently. "We serve a noble cause. We move to certain triumph."

To prove that is the great Rotary challenge for tomorrow.

Appendices

I. Officers and Directors of the Rotary Club of Chicago, 1905-1966

Feb. 1905 to Jan. 1906
Silvester Schiele,
President
Hiram Shorey,
Recording Secretary
Wm. Jenson,
Corresponding
Secretary
H. L. Ruggles
Treasurer

Feb. 1906 to Jan. 1907
A. L. White,
President
J. J. Comstock,
Vice-President
Wm. Jenson,
* B. E. Arntzen,
Secretary
R. F. Chapin,
Treasurer
A. H. Hancock,
Registrar
W. A. Chamberlin,
Statistician
H. A. Crofts,
Sergeant-at-Arms

—

*Succeded Wm. Jenson

Feb. 1907 to Jan. 1908
Paul P. Harris,
President
R. C. Fletcher,
Vice-President
B. E. Arntzen,
Secretary
Arthur B. Irwin
Treasurer
H. L. Ruggles,
Registrar
Dr. Will R. Neff,
Statistician
C. W. Martin,
Sergeant-at-Arms

Feb. 1908 to Jan. 1909
Paul P. Harris *
Harry L. Ruggles,
President
James A. Pugh,
Vice-President

—

* Paul P. Harris resigned in October, 1908, and Harry L. Ruggles was elected to fill the unexpired term.

B. E. Arntzen,
Secretary
Rufus F. Chapin,
Treasurer
H. L. Ruggles,
Registrar
Hugo S. Grosser,
Statistician
Peter E. Powers,
Sergeant-at-Arms

Feb. 1909 to Jan. 1910
H. L. Ruggles,
President
Chas. Witt,
Vice-President
John W. Marshall,
Secretary
Rufus F. Chapin,
Treasurer
David D. Kagy,
Reg. and Stat.
Peter E. Powers,
Sergeant-at-Arms

Feb. 1910 to Jan. 1911
A. M. Ramsay,
President
W. S. Miller,
Vice-President

J. W. Marshall,
Secretary
Dr. Will R. Neff,
Financial Sec'y
Rufus F. Chapin,
Treasurer
W. F. Krohn,
Reg. and Stat.
Peter E. Powers,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
B. E. Arntzen
H. L. Ruggles
M. M. Bear
W. A. Chamberlain
F. H. Tweed

Feb. 1911 to June 1912
W. S. Miller,
President
Donald M. Carter
Vice-President
Horace W. Davison,
Secretary
Dr. Will R. Neff,
Financial Sec'y
Rufus F. Chapin,
Treasurer
Geo. Landis Wilson,
Reg. and Stat.
Peter E. Powers
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
Jacob Benner
Chas. A. Newton
Ira J. O'Malley
Otto H. Hassel
L. Brent Vaughan
Jas. L. Wallace
M. H. Cazier
H. A. Crofts
Alex Dryburgh

July 1912 to June 1913
H. A. Crofts,
President
Geo. Landis Wilson,
Vice-President
Alfred A. Packer,
Secretary
B. E. Arntzen,
Treasurer
Dr. Will R. Neff,
Financial Sec'y
Howard G. Carnahan,
Reg. and Stat.
Peter E. Powers,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
Otto H. Hassel
C. R. Perry
Jas L. Wallace
Alex Dryburgh
E. L. Murphy
Thos. Teder
H. C. Angster
H. A. Wilkie
Wm. F. Traub

July 1913 to June 1914
Geo. Landis Wilson,
President
Herbert C. Angster,
Vice-President
Alfred A. Packer,
Secretary
B. E. Arntzen,
Treasurer
Dr. Will R. Neff,
Financial Sec'y
Howard G. Carnahan,
Reg. and Stat.
Peter E. Powers,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
Alex Dryburgh
E. L. Murphy
Thos. Teder
Wm. F. Traub
H. A. Wilkie
G. C. Coney
A. W. Glessner
Carl J. Metzger

July 1914 to June 1915
H. C. Angster,
President
Edw. C. Barnes,
Vice-President
Dr. W. R. Neff,
Sec'y & Fin. Sec'y
Fred'k J. Selden
Treasurer
Walter S. Gerts,
Reg. and Stat.
William H. Sampson,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
Morton MacCormac
Wm. F. Traub
Harry A. Wilkie
Carl J. Metzger
Dr. Will R. Neff
Jas. O. Craig
E. L. Murphy
Frank M. Pierce

July 1915 to May 1916
James O. Craig,
President
Rob Roy Denny,
Vice-President
Dr. Will R. Neff,
Sec'y & Fin. Sec'y
Harry W. Baker,
Treasurer
Frank G. Soule,
Reg. and Stat.
Gerhardt F. Meyne,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
Dr. Will R. Neff
Fred'k J. Selden
Frank M. Pierce
Chas. J. Becker
Ralph Esau
Edw. H. Switzer
R. C. Faunt
Walter S. Gerts
Wm. F. Traub

June 1916 to May 1917
Harry A. Wilkie,
President
Chas. J. Becker,
Vice-President
Dr. W. R. Neff,
Sec'y & Fin. Sec'y
Henry R. Paul,
Treasurer
George S. Baker,
Reg. and Stat.
Chas. W. Smith,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
Geo. T. Breen
B. O. Jones
Dr. Will R. Neff
Jas. O. Craig
Ralph Esau
Edw. H. Switzer
R. C. Faunt
W. S. Gerts
Wm. F. Traub

June 1917 to May 1918
Chas. J. Becker,
President
W. E. Kier,
Vice-President
Dr. W. R. Neff,
Sec'y & Fin. Sec'y
James H. Butler,
Treasurer
W. J. Miskella,
Reg. and Stat.
Robt. B. Boak,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
R. C. Faunt
W. S. Gerts
Wm. F. Traub
Geo. T. Breen
B. O. Jones
Dr. Will R. Neff
S. S. Chapell
J. O. Craig
E. H. Switzer

June 1918 to May 1919
Rufus F. Chapin,
President
H. B. Chamberlin,
Vice-President

Dr. W. R. Neff,
Sec'y & Fin. Sec'y
James H. Butler,
Treasurer
E. von Hermann
Reg. and Stat.
Fred W. Scarff,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
B. O. Jones
Dr. Will R. Neff
E. J. Phillips
S. S. Chapell
J. O. Craig
Edw. H. Switzer
F. S. Dresskell
R. B. Boak
Douglas Wray
Chas. J. Becker
(ex-officio)

June 1919 to May 1920
W. E. Kier,
President
H. B. Chamberlin,
Vice-President
Paul A. Westburg,
Secretary
Dr. W. R. Neff,
Financial Sec'y
Henry R. Paul,
Treasurer
A. E. White,
Reg. and Stat.
A. A. Morse,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
S. S. Chapell
J. O. Craig
Edw. H. Switzer
Douglas Wray
R. F. Chapin
(ex-officio)
D. M. Carter
H. B. Harvey
O. H. Hassel
Dr. W. R. Neff
E. J. Phillips

May 1920 to June 1921
H. B. Harvey,
President
Ermine J. Phillips,
Vice-President
Fred W. Scarff,
Secretary
James R. Emery,
Financial Sec'y
John D. Hollowell,
Treasurer
Edward H. Uhl,
Reg. and Stat.
U. J. Herrmann
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
D. M. Carter
O. H. Hassel
Dr. W. R. Neff
J. T. Anderson
W. E. Kier
P. A. Westburg
W. J. Conlon
P. L. Tallman
F. W. Scarff

June 1921 to June 1922
E. J. Phillips,
President
Harold B. Harvey,
Immediate Past
President
Paul A. Westburg,
1st Vice-President
Otto H. Hassel,
2nd Vice-Preesident
Urbine J. Herrmann,
3rd Vice-President
Franz Brzeczkowski,
Treasurer
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
James H. Ireland,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
E. F. Kemp
J. D. Hollowell
W. J. Conlon
P. L. Tallman
F. W. Scarff
Dr. W. R. Neff
J. T. Anderson
Dr. F. J. Stewart

July 1922 to June 1923
Paul A. Westburg,
President
Ermine J. Phillips,
Immediate Past
President
Ed. H. Uhl,
1st Vice-President
Ralph Esau,
*J. D. Hollowell,
2nd Vice-President
Wm. O'Neill,
3rd Vice-President
Leonard H. Vaughan,
Treasurer
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
J. C. Kallsen,
**Byron O. Jones,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Directors
J. T. Anderson
F. Brzeczkowski
R. C. Faunt
J. H. Ireland

—

*Succeeded R. Esau when he retired.
**Succeeded J. C. Kallsen, resigned.

W. E. Long
Dr. W. R. Neff
R. J. Peglow
W. G. E. Peirce

July 1923 to June 1924
Charles A. Newton,
President
Paul A. Westburg,
Immediate Past
President
John D. Hollowell,
Alex C. Johnson,
Richard C. Faunt,
Vice-Presidents
John N. Marley,
Treasurer
W. W. McFarland,
Sergeant-at-Arms
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
F. Brzeczkowski
D. A. Day
J. M. Dillavou
C. E. Herrick
J. H. Ireland
Dr. W. R. Neff
R. J. Peglow
W. G. E. Peirce

July 1924 to June 1925
Alex C. Johnson,
President
Chas. A. Newton,
Immediate Past
President
Franz Brzeczkowski,
Darby A. Day
Vice-Presidents
Frank W. Bering,
Treasurer
Col. E. H. Switzer,
Sergeant-at-Arms
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
J. M. Dillavou
G. L. Hammons
C. R. Holden
J. H. Ireland
W. F. Krohn
Dr. Will R. Neff
T. G. Sexton
J. N. Van der Vries

July 1925 to June 1926
Chas. E. Herrick,
President
Alex C. Johnson
Immediate Past
President
N. C. Mather,
Jas. H. Ireland,

Chas. R. Holden,
Vice-Presidents
Floyd L. Bateman,
Treasurer
Samuel G. Gorsline
Sergeant-at-Arms
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Jas. H. Butler
David H. Grant
W. F. Krohn
W. W. McFarland
B. C. Pittsford
Thos. G. Sexton
J. N. Van der Vries
Geo. L. Hammons

July 1926 to June 1927
N. C. Mather (July 1, 1926, to Dec. 10, 1926)
John N. Van der Vries (Dec. 10 1926 to June 30, 1927)
President
Chas. E. Herrick,
Immediate Past President
John N. Van der Vries (elected President as of Dec. 10, 1926)
F. L. Bateman,
D. M. Carter,
R. J. Lydiatt (elected Vice-President as of Dec. 10, 1926, from Director),
Vice-Presidents
E. O. Griffenhagen,
Treasurer
H. T. Salisbury,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Jas. H. Butler
H. C. Cheney
D. H. Grant
W. W. McFarland
N. C. Mather
B. C. Pittsford
(One vacancy)

July 1927 to June 1928
John N. Van der Vries,
President
N. C. Mather,
Immediate Past President
R. J. Lydiatt,
D. H. Grant,
T. G. Sexton,
Vice-Presidents
Geo. M. Elworth,
Treasurer
L. H. Smock,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
F. L. Bateman
H. C. Cheney
S. G. Gorsline
E. W. Houser
H. H. Erickson
F. W. Reinhardt
F. W. Scarff
Geo. H. Williamson

July 1928 to June 1929
H. C. Cheney,
President
John N. Van der Vries,
Immediate Past President
D. H. Grant,
J. H. Butler,
F. L. Bateman,
Vice-Presidents
E. W. Meese,
Treasurer
C. Schwartz,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
J. L. Griffith
K. W. Breckenridge
G. M. Elworth
E. W. Houser
L. S. Hungerford
H. H. Erickson
F. W. Scarff
J. Cort Walker

July 1929 to June 1930
F. L. Bateman,
President
H. C. Cheney,
Immediate Past President
Rowland Haynes,
O. W. Rosenthal,
J. L. Griffith,
Vice-Presidents
R. W. Bruce,
Treasurer
C. Schwartz,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
K. S. Breckenridge
Sheldon Clark
Geo. M. Elworth
L. S. Hungerford
Jas. S. Kemper
John J. Mitchell
John Vennema
J. Cort Walker

July 1930 to June 1931
Rowland Haynes,
President
F. L. Bateman,
Immediate Past President
Sheldon Clark,
Jas. P. Haynes,
Douglas Sutherland,
Vice-Presidents
Wm. H. Wilson,
Treasurer
C. C. Terry,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Gen. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Robt. W. Bruce
Hiram S. Cody
Dr. Guy M. Cushing
N. Fred Essig
Jas. S. Kemper
John J. Mitchell
Lemuel H. Smock
John Vennema

July 1931 to June 1932
Guy M. Cushing, M.D.,
President
Rowland Haynes,
Immediate Past President
Sheldon Clark,
H. F. Harrington,
J. J. Mitchell,
Vice-Presidents
A. L. Ellbogen,
Treasurer
H. B. Pendleton,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Robt. W. Bruce
Hiram S. Cody
Geo. C. Hager
Albert B. Martin
Lemuel H. Smock
Clarence C. Terry
Medard W. Welch
Wm. H. Wilson

July 1932 to June 1933
Geo. C. Hager,
President
Guy M. Cushing, M.D.,
Immediate Past President
Dr. Allen D. Albert,
Dr. Wm. A. Evans,
Albert B. Martin,

Clarence C. Terry,
Vice-Presidents
Flint Grinnell,
Treasurer
H. Stanley Wanzer,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Emmett S. Beaman
Sheldon Clark
Col. Frank Knox
Rev. E. J. Mullaly
Col. John B. Reynolds
Medard W. Welch
Wm. H. Wilson
Roy L. Wolfe

July 1933 to June 1934
John B. Reynolds,
President
Geo. C. Hager,
Immediate Past
President
R. D. T. Hollowell,
Chas. D. Lowry,
Herbert Brown,
Fred W. Reinhardt
Vice-Presidents
Geo. F. Getz, Jr.,
Treasurer
Foster G. McGaw
Sergeant-at-Arms,
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Emmett S. Beaman
Fred H. Clutton
Elmer Erickson
Wm. A. Evans,
M.D.
Nathaniel Leverone
Roscoe E. Little
Rev. E. J. Mullaly
H. Stanley Wanzer

July 1934 to June 1935
John L. Griffith,
President
John B. Reynolds,
Immediate Past
President
Carl F. Huth,
Wm. V. MacGill,
Fred W. Sargent,
Fred P. Seymour,
Vice-Presidents
Oscar P. Wodack,
Treasurer
Dr. Perry G. Stordock,
Sergeant-at-Arms
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Fred H. Clutton
A. C. Cronkrite
Wm. H. Crow
Elmer Erickson
Nathaniel Leverone
Richard E. Vernor
H. Stanley Wanzer
D. V. Williamson

July 1935 to June 1936
Richard E. Vernor,
President
John L. Griffith,
Immediate Past
President
H. Kirke Becker,
Chas. A. Dostal,
Dr. J. J. Moore,
D. V. Williamson,
Vice-Presidents
J. Knight Willy,
Treasurer
Dr. Perry G. Stordock,
Sergeant-at-Arms
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
A. C. Cronkrite
Wm. H. Crow
Lester W. Elias
Geo. W. Rossetter
Henry E. Baylis
Zola C. Green
Harlow P. Roberts
Clarence W. Shape

July 1936 to June 1937
Chas. A. Dostal,
President
Richard E. Vernor,
Immediate Past
President
Thos. B. Freeman,
Wm. A. Matheson,
Wm. Ayer McKinney,
Frank G. Watson,
Vice-Presidents
Alfred J. Barboro,
Treasurer
C. L. Sampson,
Sergeant-at-Arms
George L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Henry E. Baylis
Zola C. Green
H. K. Jackson
H. P. Roberts
E. L. Hickey
A. G. Hoadley
W. D. Krupke
P. C. Lovejoy

July 1937 to June 1938
Lee E. Ragsdale,
President
Chas. A. Dostal,
Immediate Past
President
Ralph L. Goodman,
J. B. Hayford,
W. E. Hausheer,
Jos. F. O'Keefe
Vice-Presidents
Lynn E. Aldrich,
Treasurer
C. L. Sampson,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Arthur G. Hoadley
Walter D. Krupke
P. C. Lovejoy
Jos. H. McNabb
Ed L. Hickey
(deceased)
Wm. N. Achenbach
V. C. P. Dreiske
Dayton Keith
(resigned)
Geo. F. Getz, Jr.
Wm. A. Stewart

July 1938 to June 1939
Wm. Ayer McKinney,
President
Lee E. Ragsdale,
Immediate Past
President
Howard K. Jackson,
Nathaniel Leverone,
Edwin B. Moran,
Herbert J. Taylor,
Vice-Presidents
Frank F. Selfridge,
Treasurer
Chas. E. Timson,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
W. N. Achenbach
V. C. P. Dreiske
Dr. J. R. Harry
Wm. A. Stewart
Geo. F. Getz
Max Hurd
J. Walter Murphy
Hugh W. Siddall

July 1939 to June 1940
Herbert J. Taylor,
President
Wm. Ayer McKinney
Immediate Past
President
Wm. N. Achenbach,
Max H. Hurd,
Howard K. Jackson,
Hugh W. Siddall,
Vice-Presidents

M. A. Graettinger,
Treasurer
Eldon H. Gleason,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Kenneth Barnard
Fred J. Bridges
Geo. Getz, Jr.
J. Walter Murphy
A. H. Foxcroft
Earl Kimzey
Dr. P. G. Stordock
Chas. E. Timson

July 1940 to June 1941
H. K. Jackson,
President
H. J. Taylor,
Immediate Past
President
Kenneth Barnard,
Stanley R. Clague,
Victor C. P. Dreiske,
J. Walter Murphy,
Vice-Presidents
Gaylord S. Morse,
Treasurer
N. G. Picht,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Earl A. Kimzey
Walter Rietz
Dr. P. Stordock
Chas. E. Timson
Wm. Bachrach
C. N. Cahill
Emil W. Ritter
David L. Shilling-
law

July 1941 to June 1942
V. C. P. Dreiske,
President
Howard K. Jackson,
Immediate Past
President
Richard R. Cook,
Henry T. Heald,
S. E. Peacock,
S. J. Wettrick,
Vice-Presidents
Robert B. Umberger,
Treasurer
N. G. Picht,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Wm. Bachrach
Wm. C. Douglas
Philip S. Graver
Clarence B. Schmidt
George L. Spence
Clarence N. Cahill
Emil W. Ritter
David L. Shilling-
law

July 1942 to June 1943
Edwin B. Moran,
President
V. C. P. Dreiske,
Immediate Past
President
J. C. Aspley,
C. E. Dreutzer,
A. P. Haake,
J. K. Willy,
Vice-Presidents
Herbert V. Prochnow,
Treasurer
N. G. Picht,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Wm. C. Douglas
P. S. Graver
C. B. Schmidt
Geo. L. Spence
Alan C. Dixon
Walter A. Krafft
Anton C. Negri
L. F. Skutt
(to Sept. '42)
J. L. Griffith
(from Sept. '42)

July 1943 to June 1944
Stanley R. Clague,
President
Edwin B. Moran,
Immediate Past
President
C. R. Perry,
R. E. P. Kline,
J. Graham Orr,
O. E. Jones,
Vice-Presidents
Harve H. Page
Treasurer
S. H. Cundall
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Alan C. Dixon
Walter A. Krafft
Anton C. Negri
Earl J. Gossett
L. W. Elias
Paul Hansen
A. Trieschmann
Geo. A. Yates

July 1944 to June 1945
Chesley R. Perry,
President
Stanley R. Clague,
Immediate Past
President
Ollie E. Jones
Walter A. Krafft
Earl J. Gossett
Foster G. McGaw
Vice-Presidents
Chas. E. Timson,
Treasurer
Martin A. Graettinger
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Lester W. Elias
Arthur G. Hoadley
Harold O. McLain
Harry W. Mons
Alex G. Shennan
Adam Trieschmann
Lloyd R. Wolfe
George A. Yates

July 1945 to June 1946
Max H. Hurd,
President
Chesley R. Perry,
Immediate Past
President
Lester W. Elias
Harlow P. Roberts
Chas. E. Timson
Alexander G. Shennan
Vice-Presidents
Alfred R. Gardner,
Treasurer
John C. Allen,
Sergeant-at-Arms
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary
Directors
Arthur G. Hoadley
Harry W. Mons
Foster G. McGaw
Lloyd R. Wolfe
Thos. B. Gallaher
Chas. G. Stiles
John O. Todd
Wm. M. Ward

July 1946 to June 1947
Alex G. Shennan,
President
Max H. Hurd,
Immediate Past
President
Jas. A. Knowlton
Thos. B. Gallaher
Lloyd R. Wolfe
John O. Todd
Vice-Presidents
Jas. E. Almond,
Treasurer
Geo. L. Treadwell,
Secretary

Directors
A. J. Barboro
Neil H. Jacoby
Jos. E. Magnus
John W. McClure
Herbert V. Prochnow
Chas. G. Stiles
H. Wayne Walker
Wm. M. Ward

July 1947 to June 1948
Lester W. Elias, President
Alex G. Shennan, Immediate Past President
Elmer Erickson
Alfred J. Barboro
E. O. Griffenhagen
John C. Allen
Vice-Presidents
Preston E. Reed, Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
Fred J. Duncombe
Henry D. Hughes
Oscar Iber
Jos. E. Magnus
John W. McClure
Herbert V. Prochnow
Earle Thurston
H. Wayne Walker

July 1948 to June 1949
Alfred J. Barboro, President
Lester W. Elias, Immediate Past President
Charles G. Stiles
Earle Thurston
H. Wayne Walker
Stanley L. Lind
Vice-Presidents
Ellis W. Test, Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
Fred J. Duncombe
Henry D. Hughes
Oscar Iber
Wilbur J. Marshall
Herbert G. Blakeslee
Dr. Russell C. McCaughan
Lowell D. Rutherford
Dr. Wesley A. Young

July 1949 to June 1950
H. Wayne Walker, President
Alfred J. Barboro, Immediate Past President
Oscar Iber
William Bachrach
Sidney T. Jessop
Paul R. Klingsporn
Vice-Presidents
William M. Ward, Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
Herbert G. Blakeslee
Dr. Russell C. McCaughan
Lowell D. Rutherford
Dr. Wesley A. Young
Otto E. Geppert
G. Walter Ostrand
Walter H. Rietz
Oscar P. Wodack

July 1950 to June 1951
Chas. G. Stiles, President
Wayne Walker, Immediate Past President
Preston E. Reed
Dr. B. C. Downing
O. K. Burrows
Paul M. Pair
Vice-Presidents
Edwin J. Tietz, Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
Otto E. Geppert
G. Walter Ostrand
Walter H. Rietz
Oscar P. Wodack
A. S. Ammerman
Howard R. Lewis
Rex Rathbun
Preston H. Williams

July 1951 to June 1952
Thomas G. Sexton, President
Charles G. Stiles, Immediate Past President
Henry D. Hughes
Dr. Wesley A. Young
Clarence N. Cahill
Fred J. Duncombe
Vice-Presidents
Paul R. Barboro, Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
A. Stanley Ammerman
Howard R. Lewis
Rex Rathbun
Preston H. Williams
Kenneth Y. Craig
Mitchel P. Davis
Kendall I. Lingle
Norman G. Picht

July 1952 to June 1953
Henry D. Hughes, President
Thos. G. Sexton, Immediate Past President
H. Stanley Wanzer
Harry W. Mons
Otto E. Geppert
A. S. Ammerman
Vice-Presidents
J. B. Hayford, Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
Kenneth Y. Craig
Mitchel P. Davis
Kendall I. Lingle
Norman G. Picht
James E. Cahill
Harry M. Daughtrey
Arthur J. Roth
Kenneth Ruggles

July 1953 to June 1954
Bryant W. Ruark, President
Henry D. Hughes, Immediate Past President
James E. Almond
David L. Shillinglaw
Harry M. Daughtrey
Mitchel P. Davis
Vice-Presidents
Preston H. Williams, Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
James E. Cahill
Kenneth Ruggles
Paul H. Love
Alf I. Rivenes
Otto H. Huebner
Leslie B. Kidwell
Virgil W. Peterson
Harry J. Smedley

July 1954 to June 1955
Ollie E. Jones, President

Bryant W. Ruark,
Immediate Past
President
William M. Ward
G. Walter Ostrand
Herbert G. Blakeslee
Harry D. Kirk
Vice-Presidents
John M. Sullivan,
Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt,
Secretary
Directors
Otto H. Huebner
Leslie B. Kidwell
Virgil W. Peterson
Harry J. Smedley
Rev. Charles R. Goff
C. R. Walgreen, Jr.
Paul E. Clissold
Russell Fifer

July 1955 to June 1956
Jas. E. Almond,
President
Ollie E. Jones,
Immediate Past
President
Kenneth Ruggles
Otto H. Huebner
Harry J. Smedley
Alf I. Rivenes
Vice-Presidents
Eugene A. Ederer,
Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt,
Secretary
Directors
Rev. Charles R. Goff
C. R. Walgreen, Jr.
Paul E. Clissold
Russell Fifer
Dr. Russell Dudman
John A. Riddiford
Geo. F. Sisler
Edw. F. Slattery

July 1956 to June 1957
Kenneth Ruggles,
President
Jas. E. Almond,
Immediate Past
President
Leslie B. Kidwell
A. F. Fenner
H. J. Gramlich
Russell Fifer
Vice-Presidents
Donald H. Wilson,
Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt,
Secretary
Directors
Dr. Russell Dudman
John A. Riddiford
Geo. F. Sisler
Edw. F. Slattery
Sanford H. Cundall
Jay Edwin Griswold
Chas. A. Hofstetter
Lawrence A. Randall

July 1957 to June 1958
Mitchel P. Davis,
President
Kenneth Ruggles,
Immediate Past
President
Ralph Westcott
John A. Riddiford
Wilbur J. Marshall
Harold J. Prebensen,
Vice-Presidents
Albert Z. Grace,
Treasurer
Chas. A. Schmitt,
Secretary
Directors
Sanford H. Cundall
Jay E. Griswold
C. A. Hofstetter
L. A. Randall
J. B. Hayford
Clifford E. Ives
W. H. Kansteiner,
Sr.
W. J. Peter Piper

July 1958 to June 1959
Herbert G. Blakeslee,
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Mitchel P. Davis,
Immediate Past
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George F. Sisler
Chas. A. Hofstetter
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Sr.
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Robert O. Clark
Ralph L. Goodman
G. F. Liechty
A. W. Mathis, Jr.

July 1959 to June 1960
George F. Sisler,
President
Herbert G. Blakeslee,
Immediate Past
President
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Directors
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Liechty
A. W. Mathis, Jr.
Charles T.
Baumgart
Howard T. Markey
James E. Pringle
Thomas C. Roberts

July 1960 to June 1961
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President
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Immediate Past
President
Byron F. Stevens
Norman F. Kloker
Allen W. Mathis, Jr.
Harvey H. Robbins
Vice-Presidents
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Treasurer
Charles A. Schmitt,
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Directors
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H. T. Markey
Wm. A. Dasho
Thomas E. Gause
J. Gordon Knapp
William S. Miller
Robert Stuart

July 1961 to June 1962
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President
J. Edwin Griswold,
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Past President
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Robt. Stuart
Lawrence J. Linck
Wm. S. Miller

July 1962 to June 1963
G. Frederick Liechty, President
Harold J. Prebensen, Immediate Past President
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July 1963 to June 1964
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Vice-Presidents
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Directors:
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W. Wylie Tomes
John M. Thomas
Fred F. Ecker
Max E. Lieurance
Norris J. Nelson
Erwin J. Goebel
Kenneth Larrance

July 1964 to June 1965
Edward F. Slattery, President
Alf I. Rivenes, Immediate Past President
Herbert J. Choice
William A. Dasho
Loys Griswold
Ray O. Harb
Vice-Presidents
H. Stanley Wanzer Treasurer
Charles A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
Max E. Lieurance
Norris J. Nelson
Erwin J. Goebel
Kenneth Larrance
Edward W. Boehm, Jr.
Howard J. Clyne
Wallace D. Johnson
Haig S. Nahigian

July 1965 to June 1966
H. Stanley Wanzer, President
Edward F. Slattery, Immediate Past President
Dr. Charles R. Goff
F. A. Cushing Smith
Norris J. Nelson
Robert Stuart
Vice-Presidents
Thomas W. Hellyer, Treasurer
Charles A. Schmitt, Secretary
Directors
Ed. W. Boehm, Jr.
Howard J. Clyne
Wallace D. Johnson
Haig S. Nahigian
George W. Butler
Herbert T. Webb
Kenneth L. Wilson
Lloyd E. Yoder

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One"—the mother club of Rotary and the precursor of Rotary International.

Good deeds and good works are an integral part of this story, and the leaders of Chicago's Rotary include some of the city's and nation's outstanding citizens. The motto of Rotary — "Service Above Self: He profits most who serves best"— is best exemplified by Chicago Rotary's contributions to the Crippled Children's Fund annual charity which has made Rotary a welcome organization in the hearts of all Chicagoans—and the nation.

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THE history of Rotary is indelibly interwound with the history of this nation, from the beginning of the Rotary Club of Chicago in 1905 to the formation of Rotary International five years later. The significance of an organization such as Rotary, with its hundreds of thousands of members here and in more than 120 countries throughout the world, is liberally etched in living monuments.

An example of Rotary's commitment to its principles of service and welfare can best be highlighted in an event sponsored by the Chicago Rotary Club which many Chicagoans remember today:

> *. . . the club arranged for a Rotary night for crippled children at a baseball game between the Chicago White Sox and the Kansas City Athletics on June 14, 1963. Committeemen had hoped to sell tickets to club members and did so, but the members also bought tickets for their employees, for Little League baseball players and their families, and for every crippled boy and girl who could attend. Unmistakably, it was the happiest crowd of baseball fans ever assembled in Chicago. And who won the game? Few people remember! Other considerations were closer to the heart.*

The challenge of giving is firmly implanted in Rotary—and intensely rooted in the Chicago Rotary Club, which many believe still serves as a model for local service organizations around the world. The humanitarian response to charitable appeals, the foresight and vision, the desire to serve a community continues to inspire the leading business and professional clubs in the nation.